

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AND
Humorist.

EDITED BY
W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

VOL. 85.
BEING THE FIRST PART
FOR 1849.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.
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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE BIRTH OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

I.

THANK God! dark Eighteen-forty-eight hath pass'd
Away at last.
Worker of woe!—none, none shall shed a tear
Upon thy bier,
But gladsome hearts shall bear it to the tomb
Where sleep the world's dead years,—Time's crowded catacomb.

II.

No bell shall toll, no mourners gather round
Thy burial ground,
But gratulations loud and bosoms light
Shall hail thy flight,
For who would mourn *thy* death whose stormy life
Was mad and wanton war, or madder civil strife?

III.

E'en as the mould is on thy coffin thrown,
It yields a tone
Of joyous advent, not bereavement's woe.
What means it? Lo!
From that Pandora's box of grief and fear,
In Hope's effulgent form up springs the new born Year.
Jan.—VOL. LXXXV. NO. CCCXXVII. B

The Birth of the New Year.

IV.

Sheathing their swords, oh! may the sons of Earth
 Welcome thy birth,
 With lifted hands and universal shout
 Of joy devout,
 Imploring thee to bid their discords cease,
 And soothe the madden'd world with renovated peace.

V.

Cherub! thou com'st with healing on thy wings;
 Thy young voice brings
 Glad tidings to the Earth. Oh! give full scope
 To the dear hope
 That the auspicious advent is design'd
 With brotherhood restored to bless our human kind.

VI.

Firm in the trust that the Creator's plan
 Hath destin'd Man
 By slow, tho' sure advance, to elevate
 His earthly state,
 Let none despair, for naught can long arrest
 The full accomplishment of God's ordain'd behest.

VII.

As raging hurricanes and thunders clear
 Our atmosphere,
 So Revolution's tempest, fierce and wide,
 Shall soon subside,
 And, bursting from the cloud that quench'd its light,
 Civilisation's sun shall burn more clear and bright.

VIII.

England shall claim, while nations near and far
 Outworn with war,
 Beneath her reconciling Ægis crowd,
 The mission proud,
 "Peace—Freedom—Law" stamp'd on her flag unfurl'd,
 To teach, protect, uplift, and fraternise the world!

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

CHAPTER I.

OUR HERO.

It was a murky October day that the hero of our tale, Mr. Soapey Sponge, or more correctly speaking, Soapey Sponge, Esquire, was seen mizzling along Oxford Street, wending his way to the West. Not that there was any thing unusual in Soapey being seen in Oxford Street, for when in town his daily perambulation consists in a circuit, commencing from Aldridge's in St. Martin's Lane, thence by Moore's sporting-print shop, on through some of those ambiguous and tortuous streets that, appearing to lead all ways at once and none in particular, land the explorer, sooner or later, on the south side of Oxford Street.

Oxford Street acts to the north part of London what the Strand does to the south: it is sure to bring one up, sooner or later. A man can hardly get over either of them without knowing it. Well, Soapey having got into Oxford Street, would make his way at a squarey, inkneed, duck-toed sort of pace, regulated by the bonnets, the vehicles, and the equestrians he had to criticise on his way, for of women, vehicles, and horses, he had voted himself a consummate judge. Indeed he had fully established in his own mind that Kiddey Downey and he were the only men in London who *really* knew any thing about horses, and fully impressed with that conviction, he would halt, and stand, and stare, in a way that with any other man would have been considered impertinent. Perhaps it was impertinent in Soapey—we don't mean to say it wasn't—but he had done it so long, and was of so sporting a gait and cut, that he felt himself somewhat privileged. Moreover, the majority of horsemen are so satisfied with the animals they bestride, as to make them cock up their jibs and ride along with a "find any fault with either me or my horse, if you can" sort of air.

Thus Soapey proceeded leisurely along, now nodding to this man, now jerking his elbow to that, now smiling on a phaeton, now sneering at a bus. If he did not look in at Shackell's, or Bartley's, or ap^{pe} of the dealers on the line, Soapey was always to be found about half-past-five at Cumberland Gate, from whence he would strike leisurely down the Park, and after coming to a long check at Rotten Row rails, from whence he would pass all the cavalry in the park in review, he would wend his way back to Old Slaughter's coffee-house, along Piccadilly, much in the style that he had crawled along Oxford Street. This was his summer proceeding.

Soapey had pursued this enterprising life for many "seasons"—ten at least—and supposing him to have begun at twenty or one-and-twenty, he would be about thirty at the time we have the pleasure of introducing him to our readers—a period of life at which men begin to suspect they were not quite so wise at twenty as they thought. Not that Soapey Sponge had any particular indiscretions to reflect upon, for he was tolerably sharp, but he felt that he might have made better use of his time, which may be shortly described as having been spent in hunting all the winter, and in talking about it all the summer. With this popular sport he combined the diversion of widow-hunting, though we are concerned to say that his success, up to the period of our introduction,

had not been commensurate with his deserts. Let us, however, hope that brighter days are about to dawn upon him.

Having now introduced our hero to our male and female friends, under his interesting pursuits of fox and fortune hunter, it becomes us to say a few words as to his qualifications for carrying them on.

Mr. Soapey Sponge was a good-looking, rather vulgar-looking, fellow. At a distance—say ten yards—his height, figure, and carriage gave him somewhat of a commanding appearance, but this was sadly marred by a jerkey, twitchy, uneasy sort of air, that too plainly showed he was not the natural, or what the lower orders call, the *real* gentleman. Not that Soapey was shy. Far from it. He never hesitated about offering to any lady, after a three days' acquaintance, or in asking any gentleman to allow him to go or send a horse to him over-night, with whom he might chance to come in contact in the hunting-field. And he did it all in such a cool, off-hand, matter-of-course sort of way, that people who would have stared with astonishment if anybody had hinted at such a proposal, really seemed to come into the humour and spirit of the thing, and to look upon it rather as a matter of course than otherwise. Then his dexterity in getting into people's houses was only equalled by the difficulty of getting him out again, but this we must waive for the present in favour of his portraiture.

In height, Mr. Sponge was above the middle size—five feet eleven or so—with a well borne up, not badly shaped, closely cropped oval head, a tolerably good, but somewhat receding forehead, bright hazel eyes, Roman nose, with carefully tended whiskers, reaching the corners of a well-formed mouth, and thence descending in semicircles into a vast expanse of hair beneath the chin.

Having mentioned Mr. Sponge's gloomy gait and horsey propensities, it were almost needless to say, that his dress was in the sporting style—you saw what he was by his clothes. Every article seemed to be made to defy the utmost rigour of the elements. His hat (Lincoln and Bennett) was hard and heavy. It sounded upon an entrance-hall table like a drum. A little magical loop in the lining explained the cause of its weight. Somehow, Soapey's hats were never either old or new—not that he bought them second-hand, but when he got a new one he took its "long coat" off, as he called it, with a singeing lamp, and made it look as if it had undergone a few probationary showers.

When a good London hat recedes to a certain point it gets no worse; it is not like a country-made thing that keeps going and going until it declines into a thing with no sort of resemblance to its original self. Barring its weight and hardness, the Soapey hat had no particular character apart from the Soapey head. It was not one of those punty ovals or Cheshire cheese flats, or curly sided things that enables one to say who is in a house and who is not, by a glance through the hats in the entrance, but it was just a quiet, round hat, without any thing remarkable, either in the binding, the lining, or the band, but still it was a very becoming hat when Soapey had it on. There is a great deal of character in hats. We have seen hats that bring the owners to the recollection far more forcibly than the generality of portraits. But to our hero.

That there may be a dandified simplicity in dress is exemplified every day by our friends the Quakers, who adorn their beautiful brown Saxony coats with little inside velvet collars and fancy silk buttons, and even the severe order of sporting costume adopted by our friend Mr. Sponge, is not

devoid of capability in the way of tasteful adaptation. This Mr. Sponge chiefly showed in promoting a resemblance between his neckcloths and waistcoats. Thus, if he wore a cream-coloured cravat, he would have a buff-coloured waistcoat, if a striped waistcoat, then the starcher would be imbued with somewhat of the same colour and pattern. The ties of these varied with their texture. The silk ones terminated in a sort of coaching fold, and were secured by a golden fox head pin, while the striped starchers, with the aid of a pin on each side, just made a neat, unpretending tie in the middle, a sort of miniature of the flagrant, fly-away, Mile-End ones of aspiring youth of the present day. His coats were of the single-breasted cut-away order, with pockets outside, and generally either Oxford mixture or some dark colour, that required you to place him in a favourable light to say what it was.

His waistcoats, of course, were of the most correct form and material, generally either pale buff, or buff with a narrow stripe, similar to the undress vests of the servants of the Royal Family, only with the pattern run across instead of lengthways, as those worthies mostly have theirs, and made with good honest standing up stiff collars, instead of the make-believe roll collars they sometimes convert their upright ones into. When in deep thought, calculating, perhaps, the value of a passing horse, or considering whether he should have beefsteaks or lamb chops for dinner, Soapey's thumbs would rest in the arm-holes of his waistcoat; in which easy, but not very elegant, attitude, he would sometimes stand until all trace of the idea that elevated them had passed away from his mind.

In the trouser line he adhered to the close-fitting costume of former days; and many were the trials, the easings, and the alterings, ere he got a pair exactly to his mind. Many were the customers who turned away on seeing his manly figure filling the swing mirror in "Snip and Sneider's," a monopoly that some tradesmen might object to, only Mr. Sponge's trousers being admitted to be perfect "triumphs of the art," the more such a walking advertisement was seen in the shop the better. Indeed, we believe it would have been worth Snip and Co.'s while to have let him have them for nothing. They were easy without being tight, or rather they looked tight without being so; there wasn't a bag, a wrinkle, or a crease that there shouldn't be, and strong and storm-defying as they seemed, they were yet as soft and as supple as a lady's glove. They looked more as if his legs had been blown in them than as if such irreproachable garments were the work of man's hands. Many were the nudges, and many the "look at this chap's trousers," that were given by ambitious men envious of his appearance as he passed along, and many were the turnings round to examine their faultless fall upon his radiant boot. The boots, perhaps, might come in for a little of the glory, for they were beautifully soft and cool-looking to the foot, easy without being loose, and he preserved the lustre of their polish even up to the last moment of his walk. There never was a better man for getting through dirt, either on foot or horseback, than Soapey.

To the frequenters of the "corner," it were almost superfluous to mention that he is a constant attendant. He has several volumes of "catalogues," with the prices the horses have brought set down in the margins, and has a rare knack at recognising old friends, altered, disguised, or disfigured as they may be—"I've seen that rip before," he will say, with a knowing shake of the head, as some woe-begone devil goes best leg foremost up to the hammer, or, "What! is that old beast back? why

he's here every day." No man can impose upon Soapey with a horse. He can detect the rough-coated plausibilities of the straw yard, equally with the metamorphosis of the clipper or singer. His practised eye is not to be imposed upon either by the blandishments of the bang-tail, or the bereavements of the dock. Tattersall will hail him from his rostrum with—"Here's a horse will suit you, Mr. Sponge! cheap, good, and handsome! come and buy him." But it is needless describing him here, for every groom out of place, and dog-stealer's man, knows him by sight.

CHAPTER II.

MR. BENJAMIN BUCKRAM.

HAVING dressed and sufficiently described our hero to enable our readers to form a general idea of the man, we have now to request them to return to the day of our introduction. Mr. Sponge had gone along Oxford Street at a somewhat improved pace to his usual wont—had paused for a shorter period in the "bus" perplexed "Circus," and pulled up seldomer than usual between the Circus and the limits of his stroll. Behold him now at the Edgeware Road end eyeing the busses with a wanting-business like air, instead of the contemptuous sneer he generally adopts towards those uncouth productions. Red, green, blue, drab, cinnamon colour passed and crossed, and jostled, and stopped, and blocked, and the cads telegraphed, and winked, and nodded, and smiled, and slanged, but Mr. Sponge regarded them not. He had a sort of "bus" panorama in his head, knew the run of them all, whence they started, where they stopped, where they watered, where they changed, and, wonderful to relate, had never been entrapped into a sixpenny fare when he meant to take a threepenny one. In "bus" geography there is not a more learned man in London.

Mark him as he stands at the corner post. He sees what he wants, it's the chequered one with the red and blue wheels that the Bayswater ones have got between them, and that the St. John's Wood and two Western Railway ones are trying to get into trouble by crossing. What a row! how the ruffians whip, and stamp, and storm, and all but pick each other's horses' teeth with their poles, how the cads gesticulate and the passengers imprecate! now the bonnets are out of the windows and the row increases. Six coachmen cutting and storming, six cads sawing the air, sixteen ladies in flowers screaming, six-and-twenty sturdy passengers swearing they will "fine them all," and Mr. Sponge is the only cool person in the scene. He doesn't rush into the throng and "jump in," for fear the bus should extricate itself and drive on without him; he doesn't make confusion worse confounded by intimating his behest; he doesn't soil his bright boots by stepping off the kerb-stone, but quietly waiting the evaporation of the steam and the disentanglement of the vehicles, by the smallest possible sign in the world, given at the opportune moment, and a steady adhesion to the flags, the bus is obliged either to "come to" or lose the fare, and he steps quietly in and squeezes along to the far end, as though intent on going the whole hog of the journey.

Away they rumble up the Edgeware Road; the gradual emergence from the brick and mortar of London being marked as well by the telling out of passengers as by the increasing distances between the houses. First, it is all close huddle with both. Austere iron railings guard the subterranean

kitchen areas, and austere looks indicate a desire on the part of the passengers to guard their own pockets ; gradually little gardens usurp the places of the cramped areas, and with their humanising appearance, softer looks assume the place of frowning *ante* swell-mob ones.

Presently a glimpse of green country or of distant hills may be caught between the wider spaces of the houses, and frequent settings down increases the space between the passengers ; gradually conservatories appear, and conversation strikes up ; then come the exclusiveness of villas, running out at last into real pure green fields studded with trees and picturesque pot-houses, before one of which latter a sudden wheel round and a jerk, announces the journey done. The last passenger (if there is one) is then unceremoniously turned loose upon the country.

We have often wondered whether the passengers in the omnibusses have any sort of knowledge of each other, whether the same people are in the habit of using the same vehicle at the same hour, or whether it is the same chance medley work with all the passengers that it is with ourselves. But to our story.

Our readers will have the kindness to suppose our hero, Mr. Soapey Sponge shot out of an omnibus at the sign of the Cat and Compasses, in the full rurality of grass country, sprinkled with fallows and turnip-fields. We should state, that this unwonted journey was a desire to pay a visit to Mr. Benjamin Buckram, the horse-dealer's farm at Scampley, distant some mile and a half from where he was set down, a space that he now purposed travelling on foot.

Mr. Benjamin Buckram was a small horse-dealer,—small, at least, when he was buying, though great when he was selling. It would do a youngster good to see Ben filling the two capacities. He dealt in second hand, that is to say, past mark of month horses ; but on the present occasion Mr. Sponge sought his services in the capacity of a letter rather than a seller of horses. Mr. Sponge wanted to job a couple of plausible-looking horses, with the option of buying them, provided he (Mr. Sponge) could sell them for more than he would have to give Mr. Buckram, exclusive of the hire. Mr. Buckram's job price, we should say, was as near twelve pounds a month, containing twenty-eight days, as he could screw, the hifer, of-course, keeping the animals.

Scampley is one of those pretty, little suburban farms, peculiar to the north and north-west side of London—farms varying from fifty to a hundred acres of well-mauured, gravelly soil ; each farm with its picturesque little buildings, consisting of a small, honey-suckled, rose-entwined brick-house, with small, flat pan-tiled roofs, and lattice-windows ; and hard-by, a large hay-stack, three times the size of the house, or a desolate barn, half as big as all the rest of the buildings. From the smallness of the holdings, the farm-houses are dotted about as thickly, and at such varying distances from the roads, as to look like inferior "villas" falling out of rank ; most of them have a half-smart, half seedy sort of look.

The rustics who cultivate them, or rather look after them, are neither exactly town nor country. They have the clownish dress and boorish gait of the regular "chaws," with a good deal of the quick, suspicious, sour sauciness of the low London resident. If you can get an answer from them at all, it is generally delivered in such a way as to show that the answerer thinks you are, what they call "chaffing them," asking them what you know.

These farms serve the double purpose of purveyors to the London stables, and hospitals for sick, over-worked, or unsaleable horses. All the great job-masters and horse-dealers have these retreats in the country, and the smaller ones pretend to have, from whence, in due course, they can draw any sort of an animal a customer may want, just as little cellar-less wine-merchants can get you any sort of wine from real establishments—if you only give them time.

There was a good deal of mystery about Scampley. It was sometimes in the hands of Mr. Benjamin Buckram, sometimes in the hands of his assignees, sometimes in those of his cousin Abraham Brown, and sometimes John Doe and Richard Roe were the occupants of it.

Mr. Benjamin Buckram, though very far from being one, had the advantage of looking like a respectable man. There was a certain plump, well-fed rosyneess about him, which, aided by a bright-coloured dress, joined to a continual fumble in the right-hand pocket of his drab trousers, gave him the air of a "well-to-do-in-the-world" sort of man. Moreover, he sported a velvet-collar to his blue coat, a more imposing species of decoration than it appears at first sight. To be sure, there are two sorts of velvet-collars,—the legitimate velvet collar, commencing with the coat, and the adopted velvet collar, put on when the cloth one gets shabby.

Buckram's was always the legitimate velvet collar, new from the first, and we really believe, a permanent velvet collar, adhered to in storm and in sunshine, has a very money-making impression on the world. It shows a spirit superior to feelings of paltry economy, and we think a person would be much more excusable for being victimised by a man with a good velvet collar to his coat, than by one exhibiting that spurious sign of gentility—a horse and gig.

The reader will now have the kindness to consider Mr. Sponge arriving at Scampley.

"Ah, Mr. Sponge!" exclaimed Mr. Buckram, who having seen our friend advancing up the little tortuous approach from the road to his house through a little square window almost blinded with Irish ivy, out of which he was in the habit of contemplating the arrival of his occasional lodgers, Doe and Roe, "Ah, Mr. Sponge!" exclaimed he, with well-assumed gaiety; "you should have been here yesterday; sent away two such osses—perfect unters—the werry best I do think I ever saw in my life; either would have bin the werry oss for your money. But come in, Mr. Sponge, sir, come in," continued he, backing himself through a little sentry-box of a green portico, to a narrow passage which branched off into little rooms on either side.

As Buckram made this retrogradè movement, he gave a gentle pull to the wooden handle of an old-fashioned wire bell-pull, in the midst of buggy, four-in-hand, and other whips, hanging in the entrance, a touch that was acknowledged by a single tinkle of the bell in the stable-yard.

They then entered the little room on the right, whose walls were decorated with various sporting prints, chiefly illustrative of steeple chases, with here and there a stunted fox-brush tossing about as a duster. The ill-ventilated room reeked with the effluvia of stale smoke, and the faded green baize of a little round table in the centre was covered with filbert-shells and empty ale-glasses. The whole furniture of the room wasn't worth five pounds.

Mr. Soapey Sponge, being now on the dealing tack, commenced in the poverty-stricken strain adapted to the occasion. Having deposited his hat on the floor, taken his left leg up to nurse, and given his hair a backward rub with his right hand, he thus commenced :

"Now, Buckram," said he, "I'll tell you how it is. I'm deuced hard up,—regularly in Short's Gardens. I lost eighteen hundred on the Derby, and seven on the Leger, the best part of my year's income, indeed; and I just want to hire two or three horses for the season, with the option of buying, if I like; and if you supply me well, I may be the means of bringing grist to your mill; you twig, eh?"

"Well, Mr. Sponge," replied Buckram, sliding several consecutive half-crowns down the incline plane of his pocket. "Well, Mr. Sponge, I shall be happy to do my best for you. I wish you'd come yesterday, though, as I said before, I jest had two of the neatest nags—a bay and a grey—not that colour makes any matter to a judge like you; there's no sounder sayin' than that a good oss is not never of a bad colour; only to a young gentleman, you know, it's well to have 'em smart, and the ticket, in short; howsomever, I must do the best I can for you, and if there's nothin' in that tickles your fancy, why, you must give me a few days to see if I can arrange an exchange with some other gent; but the present is like to be a werry haggiwatin' season; had more happlications for osses nor ever I remembers, and I've been a dealer now, man and boy, turned of eight-and-thirty years; but young gents is whimsical, and it was a young'un wot got these, and there's no sayin' but he mayn't like them—indeed, one's rayther difficult to ride,—that's to say, the grey, the neatest of the two, and he *may* come back, and if so, you shall have him; and a safer, sweeter, oss was never seen, or one more like to do credit to a gent: but you knows what an oss is, Mr. Sponge, and can do justice to me, and I should like to put summut good into your hands—that I should."

With conversation, or rather with balderdash, such as this, Mr. Buckram beguiled the few minutes necessary for removing the bandages hiding the bottles, and stirring up the cripples about to be examined, and the heavy flap of the coach-house door announcing that all was ready, he forthwith led the way through a door in a brick-wall into a little three-sides of a square yard, formed of stables and loose boxes, with a dilapidated dove-cote above a pump in the centre; Mr. Buckram, not growing corn, could afford to keep pigeons.

CHAPTER III.

PETER LEATHER.

Nothing bespeaks the character of a dealer's trade more than the servants and hangers-on of the establishment. The civiler in manner, and the better they are "put on" the higher the standing of the master, and the better the stamp of the horses.

Those about Mr. Buckram's were of a very shady order. Dirty shirted, sloggering, baggy breeched, slangey gaitered fellows, with the word "gin" indelibly imprinted on their faces. Peter Leather, the head man, was one of the fallen angels of servitude. He had once driven a duke—the Duke of Dazleton—having nothing whatever to do but dress himself and climb into his well indented richly-fringed throne, with a helper at each horse's head to "let go" at a nod from his broad laced three-cornered

hat. Then having got in his cargo (or rubbish, as he used to call them), he would start off at a pace that was truly terrific, cutting out this vehicle, shooting past that, all but grazing a third, anathematising the busses and d——g the draymen. We don't know how he might be with the queen, but he certainly drove as though he thought nobody had any business in the street while the Duchess of Dazzleton wanted it. The duchess liked going fast, and Peter accommodated her. The duke jobbed his horses and didn't care about pace, and so things might have gone on very comfortably if Peter one afternoon hadn't run his pole into the panel of a very plain but very neat yellow barouche, passing the end of New Bond Street, which having nothing but a simple crest—a stag's-head on the panel—made him think it belonged to some bulky cit, taking the air with his rib, but who unfortunately turned out to be no less a person than Sir Giles John Nabem, Knight, the great police magistrate, upon one of whose myrmidons in plain clothes who came to the rescue, Peter committed a most violent assault, for which unlucky casualty his worship furnished him with rotatory occupation for his fat calves in the "H. of C.," as the clerk shortly designated the House of Correction. Thither Peter went, and in lieu of his lace bedaubed coat, gold gartered plushes, and stockings, and buckled shoes, he was dressed up in a suit of tight-fitting yellow and black-striped worsteds, that gave him the appearance of a large wasp without wings. Peter Leather then tumbled regularly down the staircase of servitude, the greatness of his fall being occasionally broken by landing in some inferior place. From the Duke of Dazzleton's, or rather from the treadmill, he went to the Marquis of Mammon, who he very soon left because he wouldn't wear a second-hand wig. From the marquis he got hired to the great Irish Earl of Coarsegab, who expected him to wash the carriage, wait at table, and do other incidentals never contemplated by a London coachman. Peter threw this place up with indignation on being told to take the letters to the post. He then lived on his "means" for a while, a thing that is much finer in theory than in practice, and having about exhausted his substance and placed the bulk of his apparel in safe keeping, he condescended to take a place as job coachman in a livery-stable—a "horses let by the hour, day, or month" one, in which he enacted as many characters, at least made as many different appearances as the late Mr. Mathews used to do in his celebrated "at Homes." One day Peter would be seen ducking under the mews' entrance in one of those greasy, painfully well-brushed hats, the certain precursors of soiled linen and seedy—most seedy-covered buttoned coats that would puzzle a conjuror to say whether they were black, or gray, or olive, or invisible green turned invisible brown. Then another day he might be seen in old Mrs. Gadabouts sky-blue livery with a tarnished gold-laced hat, nodding over his nose, and on a third he would shine forth in Mrs. Major-General Flareup's cockaded one, with a worsted shoulder knot, and a much overdaubed light drab livery coat, with crimson inexpressibles, so tight as to astonish a beholder how he ever got into them. Humiliation, however, has its limits as well as other things, and Peter having been invited to descend from his box—alas! a regular country patent leather one, and invest himself in a Quaker-collared blue coat with a red vest, and a pair of blue trousers with a broad red stripe down the sides, to drive the Honourable old Miss Wrinkleton, of Harley Street, to Court in a "one oss pianoforte-case," as he called a Clarence, he could stand it no longer, and chucking the nether garments into the fire, he rushed

frantically up the area-steps, mounted his box, and quitted the old crockadile of a horse all the way home, accompanying each cut with an imprecation such as "*me* make a guy of myself!" (whip) "*me* put on sich things" (whip, whip); "*me* drive down Sin Jimses Street" (whip, whip, whip), "*I'd* see her. — fust" (whip, whip, whip), cutting at the old horse just as if he was laying it into Miss Wrinkleton, so that by the time he got home he had established a considerable lather on the old nag, which his master resenting a row ensued, the sequel of which may readily be imagined. After assisting Mrs. Clearstarch, the Kilburn laundress, in getting in and taking out her washing, for a few weeks, chance at last landed him at Mr. Benjamin Buckram's, from whence he is now about to be removed to become our hero Mr. Soapey Sponge's Sancho Panza, in his fox-hunting, fortune-hunting career, and disseminate in remote parts his doctrines of the real honour and dignity of servitude. Now to the inspection.

Peter Leather, having a peep-hole as well as his master, on seeing Mr. Sponge arrive, had given himself an extra rub over, and covered his dirty shirt with a clean, well-tied, white kerchief, and a whole coloured scarlet waistcoat, late the property of one of his noble employers, in hopes that Sponge's visit might lead to something. Peter was about sick of the suburbs, and thought, of course, that he couldn't be worse off than where he was.

"Here's Mr. Sponge wants some osses," observed Mr. Buckram, as Leather met them in the middle of the little yard, and brought his right arm round with a sort of military swing to his forehead; "what 'ave we in?" continued Buckram, with the air of a man with so many horses that he didn't know what were in and what were out.

"Vy we 'ave Rumbleguts in," replied Leather, thoughtfully, stroking down his hair as he spoke, "and we 'ave Jack o' Lanthorn in, and we 'ave the Camel in, and there's the little Hirish oss with the sprig tail—Jack-a-Dandy, as I calls him, and the Flyer will be in to-night, he's jest out a hairing, as it were, with old Mr. Callipash."

"Ah, Rumbleguts won't do for Mr. Sponge," observed Buckram, thoughtfully, at the same time letting go a tremendous avalanche of silver down his trouser pocket, "Rumbleguts won't do," repeated he, "nor Jack-a-Dandy nouter."

"Why, I wouldn't commend neither on 'em," replied Peter, taking his cue from his master, "only ven you axes me vot there's in, you knows vy I must give you a *cor*-rect answer, in course."

"In course," nodded Buckram.

Leather and Buckram had a good understanding in the lying line, and had fallen into a sort of tacit arrangement, that if the former was staunch about the horses he was at liberty to make the best terms he could for himself. Whatever Buckram said, Leather swore to, and they had established certain signals and expressions that each was well up to.

"I've an unkimmon nice oss," at length observed Mr. Buckram, with a scrutinising glance at Sponge, "and an oss in hevery respect werry like your work, but he's an oss I'll candidly state, I wouldn't put in every one's hands, for, in the fust place, he's werry valueous, and in the second, he requires an ossman to ride; howsomever, as I knows that you *can* ride, and if you doesn't mind taking my ead man," jerking his elbow at Leather, "to look arter him, I wouldn't mind 'commodatin' on you, *provided* wo can 'gree upon terms."

"Well, let's see him," interrupted Sponge, "and we can talk about terms after."

"Certainly, sir, certainly," replied Buckram, again letting drive a re-accumulated rush of silver down his pocket. "Here, Tom! Joe! Harry! where's Sam?" giving the little tinkler of a bell a pull as he spoke.

"Sam be in the straw 'ouse," replied Leather, passing through a stable into a wooden projection beyond, where the gentleman in question was enjoying a nap.

"Sam!" said he, "Sam!" repeated he, in a louder tone, as he saw the object of his search's nose popping through the midst of the straw.

"What now!" exclaimed Sam, starting up, and looking wildly around; "what now?" repeated he, rubbing his eyes with the backs of his hands.

"Get out Ercole," said Leather, *sotto voce*.

The lad was a mere stripling—some fifteen or sixteen years, perhaps—tall, slight, and neat, with dark hair and eyes, and was dressed in a brown jacket—a real boy's jacket, without lappets, white cords, and top-boots. It was his business to risk his neck and limbs at all hours of the day, on all sorts of horses, over any sort of place that any person chose to require him to put a horse at, and this he did with the daring pleasure of youth as yet undaunted by any serious fall. Sam now bestirred himself to get out the horse. The clambering of hoofs presently announced his approach.

Whether Hercules was called Hercules on account of his amazing strength, or from a fanciful relationship to the famous horse of that name, we know not, but his strength and his colour would favour either supposition. He was an immense, tall, big, powerful, dark brown horse, standing full sixteen hands high, with an arched neck and crest, well set on, clean Jowled head, and loins that looked as if they could shoot a man into the next country just as a skilful player could shoot a shuttlecock along a room. His condition was perfect. His coat lay as close and even as satin, with cleanly developed muscles, and, altogether he looked as hard as a cricket-ball. He had a famous switch tail, reaching nearly to his hocks, and making him look less than he would otherwise have done.

Mr. Soapey Sponge was too well versed in horse-flesh to imagine that such an animal would be in the possession of such a third-rate dealer as Buckram, unless there was something radically wrong about him, and as Sam and Leather were paying the horse those stable attentions that always precede a show out, Mr. Sponge settled in his own mind that the observation about his requiring a horseman to ride him, meant that he was vicious. Nor was he deceived in his anticipations, for not all Leather's whistlings, or Sam's endearings, and watchings, could conceal the sunken, scowling eye, that as good as said, "you'd better keep clear of me."

Mr. Sponge, however, was a dauntless horseman. What man dared he dared, and as the horse stepped proudly and freely out of the stable, Mr. Sponge thought he looked very like a hunter. Nor were Mr. Buckram's laudations wanting in the animal's behalf.

"There's an orse!" exclaimed he, drawing his right hand out of his trouser pocket, and flourishing it towards him. "If that orse were down in Leicestersheer," added he, "he'd fetch three 'under'd guineas. Sir Richard would have him in a minnit—that he would!" added he, with a stamp of his foot as he saw the animal beginning to set up his back and wince at the approach of the lad. (We may here mention by way of parenthesis, that Mr. Buckram had just brought him out of War-

wickshire for thirty pounds, where the horse had greatly distinguished himself, as well by kicking off sundry scarlet swells in the gaily-thronged streets of Leamington, as by running away with divers others over the wide-stretching grazing-grounds of Southam and Dunchurch.)

But to our story. The horse now stood staring on view: fire in his eye, and vigour in his every limb. Leather was at his head, the lad at his side, Sponge and Buckram a little on the left.

"*W-h-o-a-a-y*, my man, *w-h-o-a-a-y*," continued Mr. Buckram, as a liberal exposition of the white of the eye was followed by a little wince and hoist of the hind quarters on the nearer approach of the lad.

"*Look sharp, boy*," said he, in a very different tone to the soothing one in which he had just been addressing the horse. The lad lifted up his leg for a hoist, Leather gave him one as quick as thought, and led on the horse as the lad gathered up his reins. They then made for a large field at the back of the house, with leaping-bars, hurdles, "on and offs," "ins and outs," all sorts of fancy leaps scattered about. Having got him fairly in, and the lad having got himself fairly settled in the saddle, he gave the horse a touch with the spur as Leather let go his head, and after a desperate plunge or two started off at a gallop.

"*He's fresh*," observed Mr. Buckram confidentially to Mr. Sponge, "he's fresh—wants work, in short—short of work—wouldn't put every one on him—wouldn't put one o' your timid cocknified chaps on him, for if ever he were to get the hupper 'and, vy I doesn't know as ow that we might get the hupper 'and o' him, agen, but the playful rogue knows ven he's got a workman on his back—see how he gives to the lad though he's only fifteen, and not strong of his hage nouter," continued Mr. Buckram, "and I guess if he had sich a consternation of talent as you on his back, he'd wery soon be as quiet as a lamb—not that he's wicious—far from it, only play—full of play, I may say, though to be sure, if a man gets spilt it don't argufy much whether it's done from play or from vice."

During this time, the horse was going through his evolutions, hopping over this thing, popping over that, making as little of every thing as practice makes them do.

Having gone through the usual routine, the lad now walked the glowing coated snorting horse back to where the trio stood. Mr. Sponge again looked him over, and still seeing no exception to take to him, bid the lad get off, and lengthen the stirrups for him to take a ride. That was the difficulty. The first two minutes always did it. Mr. Sponge, however, nothing daunted, borrowed Sam's spurs, and making Leather hold the horse by the head till he got well into the saddle, and then lead him on a bit; he gave the animal such a dig in both sides as fairly threw him off his guard, and made him start away at a gallop, instead of standing and delivering, as was his wont.

Away Mr. Sponge shot, pulling him about, trying all his paces, and putting him at all sorts of leaps.

Emboldened by the nerve and dexterity displayed by Mr. Sponge, Mr. Buckram stood meditating a further trial of his equestrian ability, as he watched him bucketing "*Ercules*" about. Hercules had "spang-hewed" so many triers, and the hideous contraction of his resolute back had deterred so many from mounting, that Buckram had begun to fear he would have to place him in the only remaining school for incurables, the Bus. Hack-horse riders are seldom great horsemen. The very fact

of their being hack-horse riders shows they are little accustomed to horses, or they would not give the fee-simple of an animal for a few weeks' work.

"I've a wonderful clever little oss," observed Mr Buckram, as Soapey returned with a slack rein and a satisfied air on the late resolute animal's back. "*Little* I can 'ardly call 'im," continued Mr. Buckram, "only he's low; but you knows that the eight of an oss has nothin' to do with his size. Now this is a perfect dray-oss in minature. An Eton gent lookin' at him, t'other him christen'd him '*Multum in Pavo*.' But though he's so *ter men-dous* strong, he has the knack o' goin', specially in deep; and if you're not a goin' to Sir Richard, but into some o' them plough sheers (shires), I'd 'comend him to you."

"Let's have a look at him," replied Mr. Sponge, throwing his right-leg over Hercules' head, and sliding from the saddle on to the ground, as if he were alighting from the quietest shooting pony in the world.

All then was hurry, scurry, and scamper to get this second prodigy out. Presently he appeared. *Multum in Pavo* certainly was all that Buckram described him. A lengthy, low, clean-headed, clean-necked, big-hocked, chestnut, with a long tail, and great, large, flat, white legs, without mark or blenfish upon them. Unlike Hercules, there was nothing indicative of vice or mischief about him. Indeed, he was rather a sedate, meditative-looking animal; and instead of the watchful, arms'-length sort of way Leather and Co. treated Hercules, they jerked and punched Pavo about as if he had been a cow.

Still *Multum in Pavo* had his foibles. He was a resolute, head-strong animal, that would go his own way in spite of all the pulling and hauling in the world. If he took it into his obstinate head to turn into a particular field, into it he would be; or against the gate-post he would bump the rider's leg in a way that would make him remember the difference of opinion between them. It was not a fiery, hot-headed spirit, with object or reason, for its guide, but just a regular downright pig-headed sort of stupidity, that nobody could account for. He had a mouth like a bull, and would walk clean through a gate sometimes rather than be at the trouble of rising to leap it; at other times he would jump over it like a bird. He could not beat Mr. Buckram's men, because they were always on the look out for objects of contention with sharp spur rowels, ready to let into his sides the moment he began to stop; but a weak or a timid man on his back had no more chance than he would on an elephant. If the horse chose to carry him into the midst of the hounds at the meet, he would have him in—nay, he would think nothing of upsetting the master himself in the middle of the pack. Then the provoking part was, that the obstinate beast after having done all the mischief, would just set to to graze as if nothing had happened. After rolling a sportsman in the mud, he would repair to the nearest hay-stack or grassy bank, and be caught. He was now ten years old, or a *leele* more perhaps, and very wicked years some of them had been. His adventures, his sellings and his returnings, his lettings and his unlettings, his bumpings and spillings, his smashings and crashings, on the road, in the field, in single and in double harness, would furnish a volume of themselves; and in default of a more able historian, we purpose blending his future fortune with that of Hercules, in the service of our hero Mr. Soapey Sponge, and his accomplished groom, and undertaking the important narration of them.

• AMAKEYA : •

• A TALE OF KAFFIRLAND. •

BY MRS. WARD, AUTHOR OF "FIVE YEARS IN KAFFIR LAND."

THERE have long been two parties in South Africa. The one defrauding the public with mock philanthropic histories of "interesting savages," the other denouncing the missionaries as the authors of all the mischief which so fearfully exploded in the war of 1846—47. The following tale has been put together without reference to either : the incidents related in it being, in their main features, true, and in every way illustrative of Kaffir character and customs, and the circumstance on which the tale is founded was related to me by Colonel Glencairn* himself, shortly after its occurrence, and near the scene thereof.

Not far from a large garrison on the borders of Kaffirland lies a green valley. It is one of the sweetest spots you can conceive. Abrupt mountains rise above it, mountains green to their summit, save one, the chief feature of the T'yumie ridge, which bears a diadem on its ancient brow, of gray basaltic rock. Between some of these eminences are bright patches of verdure, on which the eye loves to fall ; I remember one especially which was visible from the garrison town alluded to above, and which I named "The Fairy's Rest," for it looked like a spot on which "good people" might like to pause on their way from other worlds to this. About the valley are scattered a few huts shaped like large inverted birds' nests, and at evening time the place is busy ; the fires are lit, the old crones of Kaffirland prepare the meal of Indian corn, and the young girls come laughing through the bushes with their closely woven water-baskets and calabashes poised on their heads, from the river, whither they have been for water, presenting no bad illustration of those patriarchal times, when the parched corn was ground between two stones, as it is now in Kaffirland, and the "daughters of the land" went down at "even time to draw water."

There is a whoop upon the hills, the young girls pause in their musical and merry laughter ; nearer yet nearer draws the shrill cry, and a slender Kaffir boy advances like a winged Mercury with a feather fastened to his ankle : he is a messenger ; the chief Macomo is approaching his *kraal*† after a week's absence, and has sent on his herald to apprise his people of his coming. Another shout echoes from a kloof‡ at the same time, and a train of young hunters sweep onward, headed by the swiftest of their party with the news of the hunt, for he who brings such intelligence first, shares the honours of the day with the keenest sportsman.

The sun is setting, and in the distance sounds the old Scotch air of "The Yellow Haired Laddie," the drums and fifes in the neighbouring garrison are beating "the retreat," and the music is wafted dreamily across the valley as Macomo and his followers wind along the road in dusky array. The chief is distinguished from his attendants by his *kaross*§ of tiger skin : he is a great warrior, and has just returned from a meet-

* Colonel Glencairn C—1.

† Kraal—hamlet of huts.

‡ Kloof, glen.

§ Kaross, mantle.

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ing with the English authorities. The women of his "great place" ask him no questions as he dismounts, but they hear him mutter the words "the *Umlunghi** are children," they see his sardonic smile, and they know that for the present the threats of the *Umlunghi* against the marauding Kaffir have ended in nothing. The hunters advance with their exciting shouts, and the sweet voices of the girls blend with the low and solemn tones of Macomo's councillors, who are already seated with lit pipes, the women listening but not joining in the "talk."

The game is killed, and a poor crippled wretch crawls out for her portion, which is given her from the group nearest her hut. She is one of Macomo's wives, and having once run away from him, she was condemned to "sit still for ever:" the miserable creature was fastened down with *reims*,† and a fire of mimosa thorns blazed and crackled at her feet, blistering them, and rendering her incapable of using them afterwards.

But Amakeya, the favourite daughter of Macomo, stands apart from the others of her tribe. In vain the young warriors, who have hunted down the buck for her father's meal, look round for Amakeya, the beauty of Kaffirland, to reward them for their labours with a smile, and a sight of such teeth as no white beauty can boast. Why is she waiting silent and alone? Is it to listen to the deep mouthed bay of the English fox hounds, or to watch the officers of the garrison as they sweep by from their hunt among the mountains? No. She shrinks behind the thick coppice as the clatter of horses' hoofs approaches; the tired pack are called home, and move past panting and weary, the whipper-in cracks his long whip with an exclamation in broad Yorkshire, and this second crowd of hunters disappears along the mountain side. Amakeya steps out from the thicket once more and watches; when first she took her station the sun was high above the "Fairy's Rest," but she has stood there till he has only left the rays of his departing glory on the hill tops. There is a plash of horses' feet in the little drift below, and a solitary rider advances up the hill and gives Amakeya the "good morrow" in a pleasant voice and with a kind smile.

But he cannot pass on—she will not let him—she bears an *assegai*‡ in her slender hand, and without a word plants it in the path before him.

Colonel Glencairn, for he was the rider Amakeya had so long and patiently awaited, spoke in a laughing tone of interrogation, but she looked grave and sad; he held out his hand; she kissed it without any violent demonstration of feeling, shook her head as she withdrew the *assegai* from the ground, and with one last look, a sigh, and an exclamation in a mournful voice of "My friend, my friend!" she turned into the little coppice and

Colonel Glencairn knew that the spear stuck in the ground was the certain omen of war,§ but he had so often heard the subject discussed and dismissed, that he thought little of it.

As he looked back on Macomo's kraal, he caught sight of Amakeya advancing towards the fire, and on reaching the top of the hill a fresh

* Umlunghi—white men.

† Reim, thong made from bullock's hide.

‡ A javelin, the handle being made from the wood of the *assegai* tree.

§ It is also a custom of the Arabs.

pile of thorns gleamed up among the councillors, lighting the Wizard Umyeki's face, which glared horribly as he conversed earnestly with Macomo. Still Colonel Glencairn only felt a momentary curiosity and passed on with scarcely a thought for poor Amakeya.

The words uttered by Umyeki to Macomo conveyed an idea of his feelings of scorn towards the *Umlunghi*. "You call them children," said he, "they are fools. The words of a child are not always empty, though his hand may be weak, but the voice of the white man is like the drum of the *Rood-batjes*.* It is all sound, the assegai can silence it at one stroke."

"But the white chief threatens to drive us from the land, ere the moon is dead," replied Macomo, "unless we bring him the cattle which he knows the *Gaikas* have driven into the mountains."

"Give him sweet words," said Umyeki, "ask for time. We know that the white men who dwell beyond the great waters have set up our nation as a thing to quarrel about; we know, too, that those who call themselves our friends, are strong, and that those who are placed among us as rulers are without voice, and that their hands are so tied that though they hold the sword in token of authority, they cannot use it."

Macomo smiled at the term "friends," and next entered into a discussion with the wizard on the position of the man who had brought the stolen oxen through the kraal, on its way to a place of concealment in the passes of the Amatola mountains.

"He would give them and many more for Amakeya," said Macomo, "but I will not have it so. If the war-cry should be raised *he must put his heart in the bush*, and that bush may be far away from me."

"He must be eaten up," said Umyeki.

The fiat had gone forth. At early dawn there arose a yell in that green valley. The wizard in his horribly grotesque head-dress, composed of bladders filled with charmed liquid, a jackal's tail, feathers, beads, wolf's teeth, and a variety of other savage ornaments, springs upon a mass of rock, and waves aloft the assegai. He mutters some terrible incantations, and the miserable thief is brought out. The tortures he endures are not to be named in so light a page as this: he confesses that he has bewitched the chief, that the sufferings Macomo lately endured—*delirium tremens*—have been the result of the charm just discovered in the goat kraal by Umyeki, who had put it there deep in the night before. The unhappy accused resigns his cattle, and is carried to the bush to die, or to be torn in pieces by the wolves ere his eyes are closed on this world so wretched to him.

* * * * *

The war-cry has sounded in the Amatola mountains. The *Gaika* warriors are assembling: some have already gone forth with brand and assegai to devastate and murder in the colony. The *Umlunghi* had been deceived in the numerical strength of their enemies, or rather their ungrateful pretended friends, who had looked down from their strong-holds in the mountains, on the handfull of British soldiers sent to dislodge them, and laughed—

"Behold," said Konah, the son of Macomo; "the English are as mice in a calabash."

* *Rood-batjes*, red jackets—soldiers.

Skill and energy enabled our forces to fall back upon Block Drift ; the school-house built by our missionaries there had become, as Macomo had sagaciously predicted, a barrack for the red jackets.

Amidst the roar of artillery, the blaze of burning waggons, and the yells of thousands of savages, a band of fourteen hundred mixed troops crossed the drift of the Tyumie stream, and took up their position on an eminence commanding a sweeping view of Kaffirland, with the vale threaded by those waters of which the paramount chief, Sandilla, Macomo's brother, had sworn "the white man should never drink."

Far away from the spot first described in this story, far away in a deep recess among the mountains, is Amakeya seated.—Umyeki forms one of a group a little way apart from the resting-place she has chosen. He is muttering his incantations—his terrible denunciations against the *Umlunghi*. Now the fire shoots up, and now he holds over it a skull containing a foaming decoction made from the right hand, the head, and some bones of an officer lately shot by the Gaikas. Into this awful liquid he dips his wizard wand, and pointing it at intervals in the direction of the British camp, he curses the Amaglezi*, and condemns them by his powers of sorcery to the various influences of fear, sickness, death, and mayhap disobedience.

How the dreadful mixture froths and bubbles ! And how the savages howl and dance, and shout their cry, and sing their war-song, beating heavy time with their naked feet, and the rattle of their assegais, the shrill voices of women making a chorus like the hurrying blast of the flying night wind.

Oh, sight of horror pictured from life !

When months had gone by, and after a succession of struggles, the miserable and misguided Kaffirs discovered the truth of Macomo's words:

"To try to conquer the white man," said he, "reminds me of little boys striving to kill elephants with small bows and arrows."

The chief, Sandilla, was a hunted outlaw. Macomo, weary of the war, and knowing that in the end his people must fail in every enterprise they undertook, that "his land must die," had surrendered himself to the British authorities at head-quarters. He thought that the English, whom he had so often succeeded in cajoling, might be persuaded to restore him his lands. To obtain them again, he applied to Colonel Glencairn, whom he respected as an honest man as well as a fearless soldier, and who, he doubted not, would restore the territory he had forfeited.

"There shall be peace between us," was the cool remark of the chief ; "and I will sit still for ever in the valley."

"That cannot be," replied Colonel Glencairn. "You have broken faith with us too often to be believed now ; we can no longer trust you."

"Listen, great leader," said Macomo ; "we now know the power of the white man. We are under your feet ; Macomo is your dog,—the dog obeys the master who can take his life and feed him.* Let me lie down again in the smiling valley, and let me be happy as your slave."

"It is impossible," said Colonel Glencairn.

"Whither, then, shall I go ? The bird of many summers cannot live

* Amaglezi—English.

in a strange nest. My children have never seen the sun rise beyond these mountains. My father's cattle and mine have fed in large pastures among them; you have taken us out of the bush, but only give half a life if you send us from these pleasant places. Our bodies may move, but our hearts will linger here. The chiefs have been blamed for the folly of their people; if you would have us serve you and Umtsko* with willing hearts, once more let us abide in the land where our own people have dwelt so long. I mourn, Glencairn, because my people had ears, but would not hear; eyes, but would not see, until the Umlunghi put the foot on our necks. My father, I have fallen; bid me rise, and you shall guide me.† We are helpless, and must fall without you as a staff. You are one of the shields of the land. We know the power of the children of the foam, those who move along the face of the broad waters in sea-waggons; and though we resisted you till the corn should be ten times gathered into our kraals, you could still bring red men from afar. My heart is very big; my breast aches with its weight. Say, Glencairn, am I to sit in the sun once more, or die like a chained baboon? I cannot speak again. My ears long for good words from your lips."

Macomo had so often prevailed with less persuasive eloquence than this, that he could scarcely believe Colonel Glencairn's assurance of the impossibility of acceding to his request. Not even an appeal to the governor was recommended. "It could not be granted."

Macomo sat down in moody silence, drew his kaross over his head, his followers retiring a few paces behind him, whispering at intervals with anxious faces.

Night time in Kaffirland:—the mountains fling their broad shadows down upon the undulating ground, encircling the British camp; the Tyumie waters glance and ripple in the clear moonlight, and the echoes of the bugle-call answer each other from the wooded kloofs and caves; a few lights only shone from the white tents, the distant piquets exchanged the watchword of the night, beacon lights began to twinkle along the mountain-ridges, and the bark of a dog, the distant and fiendish laugh of the hyena, the sharp cry of the plover, and the neighing of a trooper's horse, were sufficient to disturb the silence that otherwise reigned round the bivouac of the English soldiery.

Colonel Glencairn sat busily engaged in his tent writing; so busy, that he heard not a slight stir without, the sentry's challenge of "Who comes there?" nor observed that no answer was returned. The canvass fluttered; he looked up, and saw that it was put aside by a sable arm, beautifully moulded, and ornamented with bracelets of many kinds: and Amakeya, stepping over the slight barrier between her and Colonel Glencairn, stood before him. But for her armlets and bangles of polished brass, her head-dress seamed with beads of bright blue and white, her many necklaces of various colours, that dusky form might have been but as a shadow between the officer and the white walls of his tent. For a few moments she stood silent, with her arms folded across her boddice,‡ as if

* Umtsko,—God.

† The language of the Kaffirs, in its simplicity, bears a strong resemblance to that of the Bible. The term "eating up" has precisely the meaning of the same words in the Psalms.

‡ The Kaffir women wear a fall of fine leather, closely seamed with beads. The edge of this, which hangs down to the waist, is vandyked and fringed also with beads.

wanting courage to address him she came to visit. "Lifting up her voice" at last, she spoke,

She said nothing of the many many times she had stood beneath the mimosa trees looking for him at the little drift in the green valley; but in few words she offers to "forsake all and follow him."

"Restore my father's lands," said Amakeya, "and I will be the pledge of his good faith. Thy people shall be my people, and I will sit by thy side, and beneath thy dwelling-place, and abide with thee all my life. Let my father go, and I will serve thee truly."

The girls of Kaffirland are early taught the strictest lessons of female propriety, and the sacrifice offered by Amakeya was greater than persons unacquainted with her ideas of right, would readily suppose. What passed further between herself and her astonished auditor was honorable to both, but particularly so to Colonel Glencairn. He did not misconstrue the motives of the poor Kaffir girl, he took no advantage of the position in which she had, not without due consideration, placed herself; so, gently, and with his usual honesty of purpose, he persuaded her to return to her father, as it was neither in Colonel Glencairn's power to give him back his "country" nor recommend his cause to the governor. Had the latter alternative been in his hands, his conscience would have been at issue with his will.

What passed in Amakeya's heart as she sat mute, silent, dejected, with her luminous eyes lifted up anxiously to Colonel Glencairn's face, the index of his candid heart, cannot well be imagined, and Colonel Glencairn in relating the incidents of the above story, forbore to dwell on the sentiments which brought the beauty of Kaffirland to his feet.

Macomo was condemned to be banished from the neighbourhood of the Amatola Mountains to Port Elizabeth, on the sea coast. He had merely forfeited his place in the green valley, but she—poor Amakeya! We may fancy her pausing on her journey, sitting down and gazing sorrowfully, and in some fear at that great sea from which those terrible red men came—terrible, but for thoughts of Glencairn. What knew she about the rights of nations? What could that child of nature think or understand of colonial boundaries, or political questions? From her infancy she had been taught to admire the boldest cattle stealer, and to scorn the young men who came back to the kraal empty-handed, or, who by their want of address, had betrayed themselves or others to the patrols of the *roed batjes*, for, in Kaffirland, to steal is creditable, but to be discovered, disgraceful. From the horrible deeds of witchcraft and torture she had always turned with loathing and dread. Terror was mingled with her disgust of the wizard Umyoki, the leaden hand of a deadly superstition chained down her better reason, and all the instruction which circumstances occasionally afforded her from the missionary in the neighbourhood, had no effect in releasing her from the influences of an evil deeply rooted by custom, and, grievous to say, permitted in the very vicinity of a British garrison!

Sir Harry Smith has changed all this, uprooted it—and determined on reaping good fruit, will sow good seed and keep it free from evil influences and prejudiced experimentalists.

Ah, that mighty sea! and those waggons with white wings floating on the strange element. She had heard among the T'Slambie tribes beyond the Great Fish River, that when one of those sea waggons should make its

way into the mouth of the Buffalo river, Kaffirland should die ; she had believed it then, how fully she believes it now ! To her Kaffirland is dead already : her eyes are on the wide waters, but her thoughts are wandering in the valley and through the mimosa bushes of bright green, gazing down upon the little drift.

It was some months after the occurrence of the events which I have attempted to describe, that Sir Harry Smith, at a great assemblage of the congregated Kaffirs, proposed recalling Macomo. Not to re-instate him in his old location, but to place him with his tribe under the immediate surveillance of Colonel Somerset, commanding on the frontier of Southern Africa. Amakeya heard the intelligence with that air of real or assumed indifference for which her nation is remarkable. It was enough that she was not to return to the pleasant pasture grounds in the valley below the "Fairy's Rest."

A vessel lay at anchor at Algoa Bay, the harbour of Port Elizabeth. It was to bear Colonel Glencairn away, across that flood of sun-lighted waters to the far-off country which Amakeya had heard—almost unbelievably—was so small, so crowded, and yet so powerful and so good. Bewildered and sorrowful she drew the folds of her heavy mantle round her and retired from the sight of the ships, the unquiet, irregular, and busy town and its uncaring people—Glencairn was lost to her, and Kaffirland was dead !

THE TWO COATS.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

"Le *paleto* qui vole, •

Qui va, qui vient, qui vole."

LA CHAMBRE À DEUX LIRS (slightly altered).

"A HUNDRED francs. *C'est trop*. I'll give you seventy for the coat."

"Impossible ! a *paleto* cut out by Dusaatoy, made for a Russian nobleman suddenly ordered off to St. Petersburg, and never worn ! If Monsieur will only examine the material, the very finest Sedan cloth, with cuffs and collar of real sable ! Then the colour, neither chocolate nor *marron*, but something between the two, quite original, quite a *paleto de fantaisie* ! *Voyons*, for ready money we will say ninety francs, not one centime less."

While the customer is making up his mind whether he shall invest ninety francs in the purchase of the coat, or keep the said ninety francs in his own pocket, we may as well say a few words respecting the *locale* where the above-reported conversation is going on ; as we shall thereby not only render what is coming more intelligible to our readers, but also put them up to a "wrinkle" in Parisian life.

The *dépot* in question is situated on the right hand side of the Place de la Bourse, looking from the Vaudeville theatre, and a little more than

* The cloak worn by the Kaffir women combines utility with grace. Like the hoddice it is made from the skin of an ox carefully dressed till it becomes quite soft. Between the shoulders is placed a strap studded with small brass buttons, and this depends from the collar to the edge of the cloak which is of ample dimensions.

half-way between the Rue Vivienne and the Rue Notre Dame des Victoires. It is *au premier*, and bears no external sign beyond the following request printed in black letters on the door,

TOURNEZ LE BOUFON, S. V. P.

This ceremony effected, the visitor finds himself in a small passage conducting to a spacious room, lined round with shelves from top to bottom, the said shelves groning (in their own peculiarly inaudible fashion) beneath the weight of frock-coats, dress-coats, great-coats, cloaks, *pardessus*, *paletots*, huge white-caped and white-buttoned garments labelled "coachman," and every imaginable variety of tweed, twine, blouse, jacket and dressing-gown. Beside these are piles of waist-coats and trousers of every hue, shape, and texture, the more fashionable suits being especially put *en évidence*, and garnishing divers pegs and hooks scattered here and there about the room.

The proprietor of this warehouse is himself no tailor, nor is any tailoring work done on the premises, which are indirectly supplied from the leading establishments in Paris after the following fashion. It is a common practice with certain French *lions*, who, though not overburdened with cash, have, nevertheless, credit with some first-rate *schneider*, to order of the latter a suit of clothes, for which say 300 francs are charged. This suit is immediately sold to the *marchand* of the Place de la Bourse (or one of his *confrères*) for about half its value, and the proceeds are considered by the *lion* as money raised in a perfectly justifiable and legitimate manner. Thus an extensive wardrobe from the *ateliers* of Humann, Blin, Dusautoy, and, in fact, all the leading *maîtres tailleurs* in Paris, is constantly on view, and as constantly in request; the patrons of these ready-made warehouses, where excellent articles are sold at a very reasonable rate, being extremely numerous.

But to return to our customer, who has by this time put on and paid for the much vaunted *paletot*.

"You can positively assure me," says he, "that this coat has never been worn."

"*Très positivement*," is of course the reply; and the *pratique*, being at length satisfied, abdicates in favour of somebody else.

Before proceeding further with our sketch, it may be as well to introduce to our readers in a rather more respectful and delicate manner than we have hitherto had an opportunity of doing, the contented owner of the half *marron*, half chocolate, *paletot*, M. Athanase Trumeau. He was, and had been for some years, a well-paid *employé* in a respectable commercial house; his salary enabling him not only to occupy a very snug little apartment *au quatrième* in the Rue du Paradis Poissonnière, but also to furnish the four *pièces* which composed the said apartment in a very natty manner. For nattiness was M. Trumeau's especial hobby; the *parquet* of his miniature *salon* was so exquisitely *ciré*, that it was as difficult to walk on as a sheet of ice; his books, though few in number, were neatly and uniformly bound; his papers were arranged with the most methodical exactness, nor was a speck of dust or dimness ever visible on the framed engravings which decorated his walls.

His personal appearance was equally *soigné*; though a determined bachelor, he was no woman-hater, and was far from having any objection to *conter fleurette* to any pretty girl he might fall in with. Rig

imagining a *recherche toilette* to be an infallible passport to the good graces of the fair sex in general, he was wont, after business hours, and much to the amusement of his fellow *employés*, to parade up and down the Boulevards, with the proud consciousness of being well-drest, expressly and exclusively—*pour faire des conquêtes*. It was, indeed, with this object in view, that he allowed himself to be tempted into a purchase of the *paletot*, silencing his economical scruples with the reflection that he was now the legitimate possessor of a garment which had been actually ordered by and made for a Russian *boyard*.

Athanase's first idea on emerging into the Place de la Bourse, was naturally to display his new acquisition to the greatest possible advantage; he therefore walked leisurely down the Rue Neuve Vivienne, and, proceeding from thence along the Boulevard Montmartre, entered the Café des Variétés, where he seated himself at a table in a conspicuous part of the room, and called for a *demi tasse*. He had not been there many minutes before he discovered, to his inconceivable delight, that the sensation caused by his *paletot* very far exceeded any thing he could possibly have expected; a party of three, especially, at an adjoining table, who were simultaneously discussing some *absinthe* and the *Constitutionnel*, honoured both himself and his garment with a steady, concentrated stare, only taking their eyes from them, indeed, to cast an occasional rapid glance at the newspaper.

"Cela m'intrigue," muttered Trumeau, "mais c'est égal, c'est très flatteur. Garçon!" added he, in a more audible tone, at the same time knocking his spoon against his coffee-cup to bespeak attention.

"M'sieur."

"Un petit verre et le *Corsaire*."

"Jean!" immediately exclaimed one of the trio of starers, who appeared, if one might judge from the waiter's alacrity to obey his summons, to be an *habitué de la maison*; "where is the *propriétaire*?"

"In his room, monsieur."

"Has he seen to-day's *Constitutionnel*?"

"I can't say, monsieur."

"Then take it to him, and beg him to read that paragraph. And hark'ye,"—here ensued a brief colloquy in whispers, at the expiration of which the *garçon*, looking first at Athanase and then at the *Constitutionnel*, departed with the latter in search of his master.

Presently he re-appeared empty-handed.

Meanwhile Athanase, growing impatient, again brought the spoon in contact with the coffee-cup, rather more violently than before.

"V'là, m'sieur."

"I asked for a *petit verre* and the *Corsaire*."

"Faut-il que je le lui donne?" asked Jean of the *propriétaire* who, newspaper in hand, was in the act of pointing out a particular paragraph to the *dame du comptoir*.

"Donne toujours," was the reply. "But first take away the silver spoon."

"P'tit verre demandé," said the *garçon*, a minute after, placing a small circular tray containing a diminutive decanter full of *eau de vie*, and a liqueur glass, before Athanase.

"And the *Corsaire*?"

"En lecture, m'sieur," replied Jean, removing the spoon and coffee-cup with great precipitation.

This abruptness would doubtless have surprised Trumeau, had he not been occupied in casting anti-Platonic glances on a lady seated together with her husband at a table near him.

"C'est lui!" said the *dame du comptoir* to the owner of the *café*, when the latter had finished the mysterious paragraph. "The description is exact. There can't be two coats of that colour, with all the fur, too. Have you sent to the *commissaire*?"

"I have."

"Dis-donc, Ernest," said the *habitué* to one of his companions. "Our friend in the *paletot* seems to take more interest in the lady yonder than in the spoons."

"*Sois tranquille*, Jean will soon put her *au courant* to what is going on. See, he is speaking to the gentleman with her now."

"Are you quite sure, *garçon*?"

"Il n'y a pas à s'y tromper, monsieur. The full details are here," said Jean, proffering the *Constitutionnel*, which had by this time passed through the hands of almost every one in the *café*.

"How those fellows do stare!" murmured Athanase complacently; "one would think they had never seen a well-dressed man before. What a pity I can't catch that woman's eye; afraid of her husband, no doubt. Nothing to be done in that quarter, evidently. *Garçon!*"

"M'sieur."

"What have I to pay?"

"Cinq et dix font quinze. .Quinze sous, m'sieur."

"Change this," said Athanase, throwing on the table a five-franc piece, which Jean instantly conveyed to the *comptoir*, winking, as he did so, at the *habitué* and his two companions.

"Elle est bonne, apparemment," said the proprietor, after attentively scrutinising and soundings the coin. "*That's* very strange. However, he *must* be up to something. Jean, give him the change, while I speak to M. le Commissaire, who is in my room."

A few minutes after, Athanase was once more on the *boulevard*, totally unconscious that he was followed at a respectful distance by a man in plain clothes, by whom not one of his movements was lost sight of.

Emerging from the *café*, our hero shaped his course towards the *Boulevard des Italiens*, and, crossing the *Rue Neuve Vivienne*, paused *en vrai flâneur* to inspect the glittering and tempting stock of brooches, rings, and other ornaments in the window of the jeweller's shop at the corner. Suddenly it struck him that a coral pin, coquettishly imbedded in the folds of his neckcloth, would be a material improvement to his *toilette*; and after a short struggle between *le désir de briller* and prudence, he entered the shop.

There he found one other customer, enveloped in a capacious cloak, and deeply intent on examining some rings apparently of great value; but who, while the jeweller was engaged in withdrawing from the win-

dow the article chosen by Trumeau, discovered that he had a pressing appointment, and hurried away, saying he would call again.

The pin was soon approved and paid for, and Athanase, more self-satisfied than ever, directed his steps towards the Boulevard de Gand, stopping mechanically before the magnificent *étalage* of Dusautoy. It was almost dusk, and the large plate-glass windows were already illuminated, shedding a bright lustre on the costly materials of this prince of schneiders, tastefully exposed *en montre*. He had hardly been there a minute when the door opened, and an individual, rushing out, grasped him tightly by the collar, exclaiming,

"Ah ! enfin je vous tiens, mon gaillard !"

"Comment, son gaillard !" echoed the astonished Trumeau. "What the devil do you mean ?"

His indignant appeal was interrupted by a sharp tap on the shoulder. Turning round, he beheld the jeweller, evidently out of breath, and in a most unmistakeable state of excitement.

"My diamond ring !" cried he.

"My coat !" shouted the collar-holder.

"My prisoner !" quietly interposed the man in plain clothes, taking Athanase by the arm, who, lost in amazement, offered no resistance.

"Mais, monsieur," began the first assailant, who was no other than M. Dusautoy's foreman ; "mon paletôt !"

"Mais, monsieur," remonstrated the jeweller, "a ring worth 3000 francs !"

"Soyez tranquilles, messieurs," coolly replied the disguised *gend'arme*, beckoning at the same time to the driver of a *citadine* to draw up from the stand to the *trottoir* ; "you will have ample time to-morrow to lay your complaints before M. le Commissaire. No violence, sir," added he to Athanase, who was endeavouring, but in vain, to liberate his arm from its bondage, "no violence, or you will repent it. This way."

In another minute captor and captive were seated side by side in the *citadine*, and before the unfortunate Trumeau was roused from the stupor into which he had fallen, he found himself, after having been carefully searched, in a solitary room *au violon*.

His meditations were, as may be expected, not of a very cheering character ; he was, in fact, so utterly ignorant of the charges against him that every attempt towards a satisfactory explanation of his imprisonment was necessarily vain ; all he could clearly say being that he was a prisoner—why, he knew not.

After some hours of restless agitation, exhausted with fatigue, mental and bodily, he threw himself on the floor, and fell into a deep slumber, from which he was only roused by a summons to appear before the *commissaire*. He found that functionary in his private room, the only persons present, besides the magistrate, his clerk, and two *gend'armes*, being the jeweller and M. Dusautoy's foreman.

"What have you to say, prisoner," was the *commissaire's* first question, "to the charges made against you ?"

"Nothing, M. le Commissaire," replied Athanase, "until I know what they are."

"A-t-il du toupet !" murmured the foreman to the jeweller. The latter merely shrugged his shoulders, as if to intimate that in his opinion the prisoner was capable of any thing.

"All attempts at prevarication or denial are useless," resumed the *commissaire*, in a sterner tone. "Your name?"

"Athanase Trumeau."

"Your occupation?"

"*Employé* in the house of Messrs. —, Rue du Helder."

"Your place of abode?"

"Rue du Paradis Poissonnière, 15."

"Very clever," observed the magistrate. "You are no novice, I see. Who is the first witness," added he, turning to his clerk.

The foreman advanced.

"State your charge."

"M. le Commissaire, I charge the prisoner with having stolen the *paletot* he now wears from the *magasin* of M. Dusautoy."

"Can you swear to its identity?"

"I can."

"Prisoner, what have you to say?"

"M. le Commissaire, this *paletot* was purchased by me yesterday *chez* —, Place de la Bourse."

"Let the party be sent for," said the *gend'arme*, who immediately left the room. "What is the next charge?"

"M. le Commissaire," said the jeweller, "I accuse the prisoner of having stolen a diamond ring from my shop yesterday evening."

"Was any ring found on him?" inquired the *commissaire* of the remaining *gend'arme*.

"No, monsieur. Nothing but a pocket-handkerchief and some silver."

"Monsieur le Commissaire," interrupted Athanase, "may I—"

"Silence, sir, it will be time for you to speak when the truth of your story has been proved. Stand aside, all of you. Where is the other prisoner?"

The *gend'arme* quitted the room, but re-appeared in a moment with two of his comrades, escorting a man attired in a cloak, whom Athanase immediately recognised as the individual he had seen in the jeweller's shop. Nor was the jeweller himself long in making the same discovery; both, therefore, pricked up their ears most attentively, and eyed the new comer with even more interest than curiosity.

"Of what is the prisoner accused?" asked the *commissaire* of one of the *gend'armes*.

"Of purloining from a *traiteur's*, in the Rue Montorgueil, a *couvert d'argent*, which was found on him, together with this ring," answered the *gend'arme*, laying, as he spoke, the articles in question on the table.

"My ring!" shouted the jeweller, in a transport of joy.

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the prisoner, in an indignant tone, and lifting his arm with a theatrical gesture; "*je proteste*—"

He had scarcely uttered these words, when M. Dusautoy's foreman, who had been intently regarding the accused ever since his entering the room, darted towards him, and hastily drawing aside his cloak, revealed to the astonished gaze of all present a *paletot* exactly similar to that of Athanase, but considerably the worse for wear.

"My coat!" cried the foreman, "*j'en étais sûr!*"

"How is this?" inquired the *commissaire*; "are there then *two coats*?"

"If monsieur will allow me," replied the foreman, "I think I can answer that question satisfactorily. There are two coats; both, I am proud to say, from *our*—that is, from M. Dusautoy's *ateliers*. One—the original coat—was ordered by the Comte de Sabanoff; the other by M. de L——, one of our young customers, who took a fancy to the pattern. They were made exactly alike, so like, indeed, that even I could not distinguish one from the other. The count's *paletot* was sent home first, but he having left Paris unexpectedly, it was exposed on view in our *etalage*, from whence it was stolen about three weeks ago by—I have not the slightest doubt—that individual in the cloak, who was perpetually coming into the shop on some pretence or other, *toujours avec son satané manteau*, large enough to hide half our stock under. As to the other coat," added the foreman, pointing to the *marchand* of the Place de la Bourse, who at that moment entered the room, "perhaps this gentleman can give you some information."

"We shall soon see," remarked the *commissaire*. "Am I to understand, sir," continued he, addressing the *marchand*, "that yonder *paletot* was sold by you yesterday to the person now wearing it?"

"Monsieur has been correctly informed," was the reply. "I did sell the coat yesterday to that gentleman."

"And how came you by it?"

"That, monsieur, is one of the secrets of our business. It may be sufficient to say, that I purchased it from its original owner, one of our best *pratiqués*, by whose express desire (as he naturally did not wish to appear in the matter) I declared it, on disposing of it to monsieur, to have been the property of a Russian nobleman; whereas in point of fact it was only the *copy* of a coat which my *pratique* imagined to be *en route* for St. Petersburg."

"*Très bien*, M. de L——," murmured the foreman; "je vais conter tout cela à M. Dusautoy. On n' se laissera pas attraper deux fois. Pas si jobard!"

"Then, sir," continued the *commissaire*, turning to Athanase, "you are not the Baron de Mont-St. Michel, *alias* Jean Fichet?"

"Not that I am aware of, M. le Commissaire."

"And the paragraph that has gone the round of the papers, putting people on their guard against the pilfering propensities of the said Jean Fichet, and accurately describing his half *marron*, half chocolate coat, in no way concerns you?"

"Allow me to disclaim that honour," replied Athanase, with a polite bow, and a strong emphasis on the word *honneur*.

"That being the case, sir," said the *commissaire*, glancing at the real Simon Pure, whose bravado had given way to a dogged sullenness; "there can be no doubt in the world who is the guilty party. I have, therefore, only to apologise for the unpleasant treatment to which you have been subjected, and to suggest that for your own personal comfort, and in order to avoid a repetition of similar annoyances, you get rid of so *compromettant* a coat as soon as possible."

"Soyez tranquille, M. le Commissaire," returned Athanase, "I am naturally fond of music, but have no hesitation in saying, if I may be allowed to parody Désaugiers, that

"Faut d'violon, pas trop n'en faut,
L'excès en tout est un défaut."

JELLACHLICH, BAN OF CROATIA.

THE Ban Jellachlich ! the very name plunges us into the midst of wild reminiscences, barbarous heroism, strange irregular grandeurs ! Slavonic history is rich in all these half savage, but fascinating glories. See how they stride out before us, the two Nicklas Zrinyi, the hero of Szigeth and his descendants, Czerny Georg, leader of the Servians in their war for freedom, and a whole host of others ! The Ban !—the very title is full of romantic mysticism. It is as if we heard that the Grand Master of the Teutonic Order or of the Swardt-Brüder was encamped before the Brandenburg Gate at Berlin. We thought all these mediæval magnificences had disappeared under the perukes, Austrian as well as Prussian, of the eighteenth century. We knew of nothing more venerable than Frederick the Great's pig-tail and Kaiser Franz's jack-boots. But it seems all this not only lives, but lives very energetically and effectively. People are beginning to ask not only what is a Ban, but who is the Ban ? And both are very proper questions and well deserving to be answered, as we hope to show before we have closed this paper.

A Ban is a very respectable and a very real dignitary—something like our Lord Warden of the Marches, or more resembling still, the old, not new Italian Marchese, or German Margraf, but somewhat higher than all these—a sort of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, as he was wont to be in the times of Henrys and Elizabeths, when he had Desmond insurrections to attend to—or in the time of Charles, when the Puritans of the North in fierce revolt against Charles represented the Hungarians as the Catholics under Ormonde for the moment, the Croats and Slavonians. In olden times there were many of these marches, or borders, or Banats, in the west and south-west provinces, until by successive absorptions they were reduced to one, the united Kingdom of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia, which held watch and ward for the Austrian empire, on its most dangerous frontier, against the still more barbarous Turks. The "Ban" or "lord," as the name signifies, is the third of the Hungarian barons of the empire, holds in his own land the rank of Palatine and presides at the "Bantafel," or Ban council at Agram as the Hungarian Palatine at the royal council at Pesth. And high as is the honour, it has been raised still higher by the great men, (some of whom have been just noticed) who have held it. Of these none perhaps is even now more famous than the present bearer. And yet we are only at the first or at most at the second chapter of his history.

Jellachlich is a Croat—a Croat to our ears sounds something like *Comick*.

We see a horde in the act of burning their way through defenceless villages, or marching through towns from which their inhabitants had fled, no grass growing where their horses' hoofs once had trod ; famine before, and pestilence behind, more dangerous to friend than foe, only a few massacres off from the exploits of the Turcoman and Tartar. The leader of Croats, to keep Croats together, must be the worst Croat of them all. Jellachlich, as a sort of army-elected chief, could only have gained their hearts by much the same qualities as gave Alaric and Attila their soldier sovereignties, daring, active, cunning, cruel ; the

more barbarian, the more likely to be successful. Such certainly has been very much the Magyar colouring of his portrait, and from old predilections in favour of Magyars, partly owing to that magnificent acclaim, "*Moriamur pro Rege nostro Mariâ Theresiâ,*" and partly, we believe, to their heroism, or at least heroic dress, we are inclined to trust ourselves implicitly to their accuracy. Till lately, we candidly confess, we saw in the Ban little more than a stipendiary of absolutism; hired by the Kaiser, much as Goth or Dacian freebooter was hired and converted into a patrician or consul by the Cæsars of old to bring back, when the empire was crumbling around them, some rebellious fly-away kingdom to a sense of unity and allegiance. The Slavonic version is of course different; it comes from the hand of an admirer. But there is a third, which is neither Magyar nor Slavonian, without favour as without hate. Many of the features in the following outline come from one who stood near enough to see, but was clear enough from race-partialities, to see rightly.

The Ban is an European prince, in the decent European sense of the word: equal to any in refinement, above most in energy and genius. And it is a singular phenomenon, not less attractive to the philosophic historian than to the poet, the contrast which these broken-down monarchies present to the young democracies. The impulse of progress seems to have worked less wonderfully, to have thrown up less mind, if more minds, than the despair of dissolution. What has come forth from the cauldrons of France, Italy, and Prussia? Yet Austria has made a new Æson out of an old: in her agony she has given birth to Radeaky, Windisch-Grätz and Jellachlich.

Jellachlich—to begin with the man himself—is no Francesco Sforza, no Condottiere, no buccaneer of fame. He is of a noble, almost of a Ban family. Joseph Jellachlich (Jellacic), Baron Jellachlich de Buszin, is the eldest son of the Baron Franz Jellachlich de Buszin, who, as retired field-marshal and proprietor of the 62nd regiment of infantry, now Turszky, died at Agram in the year 1810. Of Croatian parents on both sides, Joseph was born at Peterwardein, on the 16th of October of the same year, on the anniversary of the birth of the celebrated Czárny Georg, thirty years before. In the child, the characters of father and mother were blended; under the latter, during the prolonged absence of his father in the French war, the earlier part of his education was past, and from her gentle teaching were drawn all those soft and kindly affections, that early passion for poetry, and devotion to intellectual pursuits, which so mark him out from his fellows; his indomitable activity, his frank and firm spirit, his unaffected, dashing cheerfulness, he inherits from his father. In his earliest infancy he was remarkable for the quickness of his perception, and the accuracy and tenacity of his memory; as years rolled on, he gave indications of great precision in all he applied to; already indications were visible of that eloquence for which he has since been distinguished. His self-control and presence of mind were far beyond his age. When eight years old he was presented to the Emperor; Kaiser Franz, struck by his intelligence and vivacity, took a particular liking to the boy, and had him forthwith placed in the Theresian Academy, which, despite of its cloistral and even ascetic character, has, somehow or other, turned out, in both the military and civil departments, some of the highest ornaments of the Austrian name. In this school, Jellachlich developed those powers for the ac-

quisition of languages, which at a later period evinced themselves in the facility with which he spoke German, Italian, French, Magyar, and the several idioms of the Slavonic. His predilections, however, were military. Military tactics, with their accompanying sciences, history, especially ancient, and modern literature, were his favourite studies. With these he combined the usual corporeal exercises, and became an expert fencer, a good rider, and a first-rate shot.

At the age of eighteen, his physical and intellectual preparation being completed, he entered the army as sub-lieutenant in the dragoon regiment of his maternal grand uncle, the General of Cavalry and Vice-Ban of Croatia, the Baron Kneserich, of St. Helena, then under the command of Colonel Olah von Nanas, and was sent to join whilst it was still in garrison at Tarnow in Gallicia.

In this service he soon acquired the love and esteem of those around him. Just and humane to his inferiors, true-hearted to his equals, punctual and submissive to his superiors, he was at once regarded in every respect as an excellent officer. The Austrian army abounds in small societies, fraternities "*auf Noth und Tod*;" they go far to maintain that military spirit and good fellowship which still keeps the army together. He was their very soul. His gay and intrepid bearing, his wild and vigorous enjoyment of life, his invincible good temper, his sparkling wit, fascinated and informed as with one spirit every circle in which he moved. Of an iron constitution he was last at the table at night, first on horseback in the morning; in every freak, in every exploit always foremost. And under all this which so marked the future free-chosen chief of a bold adventurous people, he concealed sources of the purest and gentlest poetry, a soul melting with tenderness, a spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, almost absolute, to his own. Though often in female society, he said to have scarcely noticed the passions he awakened; his whole being hung upon his companions in arms, and the charities of his own home. Over his mother and sister, of whom he was early deprived, the latter in the full flush of youthful beauty, he still mourns: to his two brothers, one, colonel in the Carlstadt Border regiment, the other Chef d' Escadron, in the dragoon regiment of the Archduke Franz Joseph, he was ever most devotedly attached. But this somewhat dissipated life could not be continued long with impunity. After five years his vigorous constitution began to give way. He was attacked with a serious illness, accompanied with much suffering; at any moment it might have terminated in sudden dissolution. Those who saw him at that period on his bed of sickness, and possibly as they then thought it, of death, speak with admiration of the unaltered composure, and almost defying serenity with which he met the visitation. And, then, too, it was, that he composed most of his poems. They well preserve the temper of mind in which they were written. They breathe the daring and lofty aspirations of a young unsatisfied mind after a nobler future, bitter sighs over his abruptly broken existence, and a thirst and hunger for the energetic and useful in deed and word—should Providence vouchsafe him an hereafter. And so it happened; Providence proved merciful. In 1825 he began gradually to recover; his convalescence soon proceeded rapidly; before the year was over he was enabled to rejoin his regiment, then quartered at Vienna. It would be difficult to describe the joy, the jubilee with which he was received by his fellow officers. He was

at once chosen by Major-General Baron Geramb, as his adjutant of brigade, and so serviceable did he render himself in this capacity, that on his regiment moving under Colonel Count St. Quentin for Poland, he was retained in the capital, nor allowed to follow till a year after.

When once more among his old comrades, he resumed all his old habits: he was the beginning, middle, and end of all proceedings. Jellachlich was everywhere in demand: nothing could be thought of, nothing done without Jellachlich. No one more precise, or even pedantic, in the performance of his military duties, but no sooner was the sabre thrown aside, than he was sure to be found at the head of his fellow-officers, in some desperate chase, through thick and thin, night and rain, after amusement. After passing a joyous day in the stations near, he and his detachment were often in the habit of riding back miles together, to be in time for the parade of the morning. Jellachlich was a reckless rider. On more than one occasion horse and rider escaped from pit and morass by his presence of mind, or the timely aid of his companions. In the tumult of these wild expeditions it was that he composed most of his war and soldier songs, and in particular the "Garrison's-Lied," or "Garrison Song," so well known and so heartily sung through the whole of the Austrian army. A joyous chaunt it is, a biting satire on the old antiquated martinet system of Austrian tactics, but withal full of right good hope for the future, a hearty inspiring cheer, like the call of a trumpet; to good fellowship, brotherly union, and an honest soldiery maintenance of military spirit and discipline.

And now the French Revolution of July broke out, and great was the bustle on every side. In the apprehension of immediate war, augmentations, advancements, promotions, a general stir showed itself through the whole empire. Jellachlich profited with the rest. Through the patronage of the then new president of the Council of War, Baron von Radossevich, an old and grateful friend of his father's, he was promoted to the rank of captain-lieutenant in one of the Hulan border regiments. The separation from his old fellow-officers was on both sides a severe trial. Nor to this day is it forgotten. Eighteen years have now passed, but the evidences of his attachment are as strong as ever; whilst he is now, as always, their favourite. His "Garrison's-Lied" they claim as their especial property: no joyous occasion is ever allowed to pass without thundering it out, as of old, in hearty chorus. Nor was this confined to them: he soon added new friends to old: everywhere loved as soon as known, he succeeded in winning, as no other officer had yet done, the sympathy of the entire army. In the beginning of 1837, Jellachlich advanced another step. We find him major of the Gollner regiment of infantry, now the regiment of the Archduke Ernest, and adjutant-general to Count Vetter of Lilienberg, then military governor of Dalmatia.

From this period forth we must look on Jellachlich as a new man: the turbulence of his youth began to settle down: he gradually assumed the more earnest passions of manhood. In his new situation, and under the guidance of his gifted chief, he applied himself with eagerness to the study of the character and position of Dalmatia: a poor province, but to Austria of incalculable importance, as was well seen by the sagacity of Napoleon. On the death of Lilienberg, Jellachlich, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, was appointed to the first Border regiment of the Banat, and in 1842 took its command as colonel. At the head of

this distinguished corps he repelled the incursions of the Bosnians, and by his courage and judgment at the affair at Posvid, gave already promise of his future military glory.

But military glory and talent were only means to an end. Jellachlich was soon to appear in a higher position and character than that of a mere successful commander.

The revolution of March, 1848, opened altogether a new era to the Austrian empire. Rights, which had been well won by many a bloody and prolonged war, long claimed and long promised to a devoted people, were at length conceded, when they could no longer be refused, to all his states by the Emperor Ferdinand. In the time, in the manner in which these concessions were made, there were many elements of confusion. The court was reluctant, the people distrustful. There had been a long inward struggle, under outward appearances of stagnation, not merely between sovereign and subject, but, as it is now known, between court and cabinet. Even Metternich, behind the country, was far in advance of the *Camarilla*. For some time past, at least wise, if not liberal, he saw, and warned, and would have effected as he had advised, many changes, as indispensable as they were just, not so much through love of reform as through fear of revolution. No wonder then that with this consciousness—nations in these moments and matters have a sort of instinct—Hungary should have endeavoured to secure beyond the contingency of a re-action, her own liberties, and, as the most effectual mode, should have resolved to separate from the empire and to set up for herself. Not so Croatia—her object was the same as that of Hungary, but the means sound policy pointed out for its attainment widely different. Had Hungary been an homogeneous community, with no antagonism of language, race, and religion, the course for each of the three states which compose her kingdom ought in policy and patriotism to have been the same. But such is not the case: and here, as elsewhere, the results, naturally flowing from such diversity, have followed. Apprehension of the future, resentment for the past, soon produced a total opposition of thought and action. The possessors of power, feared to share their power: the excluded from power, claimed and proceeded to enforce its participation. A Magyar ascendancy was established: not in the sense of the common interests of Hungary, but of those of a faction in Hungary: like all factions, unjust and unwise, it claimed all for itself, and would spare nothing with its fellow-subjects and fellow-countrymen, the Slavonic races of Croatia and Dalmatia. There was no excuse for this. These races in number are superior to the Magyar, not was there any other ground more tenable to justify such assumption. In a mere brute conqueror such course might have been consistent: in men who demanded rights for themselves, who justified their efforts for separation on the ground of these rights, who went so far as to attempt to enforce them against Austria in favour of Italy, it was an absurd and unendurable atrocity. It will best be understood by English readers by referring to similar hypocrisies in Irish history, to that cry of the Irish Protestant Parliament of 1782, for independence from England, in the name of Ireland, at the same time that they were disdainfully shutting out a large portion of Irishmen, the whole of the great Catholic masses, from its enjoyment: clamouring for a free constitution, as if a constitution for a party, and not for a country, could by any possibility be free.

Whilst in connexion with Austria, as a dependent member of the empire, as one only of the three united kingdoms, this monopolising and excluding policy was hardly practicable. To leave full range for the injustice, the Magyar must, in the first instance, be left to himself. To oppress Slavism there must be no monitor German or Tzeckian; no empire, no head, to control or command. Hence, as the obvious preliminary, separation from Vienna became necessary, not so much from hostility to the Kaiser, as through detestation of the fellow-subject Slave. Not equality or freedom, but right to rule, and not be ruled was their demand. And there soon could be no mistake about the means. Short only of a state of open revolt to her still recognised king was the condition of Hungary from the month of April on. She sent her ambassadors to Vienna, and later to Frankfort, as if altogether to a foreign Power: she claimed the right of raising and disposing of her own troops, bound not by the general but special Hungarian oath: she used every effort to divert from their allegiance troops till then devoted to the emperor: she expressed her sympathies openly and unequivocally with the insurgents of Italy: she recalled her regiments from Lombardy, and refused all further aid for the continuance of the war: she repudiated all share in the imperial debt, all joining in the imperial contributions, all help of blood or money, "were the monarchy itself thereby to fall to pieces:" in a word, in terms as plain as deeds could speak it, she declared her fixed determination to have nothing henceforward in common with the empire. In this emergency Croatia saw herself a sort still, in a free country, involved in a life and death struggle for right and equality, in a furious contest for home and altar—the worst of all civil wars. Aid had she none against the menaced wrong, but in her own right arm and the protection of the empire, which, however weak it might be against all, was all-powerful against each. To the empire, then, and to its head she flew. The emperor and the monarchy, one and undivided, was her battle-cry along the whole of her borders, a cry which burst the bonds which for 800 years had bound south Slavonia to Hungary, and let loose on that devoted land, against the will and in despite of the remonstrances of Croatia herself, the wild hordes of the Raizes and Servians.

It was at this moment, pregnant with the destinies of their country and the integrity of the monarchy, that a Croatian deputation arrived at Vienna. They came to lay at the foot of the throne the expression of their fears—of their devotedness. They pledged "Gut" and "Blut" for the maintenance of the Imperial crown, the union of the empire. But they implored the emperor to give them means and opportunity to redeem this pledge. They prayed him to place at their head a chief who could lead them, and whom they would follow. They solicited him to nominate a man equal to the emergency, to appoint as their Ban the Colonel Joseph Jellachlich.

The emperor was not insensible to the dangers which were fast gathering around him, and sympathised in their apprehension and resentment at the proceedings in Hungary. He granted the prayer. Jellachlich was appointed Ban of the three united kingdoms; and in a few days after covered with honours. He was successively created privy counsellor, field-marshal, proprietor of two regiments, and general commandant-in-chief of the Banat, Waradin, and Carlsbad districts.

The new Ban at once comprehended the weight and responsibility of

his position. They were not ordinary times ; it was not an ideal dignity. A great Slavonic movement had begun ; not volunteered but provoked, therefore more likely to be passionate and perilous. He was called on to master and guide it. Thereby only could the rights of his own race, religion, and land be vindicated, the rights and power of the emperor maintained, the freedom, with the order of the whole community consolidated. "My lot," says he, writing confidentially at this time to a friend, "is cast. I take the straightforward path, the frank and open course : if I stand, well : if I fall, I fall as a soldier, a patriot, and a faithful servant of my emperor and lord !"

But this was no easy task ; to master the movement, it was first necessary to master the sympathies of his countrymen, to penetrate himself with the fulness of Slave nationality, to seize and wield the common heart. But this he sought not by blind fanaticism to the phantom of Pan-slavism, as the German papers have asserted, nor by servile submission to the pretensions of the Czar, its assumed head, as was echoed from the Tribune of Pesth to the Aula of Vienna, still less by any miserable coquetry for a momentary popularity with all parties. Jellachlich was the idol of his nation, but his secret was simple and honest. He was so by force of character and virtues : he was so because quick and bold in the hour of danger, with iron hand he seized and worked the rudder of the state, and over surf and rock bore the labouring vessel gallantly and safely into port. Indefatigable, universal, everywhere present, and on every emergency, haranguing the people, admonishing the authorities, adjuring the clergy, in the street, at the council, from the altar, praising and punishing, conciliating and organising, he was the very man for the times as the times were the very times for him. Nothing discouraged him : nothing daunted him. He met the popular tumult, and the enemy's charge, with the same boldness, the same composure. A turbulent meeting had just disputed some of his orders : he entered it without notice or attendants : the murmurs, every moment growing louder, rang along the benches, till at last one who seemed to act as spokesman for the others, relying on their numbers, stepped forward and exclaimed,

"No ! though at the head of 10,000 bayonets thou shalt never intimidate us."

Jellachlich struck his sabre calmly aside, and replied,—

"And without arms, the Ban keeps order and quiet in the land."

The resistance of the crowd was changed into admiration, enthusiastic "Zivios !" burst forth from every side.

And thus it was that he succeeded in breathing into the South Slavonic movement one feeling and one will. Every heart clung to him as to the only champion of his country's rights, or preserver of her good order and peace. Croatia was not without its ultra-democratic party ; even amongst the Slaves there were sympathisers with the Hungarians, but whatever may have been their opinions or views, their numbers were few. The great mass of the nation, beyond all question, had but one political creed,—union with the empire, maintenance of their nationality, full development of its resources and liberties, on a perfect equality with every other portion of the state.

In the excitement naturally resulting from the collision of two such powerful elements, it could hardly be expected that the decencies and proprieties of literary warfare would be much regarded. The arrows

shot forth from the Hungarian press against the Ban, whose crime, after all, was not more than endeavouring to obtain for Croatia what the Magyar looked for for Hungary, and who in a juncture of general weakness and faithlessness, gave a signal example of energy and devotedness to his country and sovereign, were sent back, it is true, by the Croatian. But there was this difference between them : the Croatian press did not intermeddle with the domestic affairs of Hungary, it acted on the defensive, it defended the cause of the Ban and the country, and however provoked, always replied with dignity and self-control. But the time was past in which such weapons could much avail.

Newspaper invectives were no longer adequate to repress his growing power. Recourse was had to other expedients. It was sought to render him suspected in the eyes of the very sovereign whom he was labouring to serve.

Sick and feeble lay the emperor in the royal palace at Innspruck. It was a remote and retired spot. Many of his best friends were absent ; he was surrounded by an Hungarian ministry. Through all the borders the irruption of the Raizes and Servians had produced alarm ; the cry of " the country is in danger,"—that tocsin cry which creates so much of the danger it affects to apprehend, was heard on every side.

The Ban, it was represented, might easily have prevented or repressed this inroad : he allowed the torrent to grow, to advance, to burst all bounds : the cause of this apathy was obvious : the movement originated from himself. It was not less easy to connect him with the Panslavist attempts in Prague. In a word, the object at which he aimed was no longer to be concealed, the ascendancy of the Slave at the expense of the other races of the empire. These representations had their effect ; the conspiracy succeeded. The emperor declared the Ban *destitué* from all his offices and dignities, but fearful still of the consequences, required that public effect should not be given to the edict, unless in case of his refusal to abide by the decisions of the Hungarians. A more signal instance of court intrigue and short-sighted as well as ignoble policy—dangerous not less to the Magyar than to the Slave—one more calculated to bring liberty as well as monarchy into contempt,—could not have been devised. Jellachlich was forthwith put to the test. He was enjoined not to attend the approaching meeting, on the 5th of June, of the Diet of Agram, and summoned to appear instead at Innspruck to answer the charges preferred against him. This injunction, inspired by Hungarian influence, was well calculated for its purpose. It was an important occasion and meeting that which was about to take place ; deputies from all the Croatian provinces were about to assemble at Agra ; grave affairs, nay, the greatest which could affect the feelings and interests of a people, were on the point of being discussed. It had another object. The Session was to be preceded by the solemn installation of the Ban. An ordinary man might have obeyed the mandate : the Ban knew at whose suggestion it had issued ; he set at nought the summons, and on the appointed day appeared at Agram, and not at Innspruck. Enthusiastic was his welcome : great the jubilee with which he was received by all classes of his countrymen. His installation was performed amidst universal acclamations by the Greek or non-united Bishop and Patriarch of Karlowitz, partly in consequence of the Bishop of Agram being absent, partly from a wish to give evidence in his own instance, that, even in Croatia, religion and

church were now free. And strange the contrast the proceedings of that day presented to any one acquainted with the secret machinations and duplicity of the court. In the very moment in which he was denounced as traitor by his sovereign, stood Ban Jellachlich in the Diet Hall at Agram, doing all that in him lay to rouse, by his eloquence, the affections and energies of his hearers to loyalty and devotedness to that same prince; and so unconscious, or so doubtful of the real opinions of the emperor did he feel, that but a few days after (the 12th of June), at the head of a deputation composed of Colonel Denkstein, Count Nugent, Count Ludwig Erdödy, Baron Franz Kulmer, Count Karl Draskovich, and several others, he set out, without hesitation, for Innsbruck. His progress through the Tyrol, in the midst of Alpine songs, patriotic music, festal arches, popular cheerings, was one brilliant triumphal march. The Tyrolese sympathised with the Croatians; they were distinguished by the same spirit of devotion to the Imperial House; they had beside some old reminiscences; the name of Jellachlich was not unknown amongst them. Many an old rifle in those mountains had fought in the victorious field of Feldkirch under his father. On his arrival, no communication was made to him,—not a word spoken of the edict, sanctioned by the emperor but six days before. Prince Paul Esterhazy, the then Minister of Hungary for Foreign Affairs, had received instructions from Pesth not to allow of any interview between him and the emperor. On this being communicated to the Deputation, it determined at once on instantly returning, the Ban first conveying in clear terms to the emperor, that he did not hold it to be consistent with the dignity of his majesty, nor with his own, to submit to the control of an Hungarian ministry.

But whilst the empire was thus divided against itself, the court gave proof of being scarcely less separated into different parties. The same man who was refused all approach to the sovereign, was received not only without difficulty but with open arms by the Archduke Franz Karl and the Archduchess Sophia. An audience, through their intervention, was, at last, obtained; but apprehensive of its results, Esterhazy and the Hungarian ministry, no longer able to prevent it, required to be present. The archduke endeavoured to meet this new difficulty: the Ban still remained firm in his resolution: he would make no advance to the Hungarians. A middle term was at last found: a public was substituted for a private audience. On the appointed day (19th of June), the deputation, with Jellachlich at their head, appeared before the assembled court. All then at Innsbruck—emperor and empress, archdukes and archduchesses, the whole of the corps diplomatique, the usual cortège of state officers, lords, and ladies attended. The Hungarian ministry likewise appeared. It was a remarkable scene—Jellachlich stood out before his Croatians, before the élite of the nation, and addressed, in his and their name, the emperor. In glowing language he placed before the sovereign the perilous state of the monarchy: the devotedness unto death of a true and valorous people. He spoke of the rights of both, of the interests of both, eloquently and courageously. It was not fitting that faithful servants should be trodden into dust, or passed away with the stroke of a pen to others at the very moment they were laying at the foot of the throne their urgent prayers that the bonds which held them to the empire should be rendered more indissoluble than ever. Croatia was its right arm—the

border provinces its bone and muscle; though not forming more than the five-and-thirtieth portion of the monarchy, they furnished not less than one-third of its infantry, and could, when necessary, make it double. Such a land and people—such hearts and arms were not, in an hour like this of danger, recklessly to be cast away. The effect was striking: the court was moved, many shed tears. It was something new to see a man of genius, vigour, and intrepidity, addressing a weak and sickly sovereign face to face, before friend and foe. It carried the mind back to times when individuality, still strong, broke down all barriers of rank or position, and ruled by the force of personal prowess and mind. The charges were no longer pressed: the intervention of the Archduke John was sought and employed, with a view to remove the imputations of the Hungarians.

The act of dismissal was not formally cancelled, but the Ban was allowed *de facto* to continue in the full exercise of his high trust. Every one felt assured that the emperor looked only for the favourable moment to withdraw an edict which it was now clear had been extorted from him against his will. The Archduke John addressed him an autograph letter of congratulation in the most affectionate terms, "An meinen lieben Bannus"—"To my dear Ban." The audience was scarcely over when he was received by the Archduke Franz, and the Archduchess Sophia, in the most friendly manner. The Prince Esterhazy seemed to expect a visit; this not taking place he visited the Ban. It is said they remained closeted for more than an hour; and that the prince on leaving the apartment, apparently much excited, was heard to exclaim, in passing through the Croatians assembled in the antechamber, "What a man! I must myself go to Pesth: this matter must henceforth take another direction."

And thus he left Innspruck, in the midst of the caresses of the court, the defeat or reconciliation of his enemies, the exultation of his friends, and the jubilee of the people. His return was a festival!—And all this was an illusion—a fraud—a snare!

He had now reached Lienz—a small village on his way homeward—when taking up the papers of the day, amongst them the "*Wiener Zeitung*," the first thing which struck his astonished and indignant eye under the date of the 19th of June, the very day of his audience with the emperor, was the edict for his dismissal—the edict which was not to have been acted on, and of the existence of which not one single tongue had ventured to utter to him a syllable during the whole of his stay at Innspruck! Nor was this all; as if the court could be true to none, the document reluctantly yielded was rendered by a ruse inoperative: it was published without the counter-signature of an Hungarian minister. The Ban was insulted and derided: the Hungarian was duped and foiled. It is hard to say how such a government could inspire or deserve confidence. But this was only one step in that labyrinth of follies and duplicities, which render this page of Austrian history as contemptible as it is mysterious.

At this news, as may well be imagined, the whole of South Slavonia was in a flame. Through all their bounds and borders there was but one cry of sorrowful and scornful indignation at the ignoble treachery of the court. The Ban was silent. None of the papers of the day contain one single word of reproach or resentment from him. But looking back

to time and place, to men and circumstances, bitterly must his true heart have felt and deplored this wound so prepared and so struck. His reception by the emperor, the deep concealment, on every side, of the hostile edict, the friendly advances of the archduke and archduchess, the selection of the Archduke John as the mediator, all these matters taken together showed how little he could in future count on such a government, how little it was intended that their mandates should be respected or obeyed. The Ban was silent, but not so the Croatian Diet. They bore not the wrong with the same meekness or humility. In bold but just phrase, they represented to the emperor their veneration and love for their chief, their grief at the injury which had been perpetrated against him. "In his wounds they had been wounded: in his interests their interests had been sacrificed. Their allegiance and union with the empire still remained unshaken, but they asked how was it that while the light of freedom had arisen over every other land in the empire, they alone should be bowed down under the yoke of a foreign dominion. To Hungary and Hungarian intrigue they traced this edict, and in proportion to their attachment to the Ban, was their indignation at such interference." These sentiments were re-echoed by the troops along the frontier. They were the sentiments indeed of the whole nation.

Under these circumstances, the Ban considered himself justified in paying no regard to the Imperial edict. He knew how unreal it was in every respect, and trusted to future events for his justification. He returned at once to Agra, where he was met with unbounded enthusiasm, and so far from retiring into a private capacity, as was intended, he employed to the utmost every means which his official position gave him, redoubled every exertion, took every measure to put the country in a state of defence, to win still more the confidence of his compatriots, to rouse and prepare for the uncompromising maintenance of their nationality. Neither the mandate of the sovereign nor the Austrian and German press (then by no means favourable), nor the fierce denunciations of the Magyar orators and writers, neither private intrigue nor public attack had any effect in diverting him from this purpose. No longer confined to Croatia, he journeyed through all Sclavonia, and everywhere found the same reception, everywhere the same determination to support and defend him in the coming emergency.

Events soon proved how just and wise were these precautions. So far from visiting this contumacy with chastisement, the court of Vienna found itself reduced to try other means for the accomplishment of its purpose. It was thought that by mutual explanations an arrangement might still be devised acceptable to both, and sufficient to tranquillise these angry elements. A conference was proposed to take place at Vienna. Bathiany, the Hungarian minister, was there; Jellachlich was invited to meet him—he acceded;—his reception in the Imperial capital was encouraging; immense multitudes came out to meet him. He had scarcely reached the Badener Bahnhof, when cries resounded on every side, "Where is Jellachlich?" During his stay in the city his residence in the Kärnthnerstrass was surrounded by crowds of admirers. The officers of the garrison honoured him on the 29th of July with a serenade and a "Fackelzug." Nor had the slight interruption attempted by the Hungarian party any other effect than to furnish him with an opportu-

nity of addressing the Viennese from his window, in a speech terminating with these words :—"My cause is the cause of honour ; therefore am I ready to lay before you frankly all my feelings and intentions. I am no foe to the noble Hungarian nation, but to those only who, hurried on by their separation tendencies, for their own selfish ends would rend Hungary from Austria, and thus render both weak. I, my brothers, I wish a great, a strong, a powerful, a free, an undivided Austria. Long live our beautiful fatherland ! and long live Germany !"

Notwithstanding these demonstrations, the conference of Vienna produced no peaceful result. It was soon obvious that all compromise was impracticable. Jellachlich did not indeed require the political separation of the Slavonian Border territories from the Hungarian united kingdom, but he did require a due recognition of the national and local interests of the Slavonian races, and in that view the suppression of the Hungarian ministries of war and finance, which by establishing an altogether independent action of the Magyar element, left the Slavonic more or less at its mercy ; in a word, he demanded the surrender of that independence which had been set up by Hungary since March, 1848, and a re-entrance into the relations of the other provinces of the Austrian monarchy.

This, as may be easily imagined, was resisted with no less obstinacy by the Hungarian minister. In a country which aimed at total separation, and had accomplished it in part, it was a question of life and death. The negotiations were broken off—the Hungarians, on their side, in greater difficulty than ever, with their position exposed through the apathy of the imperial troops : Jellachlich on his more than ever conscious of his advantages, hastened respectively to make immediate preparations for war. Notwithstanding the two battalions sent from each of the frontier regiments to Italy, he had still left in each district from 4000 to 5000 volunteers. "With God ! and be heroes !" was the old cry of departure of the Borderers, whenever the emperor called them to join his standard in war — "With God, and be heroes !" arose from the sick and the sound, the young and old. "With God, and be heroes !—our women and children will guard our borders from the Turks ;" greeted him on every side. Croatia and Slavonia imposed, and submitted to the heaviest burthens : as by the stroke of a magician's wand, arms, artillery, provisions, magazine stores, sprung up in profusion—none of the munitions of war were wanting. This was attributed at the time to the secret aid of the Austrian minister of war : it may be doubted whether he then contributed any thing beyond sympathy ; later, indeed, determination and success may have attracted or compelled such aid. Such indeed was the whole policy of this vacillating cabinet ; following events instead of guiding them, determined by temporary expediency instead of eternal justice, to friend and foe equally dissimulative, attempting to keep together the fragments of the empire, and every day infusing new solvents calculated to loose and divide.

Jellachlich had now completed his arrangements. With the fervent support of his own Croatians, and the warm wishes of many Austrian regiments, and no very determined opposition on the part even of the Hungarians themselves, armed at every point, he stood ready to pass the frontier of Hungary.

Civil war was imminent ; a few still looked (they were very few) to the mediation or control of the emperor. In this crisis, on the 4th of September, 1848, appeared in the *Agramer Zeitung*, an imperial edict in open recantation of all former measures on the subject, restoring the Ban to all his public honours and functions, in recognition "of his wise and patriotic services!" But this, too, was without the signature of an Hungarian minister. It thus looked little less than a formal declaration of war against Hungary. It was so interpreted. The ferment, the consternation it produced is well known. An Hungarian deputation hastened to Schönbrunn ; it was received, but none but the most evasive answers returned. The court would enter into no explanation, no discussion, until the Kossuth ministry had been dismissed. This was complied with. A Bathany ministry was formed—but to no purpose; the old Kossuth spirit still breathed through it. Neither the court nor Jellachlich gained by the alteration. New complications succeeded. The Archduke Stephen had at first attempted, in quality of viceroy, to conduct affairs; this he soon found to be impossible; a semi-provisional government, a species of Kossuth and Szemere dictatorship was appointed; it had given way to the Bathany ministry, and this now had failed. In the meantime the dangers which threatened Hungary every day increased. Jellachlich had already passed the Drave on the morning of the 11th of September, with the main body of his army, and was now advancing towards the capital.

The "Landwehr" was called out, and the very same Diet which had refused the archduke more extensive powers, now called on him to do his duty as Palatine, and to place himself at the head of the insurrection. For a moment he hesitated, and appeared disposed to take the command of the troops, but, on the 17th of September, instead of appearing, as was expected, at their head, he escaped to Vienna, on the plea of making one more effort for conciliation. This last link with the court being broken, Hungary now stood in open revolt. Every exertion was made, but the means and chances were unequal. The national guard, the army of the Drave, were for the most part composed of raw recruits; a feeble force against the 30,000 or 40,000 men of Jellachlich, who now stood at Great Kanisa ready to strike the decisive blow.

But in this moment of suspense, Vienna gave a new direction to events, the flight of the emperor to Olmütz, left little doubt what course it was now intended to pursue. The rural population had never forgotten their traditional attachment to the House of Hapsburg, and the emperor still maintains something in all his weakness of that good natured homeliness, which smoothened down with the peasant so much of the harsher form of absolutism in the time of his predecessors. On the way they crowded out from the villages with song and shout to meet their Kaiser. Woe to the "Stüdlings" who on that day dared to show himself with red cap or red handkerchief, albeit of the national guard, amongst them.

At Eggiburg the whole neighbourhood gathered round the Imperial carriage. The emperor half way made for them, and addressed them in the old paternal tone of Kaiser Franz—"Children! what I've promised I'll keep. Politics, Taxes, and all those other matters have ceased, I've sanctioned and signified, and so it shall remain. Your emperor gives you his word for it, and you may believe your emperor. I mean well towards you, but in Vienna there are people who do not mean well towards me, and who wish to seduce you. As I can no longer help myself, I must, un-

fortunately, send military amongst them to make them act better," &c., &c.* These words were received with more applause than would have been the most studied oration. The old spoke of the late "blessed" emperor, and the women hung out "schwarz-gelbe" handkerchiefs, the imperial colours. The Austrian peasant is conservative, and looks with something akin to detestation on the unintelligible theories and wild uproar of the towns. So long as he is allowed to reap what he sows, the patriotism of the *Aula* appears to him incomprehensible. The court saw enough to convince it, that it could rely on the country, in case of any measure against the towns; no aid could come to them from that quarter: no *landsturm* cry would be obeyed. The movements of Windisch-Grätz and Jellachlich were now safe.

And day after day, closer and closer drew the lines,—move after move, until tower and pawn were shut in by bishop, king, and knight; and the issue of the great game no longer appeared doubtful. Few sieges in modern times have been so fraught with the wild and wayward; with huge and harsh contrasts of men and things. A sovereign with outstretched arm and uplifted sword over his own capital; his Parliament sitting within its walls; his subjects within, as without, protesting allegiance; without, as within, proclaiming freedom;—resisting in despite of their allegiance the still constitutional head of the state; in despite of their protestations in favour of liberty, ready to crush it;—nationalities of all kinds (even Hungary has several) under new banners, the very opposite to those under which they had at first set out. "Deutschthum" in alliance with "Slaventhum;" Slaventhum at variance with itself, witness the letter of the Ban to his Bohemian brethren, and their expostulations in answer from Prague,—surely there were never joined in more tangled web so many and such various views and passions. At night might be heard on the Rother-Thurm bastion the bivouac of the Windisch-Grätz grenadiers chanting, with might and main, in the Leopoldstadt near,— "Was ist der Deutschen Vaterland?" whilst the university "Fuchslied," — "Was kommt dort von der Höh'," was converted into a "Soldaten-Lied" for the occasion, and every now and then the burthen, — "Vom ledernen Jellachlich," mixed jovially with Slavonic lay and music, the *Aula* imitated ludicrously and fantastically by the camp.

The day long certain, though long delayed, at last arrived, and the short pregnant telegraphic despatch, "The Imperial troops are in possession of the City," told all. With them entered Jellachlich—not into a conquered, as many hold, but into a liberated town. It looked as if the capital had drawn in by some singular convulsion the blood from the extremities to the heart. All its far off and heterogeneous elements were that day pressed together, visibly represented, written down in broad and flaming line and colour, in its streets: strange sights, uncouth sounds: the many-handed and party-coloured power, there for the first time self-conscious, actual and acting in one narrow sphere. Jellachlich entered, but not before he had driven back the Hungarians from the frontier,

* The very words of the emperor, if we are to trust the report:—"Kinder was ich versprochen hab' das halt' ich; Robott, Zehend, und das andere hat aufgehört; ich hab's sanctionirt, unterschrieben und dabei bleibt's: eure Kaiser gibt euch sein Wort darauf, und glaubt's dem Kaiser; ich mein's gut mit euch; aber in Wien giebt's Leute die's nicht gut mit mir meinen, und die euch auch verführen wollen: und da kann ich mir nicht helfen ich wird leider Militär hinschicken müssen," u. s. w.

which he had passed in defiance of the people as he had sat at the "Bantafel," at Agram in defiance of the sovereign, in obedience as he held it to a higher order and wiser policy than that of either. At three o'clock on 2nd of November, he entered at the head of a regiment of Cuirassiers preceded by a division of the Sereschener corps—a wild and fierce mass, the famous "Red Mantles." Red caps, red cloaks, with dagger, and pistol, eastern-wise in belt, carbine, or rifle, or sabre in hand; "never saw I," says an eye-witness, "a set of more thorough-looking bandits, in the whole course of my life." And in the midst of these, amongst them, but not of them, rode the Ban, in his gray hussar cloak—a noble-looking personage of right gallant and knightly bearing. No sooner had he passed the Burghthor than salutations and vivats greeted him on every side; handkerchiefs waved from fair hands, men joined their shouts; while with that courtly and joyous grace which has always distinguished him, he returned the compliments with bows to the windows above, and with responding cheers to the crowds below. "Blushes of burning shame," says one, who stood near him, "flushed up my cheek at the sight, familiar as I was with the versatility of the people and taught not then for the first time to despise them."

Yet there was some excuse for all this, both in those who knew the man, and in those who for the first time beheld him irrespective of all cause and purpose for which he came. No harsh deeds of blood, no reckless squandering of human life, no brutal trampling on the rights and fruits of civilisation have been laid to his charge. He seems taken from the bosom of its most favored recesses, not to rouse or urge on barbarous hordes to the destruction of its glories, but to guide and control them as far as he can. He bears even in his externals the indications of this refinement. Jellachlich is scarcely of the middle size, not coarsely, but muscularly built, a man more of moral than physical power. His high and clear forehead, bald nearly of hair; his black, keen, and easily kindled eye, a grave yet friendly expression of countenance, but above all a singularly gentle melancholy about the mouth, mark a man in whom very opposite elements are favourably blended. Those best acquainted with his habitual existence, bear testimony to the accuracy with which these physical characteristics express the moral man. Kindliness and sociability are interwoven in his whole nature, always ready with word and deed, always equal, always accessible, he throws unreservedly his heart and door open to every sorrow, every wrong. Eager for all action, intellectual as well as bodily, distinguished as a statesman, not unknown as a writer, he is a stranger to no department, but his paramount, his true vocation is war. In character and conduct noble, of the most chivalrous valour and honour, generous, liberal, a true son, an ardent lover of his country, a soldier, poet, patriot combined, master not of the arms only but of the inmost hearts of his countrymen, he seems to stand out from the general mass of historic personages of our day, as destined to perform not merely a romantic, but a great part, in the history of a mighty futurity. And to this, not his own will alone may lead him, but the very necessities by which as by Greek fate, or Mahomedan fatalism, he seems to be borne on. "Vienna is in the hands of the Imperial troops," is not the whole of this history: the epoch closes not here. Who will say that the rude expression of the Frankfort orator—"The Austrian empire is a black-yellow lie" (eine schwarzgelbe lüge)—be false or true! Who will say, that it is a heap of fragments, or an incorporation of states? Who will

say that the object which kept together the assailants during the moment of attack being now gained, it will no longer prevent them from breaking out into discord again? The Vienna, and the Diet, and the Aula questions, may be settled, but is it not only to make way for the Magyar, the Slavonian, the Servian, the Tzechian, and the Italian, lowering gloomily behind? Should Hungary succeed, straight snaps asunder the last link which binds her to the empire. Should the empire succeed, should Jellachlich at last be enabled to humble or restrain her, who can answer even in his despite, for the justice or the wisdom of the Imperial Camarilla, after such proofs of the puny intrigue, and Stuart-like faithlessness with which it played with events and nations, even against him? Is Austria prepared to listen to the call of Prague, and to set herself up as the Slavonic Empire of Europe, expurging herself of Germanism and Magyarism at the same time? Who in the midst of such repellants working inwardly, can look with hope abroad for the iron hand of some Otho or Frederick to compress and consolidate her anew? Cohesion wanting, what other energy can supply its place? Where the centripetal is not, and the centrifugal is in such furious action, who can doubt, sooner or later, of the inevitable result? And in the breaking loose of this planet from its orbit, in the breaking up of this Austrian world into fragments and smaller worlds of its own, in the resolving into kingdoms, what now is empire, who may say how much, or what may fall to the lot of any nation or of any men? Here, as elsewhere, mind will command matter, and people for their own sakes, re-arrange themselves under some symbol, some guarantee of order, of permanence, of certainty—under chiefs or kings. Half of those who have become such in the history of mankind, have been long masters in the hearts of the people before they were written down in document or title—sovereigns. As Hapsburg began so may Jellachlich begin. The Ban-vice-roy of Croatia is not stranger in sound or fact, than the Pasha-vice-roy of Egypt, in a decaying monarchy, first its officer, then its rival, then one of its monarchs himself. In such a parcelling or promotion, an Illyrian, a Croatian, a South Slavonian crown is quite as natural as a Prussian, a Westphalian, or a Hanoverian. Margraves and Electors are not better stuff for such dignities than Bans. And above all, it should be remembered, the cause has been, and is, Slavonic and the head of Pan-slavism, the Czar will take care that a member of the race, and virtually, if not nominally, his feudatory—"aura tpujours droit."

Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux !

says the poet. Few periods are more likely to give a new illustration of the aphorism than the present, few soldiers more fitted to justify it, than the Ban Jellachlich.

THE GIANTS' INVASION.*

BY JOHN OXENFORD, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE GIANTS IN BOHEMIA.

THE marriage of the good Eginhard, King of Bohemia, with Adelaide, the Emperor's daughter, was blest with two children. We have used this word "blest" rather in accordance with a common mode of speaking, than with any decided reference to the real truth of the case. For although the daughter, hight Amelia, was all very well in her way, and reasonably good-looking, the son Frederic was as ill-favoured and ill-conditioned a cub as you would have disliked to meet in a dingy passage on a dark night. Moreover, although the term was not in use in his day, he aimed at being a sort of ultra "fast man." Had he lived in modern times, he would have pulled knockers off doors, and rang bells in the middle of the night; would have been perpetually in the station-house; would have ordered a pair of boots to be set down very dear in his father's bill, and have sold them for ready money very cheap; would have pawned his watch for petty cash, and when he wanted more petty cash, would have vended the duplicate to a friend—with a thousand little eccentricities highly annoying to parents and guardians, but exceedingly delectable to readers of police reports. However, this sort of "fun" would have been thought despicably small in ancient Bohemia, and the "larks" of Prince Frederic were on a very grand scale. Not only did he carry to a great extent a disorderly inclination to the fair sex, but he thought it pretty sport to burn down a village and ignite a convent or two. The peasants, when they saw their houses blazing about their ears, recollected how in former times Frederic's grandfather on the mother's side had entered Bohemia and laid waste the country; and they asserted, disapprovingly, that the Prince was a "chip of the old block."

Even King Eginhard, who was a most indulgent parent, began to look serious when news came respecting the sixth Benedictine Monastery that had been burned by his son.

"I am afraid," said he to himself, "that Frederic is getting into bad habits. One cannot expect too much steadiness from a high-born youth, and I have set down the burned villages to the account of 'wild oats.' But these attacks on the monks look exceedingly loose, and if I do not take care I shall get into some confounded squabble with the Pope."

"I am Yedon Yalki," said a voice in the court-yard, where the king sat reflecting, imagining that he was quite alone.

"Beg your pardon," said the startled monarch, looking up, and a good way up he had to look, before he could see the countenance of his unexpected visitor. A giant stood before him of such amazing stature, that he could peep over the walls of Prague without rising on tiptoe, and go down the longest street in eight paces.

"I," repeated the giant, "am Yedon Yalki, a chevalier from the Calmuck country," (this was a little beyond King Eginhard's geography), "the residence of the strongest people in the world. I have vanquished more than a hundred knights, crushing them to powder with the weight

* This tale is founded on (not translated from) a German popular story.—J. O.

of my fist. If I stamp, the whole earth trembles. If I but look at a man—"

"Dwell a little less on your personal peculiarities, and come a little faster to the object of your visit," interrupted the king, somewhat impatiently.

"That," said the giant, with a business-like air; "is speedily stated. We, Calmuck giants, simply request you will hand us over your kingdom of Bohemia without further ado."

"Upon my word," muttered Eginhard.

"Or that you will give us every year a young person (feminine) of royal race."

"A sort of tribute, like that of the Athenians to the Minotaur?" insinuated the king.

"Of the parties you have just named, I know nothing," remarked the giant, drily; "nor do I see that an allusion to them helps our negotiation. In the case of your not accepting either of the alternatives we offer, some fifty of us intend to march into this paltry little city of Prague, and any attempt on the part of your forces to resist us would be perfectly ridiculous."

Having made his statement, Yedon Yalki deliberately curled his moustache with his finger and thumb, and awaited a reply.

"Vain boaster!" began his majesty of Bohemia.

"Stop a moment," said the giant, quietly; "I would fain remove the erroneous impression you seem to entertain." So saying, he took up the colossal statue of some old Czech, and playfully balanced it, with the head on his fore-finger, after which feat, he conscientiously restored the figure to its proper place.

"Well," said the king, "I admit that I was wrong, when I called you a vain boaster, and, by way of compensation, as you are certainly a well-built individual, I readily offer you a porter's place in the royal household."

"I, a porter?—I, a porter?" thundered forth Yedon Yalki, "I, the Calmuck ambassador?—Are you sober, little map of Bohemia? Doubtless, in this land, the liquors are stronger than the inhabitants."

"Then," said the king, "if you will not accept the place I condescend to offer you, tell your king—or your duke—or whoever it is that has the misfortune to govern such a troop of unwieldy cubs, that we will not give him an inch of this ancient and honourable territory, and that if his prudence be equal to his size, he will stop at home and vegetate in the Calmuck country."

This vigorous speech of the King of Bohemia really somewhat awed the big ambassador. Without saying another word, he stalked away through Prague, brushing off the tiles of the houses as he passed along, and took himself, as fast as his legs could carry him—which was no small pace—into the country of the Calmucks.

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING THE UNEXPECTED WORTH OF THE PRINCE FREDERIC.

THE king of the giants had a serious fit of illness, when he heard of the presumptuous defiance of the King of Bohemia. Of course, he did not give up the thought of invading the country, and as soon as he had recovered, he sent off Yedon Yalki, with a body of fifty giants under him,

who stationed themselves before the walls of Prague, much to the consternation of the citizens. Being thus beyond the ear-shot of his sovereign, Yedon Yalki began to make terms of his own, and promised the Bohemians that he would leave the country if the Princess Amelia were given to him as a bride. If this proposal were refused, he offered to decide the whole difference by single combat with any knight the Bohemians might select for their champion.

This last offer was a mere piece of bravado, as he never dreamed that a knight could be found valiant enough to encounter him, and he was perfectly astounded when a somewhat insolent messenger from the city told him that Prince Frederic, son of the King of Bohemia, would appear at one of the city gates at three o'clock on the following day, and engage in the single combat as proposed.

When the Romans fought the Sabines, the Sabine women were greatly afflicted, because they saw that, whichever way victory turned, it would be to their own disadvantage, and that they must lose either husbands or brothers. The citizens of Prague, who assembled on the walls to see the great fight between Frederic and the giant, were in a position precisely the reverse of that of the Sabine women. Whether the prince killed the giant, or the giant killed the prince, the land would contain one nuisance the less, and no spectacle could have been anticipated with satisfaction more unmixed.

When the scapegrace Frederic placed himself before Yedon Yalki, he cut such a ridiculous little figure, in spite of his fine armour, that the giant made the whole country echo with derisive laughter.

"I fight with such a whipper-snapper as that?" exclaimed the great Yedon, "why I should be the laughing-stock of all the Calmucks. No, indeed; but however, there is a fifth-rate giant in our troop here, who may perhaps condescend to knock out the young rascal's brains."

So saying he turned on his heel, and walked off with the greatest disdain, every now and then turning his head round, and looking at Frederic with a withering sneer that almost made the young scion of royalty dance with rage. However, his place was soon supplied by the fifth-rate giant, high Rullweg, who also looked at the prince with contempt, but it was a contempt mingled with pity.

"Say, youngster, you can fight with giants, can you?"

"I don't know, but I'll try," modestly replied the prince, and seeing the giant raise his club, he very prudently took his position among a clump of sturdy fruit-trees. The tremendous Yedon, had he been the combatant, would have torn up the trees by the roots, with a good fillip, but the feeble Rullweg banged about the trunks to little purpose, while the young prince dodged about them with infinite agility. Rullweg therefore changed his plan of attack, and struck the branches instead of the trunks, thus bringing such a shower of apples and pears about the prince's ears, that the latter was forced to quit his favourable position.

As there is no such thing as an unmixed character, so with all his bad qualities the young prince had one virtue. There was no knight in all Bohemia who could throw a knife at an adversary with greater force, or with more certainty. Now Rullweg, having got the prince into the open country, was so sure of his man that he fought carelessly, and the connoisseurs on the wall were heard to remark that his blows were dealt with more force than science. While he went lumbering about, Frederic took an opportunity of drawing a knife from his girdle, and flung it into

the giant's face, so that it stuck in his cheek, just below the right eye, and caused him such infernal pain, that he dropped his club, and hurried back to the camp. The Bohemians on the walls raised a shout of victory, and Frederic—for the first time in his life—found himself popular.

The Carthaginians used to crucify those of their generals who lost a victory, and a policy, similar in principle, though less harsh, was adopted by the giants. Any one of their number, who had been vanquished, was excluded from their society, till he had retrieved his laurels, and Rullweg, as a punishment for the very inglorious result of his encounter with Frederic, had to sit outside the camp all night, exposed to a remarkably cold wind, which made his teeth chatter, while it fortified his courage for the morning.

When morning came the giant returned to the place of contest, and the prince, dressed with increased splendour on the strength of his victory, came out to meet him. To prevent any of the knife exploits, the giant shielded his face with his mailed left hand, closely inspecting the movements of the youth between his fingers. He then flung his club at his assailant, and though he missed his aim, succeeded in upsetting Frederic's presence of mind, by the fall of the huge weapon. Closing upon him, in the moment of stupefaction, he snatched him up from the ground, tucked him up under his left arm, and while he was fixed in that inglorious posture, administered to him several hearty boxes on the ear with his right hand, and delivered to him a strong lecture on the uncertainty of human affairs.

The giants seemed to be satisfied with this victory, for they all marched back to their own country, taking with them the Prince Frederic, whom they employed in the most servile offices, and corporally chastised when he did not come up to the proper mark of industry and diligence.

CHAPTER III.

SHOWING HOW LITTLE GOOD CAME FROM PORTUGAL, AND HOW MUCH FROM PICARDY.

THE people of Prague were in ecstasies of delight at the unexpected result of the combat. The giants had walked off, and had taken the ill-conditioned young prince with them—what could be more thoroughly satisfactory? But in King Eginhard the father was stronger than the politician, and far from being pleased with the disappearance of the juvenile, he sent out a bevy of heralds to inform the world that the hand of the Princess Amelia should be the reward of him who brought the prince back from the land of the Calmucks.

The first country in which this declaration seemed to make an impression, was one situated a good way off, namely, the kingdom of Portugal. The inhabitants of lands near Bohemia seemed to be deaf to the solicitations of King Eginhard, but at Lisbon they produced a great effect. Some chroniclers attempt to explain this anomalous fact by saying, that the Princess Amelia was the more admired the less she was seen,—but we dismiss the remark as illiberal and scandalous.

One Sir Louis of Lisbon, commonly called the Knight of the Laurel Wreath, was so marvellously attracted by the prize which King Eginhard had offered, that he presented himself at Prague as soon as the rate of travelling would allow, and undertook to accomplish the deliverance so earnestly desired. He was received in the most magnificent manner;

fed till there was risk that he would kill himself, regaled with wine till he was really the worse for it; while his squirp was entertained almost as splendidly as himself. As for the princess, he thought that he had never in all his life beheld any thing half so lovely,—for, be it remembered, he saw her amid the effects of the general jollification, and through a sort of winy atmosphere.

On setting off for the land of the Calmucks, the Portuguese knight left the royal family of Bohemia in a state of great hope, but he had not departed many months before the joy was turned to sorrow. Half-a-dozen as ruffianly-looking giants as you would wish to see came to the city, and said that Sir Louis had been soundly thrashed by the, inimitable Colossus Balmott—(“There is always some new name among these cursed giants,” murmured King Eginhard)—having previously staked the Princess Amelia on the issue of the combat.

“Who the devil gave him leave to do that?” thundered King Eginhard.

“Can’t say,” replied the chief spokesman; “all we know is, that he made oath to give up the princess, while our great sovereign Butsko”—(“Hang those crack-jaw names,” muttered Eginhard)—“made a similar oath with respect to young Fred”—(“Prince Frederic,” suggested the King). “Therefore, as the combat has gone against your party, we have come to fetch our due—namely, the princess.”

“Will no one resent this foul wrong?” exclaimed King Eginhard, looking round at his knights.

The knights first looked at the king, then they measured with their eyes the stature of their giants, and then they gave sundry dry coughs, but not a man of them rose in answer to his sovereign’s call.

King Eginhard cursed his court, and swore that the princess should only be carried away over his own dead body; but somehow or other, on the following day, the monarch was still alive, and yet a litter, carried by six giants, and containing a young lady exactly like the princess Amelia, was seen by a brave knight of Picardy, called Sir Julius of the Lance, slowly proceeding along the high road from Prague to the Calmuck land.

By the side of a pleasant spring the giants allowed the princess to rest for a while, and indulged themselves in divers manly sports, such as wrestling and a gigantic kind of leap-frog, the very earth trembling whenever one of the unwieldy bodies came to the ground. Presently they found that seven were engaged in the game instead of six, for Sir Julius had thrown himself into the midst of them without giving any notice, and was dealing his blows right and left. Soon the seven sporting characters were reduced to five, for the good sword of Julius had turned a brace of giants into corpses. The other four, whose senses were completely bewildered by the suddenness of the attack, flew from the spot as fast as their legs could carry them, and scarcely rested till they saw King Butsko in his own metropolis of Trleso.

The giant-king, on hearing the narrative, gave a look of exceeding disgust, and then, walking up to the four giants, deliberately struck their heads off—one by one.

The brave Sir Julius, having heard from the fair Amelia the story of the giant’s invasion, and the captivity of Prince Frederic, gave her in charge to his trusty squirp, that she might be taken back to Prague, and proceeded, without delay, to the land of the Calmucks.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH THE ACTIVE DISPOSITION OF SIR JULIUS IS PLAINLY SET FORTH.

THE great delight of the King and Queen of Bohemia at the unexpected return of the princess was somewhat qualified by the thought that her brave deliverer would, as a matter of course, be captured by the Calmuck giants, and forced to assist Frederic and Louis in doing ignoble work. The squire, however, consoled them, by telling them that the hero of Picardy carried an enchanted sword, by virtue of which it was mathematically impossible that he could be conquered.

[This little fact, by the way, while it comfortably allays our fears respecting Sir Julius, considerably diminishes the interest which his apparent fearlessness had awakened in his behalf.]

King Eginhard, being thus assured that Sir Julius would return with Frederic and Louis, began to think how he should entertain him, and as his cash in hand did not come up to his notions of magnificence, he levied such a stout tax on the citizens of Prague, that the latter comprised royal family, giants, and Julius, all in one common imprecation.

The preparations for festivity were not made in vain, for, in a short time, lo and behold, Sir Julius came back to Prague, bringing with him Prince Frederic and Sir Louis, and a promise from big King Butsko that he would never invade Bohemia again. He had fought with four giants, whom the Calmuck king had selected as champions, and had happily slain them all—thanks to the peculiar virtue of his weapon.

Nothing remained to do but to marry the Princess Amelia to Sir Julius, and it was settled that the wedding should take place in three days. During this happy interval Sir Julius chanced to hear how there was a certain Castle Schildheiss in Bohemia, and how an unlucky knight, called Sir Strado, of the Fir-tree, lay enchanted there.

[Those of our readers who have had the felicity to read the delectable story of "Castle Schildheiss,"* will know all about Sir Strado and his scrape. Those who have not been so fortunate, will have the kindness to assume that there was an enchanted knight named Strado, without further explanation.]

Now Sir Julius hearing of this little affair, thought it would be a graceful action if he were to deliver the lamented knight, and bring him to Prague as a wedding guest. So, under the pretence of hunting—a pretence which often served, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins—he took himself off one morning with his trusty squire in the direction of Castle Schildheiss.

CHAPTER V.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

THE treaty having been comfortably concluded with King Butsko, the citizens of Prague naturally thought that all connexion with the giants was at an end. They determined to make the brave Sir Julius a standing toast, and resolved, if their grandchildren asked them the origin of this toast, to tell them how some colossal rascallions had once invaded their country, shrewdly suspecting that the same grandchildren would not be over-ready with their credence. It was fairly settled that the

* *New Monthly Magazine*, vol. lxxxiv. p. 283.

history of the giants' invasion would make a capital tale for a chimney-corner.

But one morning the warden of a tower on the city wall being startled from his sleep by a gentle tap, which had well nigh pulverised him, looked up, and saw the largest face he had ever seen in his life. In fact, it was so large that, at first, he did not know it was a face, but thought that some broad landscape was by some miracle or other spread out before him, and it took him some time to reduce the lakes, mountains, &c., into a pair of great eyes, a huge nose, and so forth. As soon as he had ascertained that the face was a face, he quivered with horror, but the huge mouth smiled encouragement, and spoke thus:—

"My good fellow, no harm is intended to you. You will simply inform your monarch that the giant Scharmak, of Inner Tartary, Grand Khan of the giants in general, solicits the honour of an interview."

Of course the warden flew to the king with the message, and, of course, the interview took place. The giant Scharmak made the old-fashioned request: that King Eginhard would give up Bohemia without grumbling, or find a champion able to measure strength with an adversary so formidable.

"We are, of course, delighted with the honour of this visit," observed Eginhard, after a short cough; "but there seems to be a trifling mistake here. We have made a treaty with your king, Butsko——"

"My King Butsko—what the devil do you mean?" asked Scharmak. "There is, if I remember right, some little puny chief of that name among the Calmucks, who would be only too much honoured if I allowed him to fasten my spurs, but as for his being my king, or having power to bind the great race of giants by a treaty—that is too ridiculous. My good Eginhard, you have been sadly imposed upon."

The King of Bohemia was in a pretty predicament. Here, before him, was a horrid giant, inexorable in his demands, and there was not a knight in the whole country whom it would not be absurd to summon as a champion. Sir Julius, in whom alone there was a chance of deliverance, had gone off to Castle Schildheiss, to rescue a trumpery knight, about whom no one cared a farthing, and was, therefore, out of the way just when he was most wanted. After a deal of hammering and haggling, Eginhard at last persuaded the giant to give him a respite for a fortnight, and keep outside the walls till the expiration of that term, on condition that he, the giant, should be liberally fed in the meanwhile. This condition was not a mere empty form, since the giant, at every meal, consumed a whole calf, a dozen capons, and a couple of smoked hams, moistening the same with a hogshead of wine. Many an honest man, who supported his family with the sweat of his brow, felt his heart ready to break, when he saw these ample provisions carried out three times a day to stop the cravings of an unreasonable stomach. Decidedly the giant Scharmak was unpopular in Prague.

In the meanwhile Sir Julius was at Castle Schildheiss, reaping baskets-full of laurels, in the most insignificant cause in the world, killing a large dragon, that shot little dragons out of its mouth, and slaying those also, and, finally, rescuing that thick-headed poltroon, the Knight of the Fir-tree, just in time to be back again at Prague, in company with the said knight, at the expiration of the fourteen days.

At Prague, every soul was in the deepest distress. Some unlucky patriot had contrived to let a huge bell drop upon the giant's head,

while the latter was asleep, in the vain hope of killing him. He might as well have attempted to kill an ox with a cherry-stone. The giant laughed at the absurd attempt, but was enraged at the treachery, and threatened to pitch the bell into the middle of the city, to the certain detriment of any roof, steeple, or human being, it might chance to hit. Then King Eginhard, for want of a better champion, swore, in his despair, that he would fight the giant himself; whereupon Scharmak shouted with derision, and even the citizens of Prague, notwithstanding the trouble they were in, could scarcely repress their mirth, as they reflected on the known prowess of their monarch.

Just in the midst of this state of affairs, arrived Sir Julius, to the infinite delight of the Bohemians in general, and the Princess Amelia in particular. As in duty bound, he of course undertook the combat with Scharmak, while the Knight of the Fir-tree, whom he had brought with him, made a characteristic oath that he would look on and see fair play.

We have already seen that Sir Julius, with his all-penetrating sword, did not care a snap of the fingers for the size or strength of his adversaries. Whether he had to carve a small or a large carcase it was all the same to him. But in the giant Scharmak he found an opponent of a new sort; for this same giant carried in his girdle a little box of magic salve, the slightest particle of which, placed on the ugliest wound, made it heal in a twinkling. Many a cut did Sir Julius give the giant in the course of the combat, and every time he drew blood, but Scharmak was always ready with his left fore-finger to smear on a little ointment, and was cured almost as soon as he was wounded. This circumstance caused the combat to be protracted to a most immeasurable length, and the Bohemians, who had at first observed it from the walls with intense interest, began to yawn from very weariness. At last, both parties agreed on a respite till the next day, the giant making it an express condition that he should be allowed to pass the night within the city walls, for he had seen the Princess Amelia on the walls, and his heart was deeply smitten.

Great was the excitement which prevailed in Prague, as the contending parties entered the city gates. First came the giant's mailed glove, which he had thrown down in defiance of Sir Julius, and which was so heavy that it took the whole strength of a man to carry it. This glove had a little crowd of admirers to itself. But the giant and Sir Julius had the greatest share of attention. The former was so tall that no room in the palace could be found high enough even to afford him a seat; and therefore a banquet was held in the open air. The princess sat at the table, and what with looking at this Bohemian beauty, and swallowing huge cups of wine, the giant Scharmak lost his head completely, telling the same stories a dozen times, beginning one song and getting into another, and swearing to King Eginhard, with tears in his eyes, that he had loved him from his infancy. In a word, the wine was in and the wit was out.

CHAPTER VI.

ANOTHER UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

WHILE these festivities were going on, a voice like thunder came rolling over the city wall.

"Is that how you spend your time, you inglorious rascal?" said the voice.

King Eginhard turned as pale as death, but he directed a herald to ask through a speaking trumpet which of the present company was addressed.

"I am speaking to that idle scoundrel, Scharmak," replied the voice, "who promised to take the kingdom of Bohemia, and now thinks of nothing but enjoying himself. I am now come here,—I, his lawful sovereign, the giant Milmoth, of Ulterior Tartary."

"Milmoth be —— !" shouted the giant Scharmak, with all the valour of intoxication.

"What a wonderful country Tartary is!" replied the King of Bohemia. "As soon as one comes to a settlement with one Tartary another springs up behind it."

"Give me pen, ink, and paper," said Scharmak to the king. "I'll teach that lumbering rascal Milmoth to dictate to me what I shall do, and what I shan't."

The writing materials being brought, he scribbled very furiously and very badly a permanent peace with Bohemia, shouting out with an exulting voice what he was doing, for the special edification of the other giant, who was sitting on a lofty mountain some miles from the city.

These preliminaries being settled, out sallied the giant Scharmak, with the pious resolution of astonishing the giant Milmoth; and again were the walls crowded with citizens, who, by this time, had become perfect connoisseurs of single combat. The giants were wondrously well matched. Milmoth was three times as strong as Scharmak; but then Scharmak was valorously drunk; and had, moreover, the advantage of his box of ointment. Never was seen such a combat from the beginning of time. Whole woods were mown down by the blows that missed their destination, hills were flattened like dumplings by the stamping feet of the combatants, ricketty old towers tumbled down with the force of the shouts uttered on both sides. At last Milmoth contrived somehow to get his leg into a hole, and Scharmak, taking advantage of his position, knocked him on the head.

Thus ended the giant Milmoth, and thus ended the Giants' Invasion, for no one else came from any other Tartary, though King Eginhard long had misgivings on the subject. As for the giant Scharmak, he allowed himself to be baptized, and did himself great credit in a sinecure place at Prague, which King Eginhard graciously bestowed upon him. We need scarcely tell our readers that Sir Julius married the Princess Amelia, and that a leash of ladies were found for Prince Frederic, Sir Louis of Lisbon, and the Knight of the Fir-tree. But we wish to say what was done with the relics of the giant Milmoth. The hair of his eyebrows was used to stuff the cushions of the royal throne, his thigh-bone was laid across the river, and served as a tunnel, through which a waggon and horses could easily pass, and his helmet became a splendid alarm-bell, to which his gold-ring was the clapper. Moreover, an eminent professor at the University of Prague wrote a life of Milmoth in so many volumes, that it was almost as big as the giant himself, and the author was sent into perpetual banishment for attempting to read it before the court. But alas! the royal chairs are worn out, the bone slipped one day to the bottom of the river, the bell was melted down at a great fire, and the book is out of print; so that, excepting this little story, there is no existing record of that great European event—

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM COLLINS, R.A.*

THE life of one of the few essentially English painters of which this country can boast, presents great interest under whatever aspect it is viewed. There is the character of the painter to be traced through its various processes of formation; and the studies by which that character was strengthened and perfected to be exhibited; there are the toils against difficulties (so frequently the lot of genius, and peculiarly that of William Collins), the accidents and sufferings which they entail, and the consolations which are derived from the pursuit of art, to be pictured forth; there is also the history of his friendly relations with those around him, which to his contemporaries, the greater part of whom are still living, must be a source of much retrospective and pleasurable reading; but above all, Mr. Wilkie Collins, the son of the distinguished artist and his biographer, has undertaken to show, and most ably has he effected his object, that the direct influence of rightly-constituted genius in the art, is to exalt and sustain personal character. In this latter point of view, the biography of William Collins will deserve the same repute that belongs to his paintings—the lesson conveyed in that simple story—the struggles against difficulties in the pursuit of knowledge, and the principles that actuated and upheld the man amidst those struggles—constitutes at once one of the most unpretending, and yet one of the most striking, episodes of the kind.

How delightful it is to trace the boy from his first rambling sketches made in the fields between Highgate and Willesden, his studies in the yard where Morland kept his real pigs and rabbits, and his first oil-painting—a picture of himself—to when the seal was set upon his future habits and character by entering as a student at the Royal Academy! The connexion of young Collins with so dissipated a master as Morland appears to have had no effect but that of awakening feelings of painful consciousness of the punishment entailed by vicious practices.

As a student at the Royal Academy his biographer tells us the future R.A.'s conduct was orderly, and his industry untiring.

Among his companions he belonged to the unassuming, steadily labouring-class—taking no care to distinguish himself, personally, by the common insignia of the more aspiring spirits among the scholars of art. He neither cultivated mustachio, displayed his neck, or trained his hair over his coat-collar into the true Raphael flow. He never sat in judgment on the capacity of his masters, or rushed into rivalry with Michael Angelo, before he was quite able to draw correctly from a plaster cast. But he worked on gladly and carefully, biding his time with patience, and digesting his instructions with care. In 1809—two years after his entrance within the academy walls—he gained the silver medal for a drawing from the life."

Mr. Collins began to contribute to the public exhibitions in 1808 and 1809, and whilst his first attempts presented the fundamental characteristics of careful study and anxious finish, they were also still overlaid by the timidity and inexperience of the "prentice hand." During the

* The Memoirs of the Life of William Collins, Esq., R.A. With Selections from his Journals and Correspondence. By his son, W. Wilkie Collins. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

first few years of his progress upwards, it is amusing enough to find the artist complaining of that dark Erebus of pictorial indignity—the floor of an exhibition room, when a few brief years more, as an R.A. and a member of the hanging committee, he was in his turn subjected to the reproaches and angry recrimination of others, upon the very same score.

At this period of his life Mr. Collins enjoyed the calm uniformity of the student's career, save when his occupations were varied by a sketching excursion, or interrupted by the petty calamities which his father's increasing poverty inevitably inflicted upon the young painter's fireside. His pictures painted at this time—for the most part small in size and low in price—generally found purchasers; and though not productive of much positive profit, gained for him, what throughout life he ever valued more, the public approval and attention. The death of Mr. Collins, senior, in 1812, was a heavy blow to the young artist, and the extracts from his journal attest how his hopes of success were crushed for some time by this heavy affliction. Every article of furniture was sold to satisfy impatient creditors; even the small relics sacred to him for his father's sake, had to be bought in. But the future R.A. had already both friends and wealthy patrons, and at this first dawn of his career, Mrs. Hand stands honourably forth in the one position, and Sir Thomas Heathcote nobly prominent in the other.

The "Sale of the Pet Lamb," composed as it was during the season immediately following his father's death, displayed in its simple yet impressive pathos, the temper of the artist's mind at the period of its production, and it pleased at once and universally. The success of this picture at once indeed eclipsed the more moderate celebrity of all his previous works. Collins now felt that the Academy and the lovers of art were watching his progress with real interest, and he determined to fulfil the expectations forming of him on all sides. His "Birdcatcher Outwitted," his "Burial Place of a Favourite Bird," and other pictures, were quickly followed by the "Blackberry Gatherers," and the "Birdcatchers," the latter of which proved the artist's mastery over a higher branch of art than he had before attempted. This work was purchased by the Marquis of Lansdowne; but the painter derived from his success a yet greater benefit than exalted patronage, and mounted the first step towards the highest social honours of English art, by being elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

Mr. Collins's diaries of this period in his life exhibit, in a rare degree, his incessant anxiety to improve.

February 1st.—"How much better informed should I be at this moment if I had written down all the observations I have heard from the painters with whom I have conversed—at least a selection. This should be done as soon after the impression as possible; otherwise, there is danger of making them your own."

A painter should choose those subjects with which most people associate pleasant circumstances. It is not sufficient that a scene pleases *him*. The waving line and graceful playfulness of the joints of children, closely imitated, would immortalise the painter who should persevere in his observations on them—which he may *ad infinitum*. Sparkle may be obtained without glazing, &c., &c.

This will give an idea of his diligence in improving himself by obser-

vation, study, and reflection; but the same diaries are far more remarkable for the proof which they afford of the close dependence of intellectual success on moral worth, and the advantages of cultivating the one for the sake of the other. Here are a few examples, taken almost at random.

Sentiment in pictures can only be produced by a constant attention to the food given to the painter's mind. A proper dignity and proper respect for oneself is the only shield against the loathsomeness of vulgarity. Again, on being elected an associate at the Academy, the following entry occurs: "To aim greatly at reformation in the leading features of my private character—the little weaknesses that almost escape detection, and which, notwithstanding their pettiness, seem to be the obstructing cause to all dignity of character in an artist or a man. This improvement is not to be made by ridiculous and hasty resolutions, but by private reflections. The result, and not the means, ought to be seen."

These are principles of action worthy of all commendation. They might, indeed, be treasured up with advantage by many a votary of the graphic muse. The painter's circle of friends now began to widen. Men of genius and reputation sought his acquaintance, and Mr. Collins's capacity for humour brought him into especial contact with Elliston and James Smith, the elder, one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses."

Between James Smith and the painter a good-humoured reciprocation of jests of all sorts was the unfailing accompaniment of most of their meetings. The latter, however, in some instances, gained the advantage of his friend, by calling in the resources of his art to the aid of his fancy,—as an example of which may be quoted his painting on the boarded floor of his study, while Smith was waiting in the next room, a new pen, lying exactly in the way of any one entering the apartment. As soon as the sketch was finished the author was shown in, and stopping short at the counterfeit resemblance, with an exclamation at his friend's careless extravagance, endeavoured to pick it up. A few days afterwards, with the recollection of this deception strong in his memory, Smith called again on the painter, and found him working on a picture with unusual languor and want of progress. Anxious to take the first opportunity to return the jest, of which he had been the victim, Smith inquired, in tones of great interest, how his friend was getting on? The other replied that he was suffering under so severe a headache as to be almost incapable of working at all. "Ah," said Smith, "I see why you have not got on; you are using a new material to-day—painting in *dis-temper*."

An excursion which Collins made in the autumn of 1815, to Cromer, in Norfolk, suddenly urged him to a remarkable progress in art, and he found himself standing by the after-source of no inconsiderable portion of his future popularity, as, sketch-book in hand, he looked for the first time over the smooth expanse of Cromer sands. Writing from hence, Collins says, in one of his letters, "the sharpness of the air, or some other quality of this place, certainly tends to give a smartness to the people, surpassing the inhabitants of any locality I was ever in before. This, however, induces more equality, or attempts at it, in the common people, than is strictly consonant with my feelings." We must, we suppose, consider the following as an illustration, but to our minds it shows only the busy sympathies of fine and generous natures.

Having made a careful study of some boats and other objects on the beach, which occupied him the greater part of the day, towards evening, when he was preparing to leave, the sun burst out low in the horizon, producing a very beau-

tiful, although totally different effect on the same objects ; and, with his usual enthusiasm, he immediately set to work again, and had sufficient light to preserve the effect. The fishermen seemed deeply to sympathise with him at this unexpected and additional labour, as they called it; and endeavoured to console him by saying, " Well, never mind, sir ; every business has its troubles."

This year Collins ventured on a domestic change of some importance, a removal from his small house in Great Portland Street to a more eligible abode in New Cavendish Street. Whether it was the expenses of the change or association with those "joyousest of once embodied spirits," whose habits and irregularities he so uncompromisingly rebuked in his diaries, certain it is that gradual disorder was at this period fast invading his worldly resources. Witness an extract from the diary of April 13th, 1816.

Chatted with a visitor till twelve, when I posted this dreary ledger, on a dreary black-looking April day, with one sixpence in my pocket, 700*l.* in debt, shabby clothes, a fine house, a large stock of my own handiworks, a certainty (as much, at least, a certainty as any thing short of a "bird in hand" can be) of about a couple of hundreds, and a determination unshaken—and, please God, not to be shook by any thing—of becoming a great painter, than which I know no greater name.

It was under these distressing circumstances that he applied for the first time to Sir Thomas Heathcote for an advance of money, with which he proceeded to Hastings, to make further studies on the coast, for the scenery and incidents of which he evidently felt that bias which undoubtedly led in the first place to his highest celebrity as a painter. The sojourn at Hastings appears, however, not only to have done the artist good, in producing a change in his style, but also morally so, for on his return to London in October, his diary is mainly occupied in recording his resolutions to abstain from compliance with desires that were calculated to weaken his faculties. He appears also to have changed his former friends for the more estimable companionship of Wilkie, Leslie, and others.

The success of his two pictures exhibited at the Academy, the results of his studies at Hastings, "Fishermen coming Ashore before Sunrise," and "Sunrise," was so great as to fill the painter with hopes of retrieving all his embarrassments, and even led him to indulge in a brief excursion to Paris.

This trip to Paris was, however, followed by a recurrence of pecuniary difficulties, out of which he was again helped by his generous patron, Sir Thomas Heathcote. Business was, nevertheless, on the increase ; the Prince-Regent had testified his admiration of the artist by the purchase of a sea-piece : and an introduction to Lord Liverpool not only opened Fife House and Combe Wood to him, as an ever welcome guest, but was also the means of making him known to the present possessor of some of his finest pictures—Sir Robert Peel. A visit made the same year (1818) to Sir George Beaumont's at the Lakes, and continued as far as Edinburgh, also brought the rising artist into connexion with Southey and other distinguished northerners.

In 1820, Mr. Collins was elected royal academician, and in 1822, on the occasion of a visit to Edinburgh, made in the company of Sir David Wilkie, and at the time of the visit of George IV., he was wedded by Dr. Alison, the author of an "Essay on Taste," to Miss Eddes. In

1826 the artist removed to Hampstead Hill; and in 1830, to Bayswater. No sooner at the latter place, than he took it into his head to study skittle-playing at Wales's gardens; the result of which was one of his most successful paintings illustrative of that rural English game. In 1836, the artist repaired with his wife and family to Italy; and it was when at Sorrento, after a long day's sketching, that he was seized with shivering and sickness, which illness laid the seeds of that fatal complaint of the heart, under which he sank in 1847; not, however, until after he had endeavoured to rally his constitution by the bracing air and stirring life of Northern Scotland and the Shetland Islands.

Collins's life had undoubtedly its vicissitudes, such as are common to humanity, but, taking it all in all, he had his fair share of enjoyments and triumphs. The pecuniary difficulties of his youth were got over with rare perseverance and energy; his domestic happiness was almost unchequered; he travelled much, and with successful purpose; and the friendships of the meridian of his life, chosen with taste and discretion, lasted till the close. The last moments of this great and good man were as touching as every little incident in his career.

As a painter, Mr. Collins was undoubtedly original in his genius—his style was wholly and entirely his own—the offspring of a mind working out its genuine conceptions from Nature, and producing works that occupy their own separate position among the original contributions of our countrymen to Art. His works display him as a painter of the coast and cottage life and scenery of England; of the people and landscape of Italy; of Scripture subjects; and of portraits. Notwithstanding the success that attended the efforts of his pencil when diffused over so wide a field of art, we still side with those who regretted that he should ever have relinquished his first popular and national range of subjects for the study of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and the ambition to produce scriptural paintings. His son and biographer himself acknowledges that it will be by those productions by which he first won his reputation, that he will in future years be longest recollected and best known.

His representation of the coast, and cottage life, and scenery of his native land, were formed in their very nature to appeal to the liveliest sympathies of his countrymen, were associated in the public mind with the longest series of successes in the art, and, as most directly and universally connected with his name, must be ranked—however excelled in actual pictorial value by his works on other subjects—as first in asserting his claim to be remembered as one of the eminent painters of the eminent English school.

We have, indeed, reason to be proud of the name, and upon reading this biography, we feel proud of the man who bore it.

* The first picture sold by Collins was in 1807, "A Study from Nature on the Thames;" and it fetched four guineas. One of his pictures sold in the last year of his labours, "Early Morning," fetched 400 guineas. The catalogue of his performances contain an account of pictures sold to the amount of some 23,000*l.* or 24,000*l.*, which is not a bad example of the encouragement of our native school when there are merit and genius to deserve it.

NOTES ON MEN AND THINGS IN THE NEW WORLD OF AUSTRALIA.

A second "New World" is fast arising into importance—the British plantations in Australia; whose early story is adorned by no romantic adventures like those of a Raleigh, nor dignified by the pious patriotism of another race of Pilgrim Fathers, but which were simply discovered seventy years ago by stout old Captain Cook, of the Royal Navy, and were until very recently stigmatised as "Botany Bay." Yet they now occupy no mean position in the politics and commerce of the Mother Country. I am, therefore, led to think that a few pages of the *New Monthly* devoted to some account of those settlements may find favour and acceptance. It must be understood that I propose not to impose upon my readers, one of those very useful narrations, by which the trade, the population, and the morals of British Colonies are arithmetically developed, to the complete satisfaction of the commercial or religious statist. Nor do I aim at the historical or the geographical, the botanical or the geological; but leaving those severer topics to other pens, be it mine to offer the mere impressions of the tourist on men and manners, and only so much of external nature as may form the scene whereon they are to be exhibited. Briefly, I would endeavour to show *what sort of places those Australian Colonies are.*

And yet I must crave indulgence for one preliminary flourish! I must take the liberty to say that the rising condition of the Australian Colonies should be a subject of high interest to the mind of every reflecting Englishman. To see the foundation of one nation more of his countrymen laid in the remotest quarter of the globe—the Terra Incognita of our grandfathers—where, but scarcely sixty years ago, the only inhabitants were a few thinly scattered tribes of savages, whose condition almost sanctioned the philosophy of the *connecting link* between man and brute: to see, in such a quarter, the literature, the arts, the religion, the love of rational liberty of the English nation, taking vital root, and thus spreading to the uttermost parts of the earth the name and fame of that insular people, should be an animating contemplation to every Englishman not insensible to patriotic emotions, or not indifferent to the future happiness and welfare of the human race.

It is in the populous and handsome town of Sydney, which, from the convict encampment of 1788, the capital of Australia has now become, that the stranger is most struck with wonder at the rapidity with which the Australian settlements have reached their present advanced condition. Harbours thronged with shipping from England, India, the islands of the Pacific, and North and South America, indicate a large amount of external traffic; while numerous coasters and steam-vessels bespeak the extent to which trade and personal intercourse are carried on between Sydney and other colonial ports.

In the town itself, notwithstanding that the larger portion of the existing edifices have, as I understand, been built within the last eighteen years, there is little to strike the spectator with the extreme *modernness*

of the world around him. Long lines of well-built private residences ; numerous and elegantly fitted-up shops—resplendent at night with plate-glass and gas ; extensive warehouses and commodious wharves ; cathedrals, churches, chapels, and meeting-houses ; club-houses and theatres ; busy crowds in the streets. and carriages and vehicles of all descriptions, give to this metropolis of the south all the appearance of a town of centuries.

The harbour of Port Jackson, on the southern shore of which the capital of New South Wales is situated, is one of the finest in the world. It is not the embouchure of any thing worthy the name of a river, but is a large inlet of the sea. It has a bold entrance between lofty cliffs of freestone, of about a mile in width ; and once in, and turning to your left, you suddenly find yourself, from the heaving swell of the Pacific, in one of the most perfectly land-locked harbours that can be conceived. It extends about twenty miles inland, and for some fourteen miles (not pretending to speak with the accuracy of an hydrographer) there is anchorage for vessels of considerable burthen. It branches off, right and left, through nearly its whole length, into a succession of coves or natural docks, affording accommodation for shipping unequalled in any other harbour not improved by artificial means. From the indentations in the land formed by these coves, and the numerous handsome country mansions which are now seen on the more moderately elevated hills around, the scenery of Port Jackson is rendered highly picturesque. It is scenery of its own kind, however. The land all around rises into rocky eminences of considerable elevation, which, even so near to the capital, have forbidden very extensive cultivation or "clearing ;" and you thus see handsome modern edifices, immediately surrounded with a few acres of plantation or garden ground, but otherwise in the midst of the primeval "bush" of the country.

It is on four of the promontories abutting into the main harbour, and forming the sides of different coves—"Sydney Cove" being one—that a great portion of the town and suburbs may be said to stand. The most thickly populated parts are west and south of Sydney Cove ; spreading thence into the main land. As the town extends into suburbs, it becomes straggling, and begins to assume more of the characteristics of a *new place*.

Under the head of Public Buildings, we may note that Sydney has five churches belonging to the Church of England, two of them very fine edifices ; a couple of spacious Presbyterian churches ; and several large Wesleyan chapels, including a stupendous fabric with a Greek portico, raised in commemoration of the recent Wesleyan Centenary. There are also several Protestant dissenting places, of worship, one very elegant building, belonging to the Congregationalists, being capable of accommodating 1500 people ; while the Catholics have a large and somewhat imposing Gothic cathedral, with *campanile* detached, and a large group of collegiate buildings contiguous—all thrown together with an evident design to give a Catholic and mediæval air to the ensemble. The Catholics have another large church just completed, in a more florid style of Gothic architecture. I should mention that there is an incomplete English cathedral, which promises, some day or other, to be a very fine structure. There is a large court-house, and a criminal sessions-house ;

barracks (old and new) extensive enough for several thousands of men ; a large "Government House," a handsome castellated pile of buildings, recently constructed ; and various other public edifices belonging either to the Government or societies, but which do not claim particular notice. Sydney is built over a great bed of free-stone, which has afforded excellent building material ; and both the public and private buildings being chiefly constructed of it constitutes one of the features of the town.

These things premised, with a population of nearly 50,000, and the reader has some data out of which his fancy may construct the existing city of Sydney, New South Wales.

And a busy, bustling, debating, gossiping, go-a-head city it is. I think (when, after being a year or two away, one can better appreciate the general effect which, in a social point of view, the place leaves on the mind) I may safely depose to Sydney being the most self-satisfied town in her Majesty's dominions ! I am persuaded it conceives that the eyes of all Europe are constantly occupied with its concerns. This leaves plenty to admire,—much to be extolled ; and perhaps this very inflation may be diagnostic of its meritorious qualities ;—but so the fact is.

In approaching Sydney, which is seven or eight miles from "the Heads," and sailing up the broad harbour, the chances are, if the day is fine, that you meet fleets of pleasure boats, for the Sydney gentry are much given to aquatics, led thereto by the beauty of the harbour and the genial climate. The anniversary of the foundation of the colony is always kept as a great fête, and for many years the Sydney "Regatta" has formed the most prominent of the festive ceremonies of the day. Then there is a great turn out of small craft, some of which approach the dignity of yachts, and the whole place is seized with a nautical fever. Loud and confident are the predictions that New South Wales will hereafter be a maritime power, and that her sons will make a gallant-race of seamen.

Nearing the town you see the turrets of Government House on one side of Sydney Cove, and lofty stone buildings rising step by step over each other on the opposite side, all reflected with a cloudless blue sky in the still water of the cove. Then you will, likely, see two gallant frigates reposing after the buffeting and wear and tear of a long sea voyage ; one shall be English, the other French ; for the French, for some wise purpose of their own, have for years had a fancy for keeping a greatly disproportionate naval force in these seas, which we all know they can ill afford. That large 1000 ton ship is just bound for New Zealand, chartered to convey there a regiment of soldiers to fight against the Maories, for we have our expensive hobbies as well as the French.

Within the last few years New South Wales has had its representative assembly—called here the "Legislative Council," whereas that designation, in other colonies furnished with representative legislatures, has been allotted to the *Upper Chamber*. But in New South Wales, our Solons of Downing Street determined that their first constitutional experiment should consist of but a single chamber—a house of peers and a house of commons rolled into one. The rumour, however, goes that all this is to be changed next year, and the plan of two chambers reverted to.

But this free legislature has given a great character to Sydney. It has now its regular legislative season, when members come to town, and

the newspapers are filled with debates, and the accidents are postponed until after the prorogation. Let us enter the chamber. Here we have a goodly room—say eighty feet by thirty—a miniature house of commons. There are the members' seats on either side, a table along the centre, the speaker's chair in its due place, and on one side, becomingly elevated and decorated, the vice-regal throne. The exact position of this latter commodity was matter of grave deliberation. It was thought not proper that his excellency should intrude upon Mr. Speaker's exclusive domain, and yet he must be the chief personage present when addressing the conscript fathers of Australia. After much subtle disquisition on the subject, the arrangement I have mentioned was carried into effect, and no abatement of dignity considered to be experienced in any quarter. Then there is the Reporters' Gallery, behind the chair, in which you see the Gentlemen of the Press, and the Strangers' gallery at the opposite end, all according to precedent.

The "house" took to business very kindly. Its members displayed uncommon diligence in their new functions; and, it must be owned, very considerable ability too. According to temperament or interest they divided, some on the ministerial, some on the opposition side of the house. The government members spoke with customary caution—the opposition, less responsible, giving a fuller swing to their patriotism. I was amused, happening to be present a few days after the new legislature had been first started, at the rather evident effort to use parliamentary phraseology *without* effort, as though it should seem they had been accustomed to it all their lives.

Sydney was also made into a corporate town five or six years ago; and now glories in the true old English "Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council." I believe the institution has not quite answered expectation; the day being perhaps gone for such a cumbersome machinery *to be now for the first time called into existence*. It has served the purpose, however, for good or evil, of creating a class of civic dignitaries, the Sydney tradesmen being in no wise indisposed to the style of alderman. The right worshipful the Mayor, indeed, besides a certain place and precedence given to him on all public occasions, has assumed a sky-blue gown, lined with ermine; so the Mayor is a very considerable personage. The aldermen are merely distinguishable by "peculiar coats"—not unlike those described as decorating the persons of members of the Pickwick Club. But why note these trifles? They are an index of one great peculiarity in the colonies—the avidity with which any extra-personal distinction is grasped at; a point I doubt not I shall have occasion to revert to.

Let us take a turn into the Court Hoase. It is the first day of Term. There is a full muster of gentlemen of the bar, all wigged and gowned. In come the three judges, in full judicial costume—the bar rise, the judges bow, and there is the Supreme Court in banco. And there, I promise you, you shall hear as clever mystification, I had almost said, as in Westminster Hall.

The "domain" is the Hyde Park of Sydney. It is a very beautifully laid out place, occupying a promontory which runs into Port Jackson, and some considerable ground behind. Here play the regimental bands, and the fashion of Sydney exhibits itself. A goodly number of equi-

pages are seen; and this reminds me that *flunkeyism* flourishes more in Sydney than in any colonial town of her Majesty's dominions. I remember a shrewd tradesman advertising that he had imported buttons bearing the crests of "all the first families in the colony." That tailor was a man of observation, and I can fancy his speculation a profitable one.

The horse-soldiers you see about, in light-dragoon uniform, are the "Mounted Police," a well-disciplined good-looking set of fellows, taken from the troops of the line; and who, in Sydney, bear the same relation to the rest of society, which, in London, is so creditably occupied by her majesty's Life-Guards; that is to say, they furnish escorts to his excellency the Governor, and gallants to the Sydney nursery-maids. When in the up-country, they doff their gay uniforms, and are rough, bold bushmen, famed for their daring encounters with the Bushrangers.

To a stranger, Sydney might seem to be a Catholic town. The Catholic places of worship are by far the most imposing in appearance in the place. The cathedral of Saint Mary's has a fine chime of bells, and the occasions for ringing them appear to be of frequent occurrence: at all events, they are rung very frequently, day and night. Then you see Catholic ecclesiastics a good deal about town, in appropriate *tenue de ville*; and, about the cathedral, you see them in regular seminary costume, looking mysteriously Catholic and theological. Then you have processional ceremonies, in the open street. I saw the archbishop—"his Grace," as he is jealously called by the faithful—proceeding to embark upon some mission to the Holy See. All the Catholic clergy of the colony, of all orders, seemed to have gathered for the occasion, and a body of laymen, who, I think, called themselves "the holy guild of St. Mary's," with crosses, and wands, and sashes, followed in the long train. And here I must obtrude a remark—all these priests were burly, black-haired, black-bearded men. Now what I desire to observe is, that I do not remember, in the many Catholic countries I have happened to sojourn in, to have seen a single priest, whose full, round, shaven chin, was not of the dark blue which indicates the black beard. This may be all accidental in my case; but a *priest with red hair*, for example (though such may no doubt exist), would almost appear a monstrosity in my eyes.

There has been declared war between the English bishop and the Catholic hierarch. The latter—in the state of the colonial law having no fears of pains and penalties before him—assumed as "of Sydney" for his territorial style; whereupon the English prelate made public protest against the Romanist usurpation.

In the Church of England the colony has had the same Puseyite controversy as the Mother Country—the same scandals of the offertory and the preaching in surplices. The Church of Scotland, again, has had its "Free Church" secession; and the consequent controversy has settled into a standing one. Indeed, the remark may be made, that in the colonies we have regularly reproduced all the vexed questions of Church and State which embitter or benefit society at home. There are your Tories, your Whigs, and your Radicals; your men of the people and your contemners of popularity: your advocates of sectarian and of "national" education; all as in England.

Nor do the working people fail to import with them the habits of that section of modern England. They have their Mechanics' Institutes, where they are lectured in what they consider "the principles" of chemistry, poetry, taste, and mechanics. And they have their trade unions, for the purpose of protecting themselves against low wages; though there, any more than in England, they have not detected the method of forcing people to buy their productions at higher prices than they are disposed to give for them.

Sydney has two theatres, but one only (the larger of the two) constantly in operation. It is about the size of the Princess's Theatre, in Oxford Street, and is tastefully enough decorated. Except upon particular occasions it is not a place of fashionable resort, but it is much in favour with the larkish "native lads," the younger squatters on their occasional trips to town, the "gents" of Sydney, and the sailors from the shipping in port. The acting is really very creditable, considering that, having to play so constantly to the same audience, there is a necessity for the production of perpetual "novelties." Every description of piece is attempted—grand operas, melo-drama, the legitimate, farce, and pantomime.

In an antipodean city you will be struck with the stands of cabs which you will see in several directions; and the colonial cabman you will find true to the traditions of his caste—incomparable in the expertness of his abuse, yet he may be bribed into the promptest assumption of civility.

Omnibuses have also been started, and you feel yourself mesmerised with the conductor's "passes" as you walk along, though your eyes are studiously turned in another direction.

The fair sex are remarkable for their dressiness—truth constrains the admission, their over-dressiness; in this respect having something of the New York ladies' love of display. The fashions are, of course, English; and very studiously taken from the latest *Belle Assemblée*. The men more commonly affect the "varmint" style. Tweed shooting coats and strutting jackets are the prevailing taste. The young men you meet, with Tam o' Shanter hats, moustaches, and beards, will probably be squatters. You may note in them a sort of fashionable ruffianism—a graft of the Nomade Tartar on the "young man about town." But, be it observed, they are as a class, to my certain knowledge, a very excellent set of fellows. Their line of life has, like most others, its solacing vanities; but they have enterprise and hardihood, are useful men of their generation, and in the combination of causes leading to the great effect of Australian advancement, we may perhaps point to the squatter as, singly, the most efficient of all. We must hereafter become better acquainted with these fellows on their own ground.

MAJOR HEARTLY: OR, THE FLUSH OF THE BOTTLE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

WINE has a very different effect on different individuals. Those in whom it produces somnolency are sorry companions ; and as a friend of mine says, I would as soon sit down with a huge sponge, or a sand-bag, as with one of them ; since the pouring of wine into either one or the other would be just as amusing and profitable, as consuming time and liquor with these live absorbents. Some very taciturn men grow communicative over the decanter ; these it improves ; whilst others seem to draw nothing but the acetous property out of the grape, and turn sour, peevish, and quarrelsome ; these every man of sense would avoid.

But my friend Major Heartly, who is very easily excited with a very small quantity, is affected differently from all this ; the generous fluid expands his heart ; and whilst the fumes of modern moderate Bacchus rise into his head, his benevolence flows with the purple tide.

"What can I do to serve you?" is his first question after the first half dozen glasses. "Command my purse, my person, my influence, my abilities, if I have any ; in fine, dispose of me in any way I can serve you." These are his common table phrases over the latter end of the dessert of a bachelor's dinner party. Does he hear a tale of distress ?—He nearly melts into tears ! "I will relieve the object," exclaims he, with a right warm and noble zeal. Is a friend embarrassed ?—he will lend him the money necessary to extricate him from his difficulties. Is an extravagant friend confined for debt ? "Let us call upon him, and consult means together to liberate him," are his constant words. Is the circle particularly convivial ? he must name a day, and that a near one, for the whole party to meet at his apartments and renew the festive scene ; to strengthen still more the bonds of unity, to add another link to the social chain, and to indulge in the sympathies which cordial friendship excites and practises.

Dining one day at a friend's,—a bachelor—I met Heartly, and he was peculiarly happy. The viands and wines were admirable ; he praised our generous friend's hospitality, invited the whole party to his apartments in the Albany the day after, insisted on our host's taking a horse of his to ride out the next morning, and promised that we should call on Charles Lavish in the Queen's Bench, and make a subscription to pay his debts. He left the circle about half-past twelve o'clock, primed with about a pint of Madeira, one bottle of champagne, and a couple of claret. He shook us all by the hand so heartily that one might swear the tide of affection and brotherly love proceeded directly from his heart's core to the extremity of his fingers, and that he gave one his hand and heart together. When he was gone, every one praised him ; we all drank his health in a very distinguished manner, and every body agreed that he was the best fellow in the world ! *

The next morning I received the following note :—

"My dear friend,—Our worthy host's variety of good cheer is too potent for me this morning ; my stomach is very much out of order, and I must stick to regimen for a few days. On this account, allow me to adjourn our dinner-party for the present.

"Yours very truly,

"FREDERICK HEARTLY."

This epistle served as a circular, for he wrote verbatim copies and despatched them to the numerous party he had invited the day before.

Sauntering down Pall-Mall, I met the gentleman at whose house we had dined, driving in his cab.

"Ha!" said I, "I thought you were going to ride Heartly's horse."

"I thought so too," replied he, "but I have just received a put-off from the dinner-party, with the addition of the following P.S. 'I had quite forgotten that the gray horse was to be physicked to-day; you will therefore excuse me from sending him.'"

We agreed that this was odd—a great falling off from the boundless warmth and kindness of the day before; but we considered it necessary to visit him, in order to put into execution our plan of relieving Charles Lavish. My friend, a good-hearted fellow, had called at the "Clarendon," and had induced some of his acquaintance to put down their names for three hundred pounds. We calculated much upon Heartly's exertions, and, sending a haunch of venison as a present to the unfortunate debtor, we invited ourselves to dine with him.

On calling at the major's we found the following note left on his table:—

"I totally forgot what passed respecting Charles Lavish until this moment. On inquiry I find that he is much deeper in debt than I had at first imagined. Any little thing I could do towards relieving him would be useless. Would it not, therefore, be better for him either to apply to his rich uncle, or to take the benefit of the act?—Think well of this. I leave town for a few days.—F. H."

"Shameful!" I exclaimed.

"It is a common practice with him to act thus," said my friend; "I never knew it until I met an officer of the Guards, who told me this very day, that Heartly, dining with him, met an old tutor of his, whom he promised over his wine to lend four or five hundred pounds to set him up in house-keeping, and the next morning excused himself in the shabbiest manner possible."

This assumed benevolence, then, was nothing but the effect of stimulus, and never survived the hour of mirth and revelry: he could not, when come to himself, muster courage to perform one generous act; so that what seemed the most exquisite sensibility—the tenderest sympathy—the firmest attachment, and the most enlarged sentiment, was in reality nothing—but the bottle flush!

Such men in society are very dangerous, for they excite expectations never to be realised: they claim an unmerited esteem, until discovered; they lead one to discover one's secret to them, in the hour of confidence, merely to betray one; and thus one's friend, the brother of last night, becomes scarcely an acquaintance on the following day; he whose heart bounded to meet yours, gives one a cold ceremonious bow as he passes one at an after period, nay, he to whom one has unbosomed one's inmost thoughts, withholds his promised service, and, not unfrequently exposes one to half the town.

Verily, the only cure is a horsewhip or the compliment of a meeting. But, however, let his character be posted, and "Let no such man be trusted!" Plus aloës quam mellis habet.

THEODORE HOOK.*

THEODORE HOOK may be said to have been nurtured in a hot-bed of talent, wit, and dissipation. His father was a musical composer and an established favourite, for upwards of half-a-century; first at the Mary-le-bone Gardens, and, lastly, at Vauxhall. His mother was the author of at least one theatrical piece, "The Double Disguise," played with success at Drury Lane, in 1784. There were two brothers, James and Theodore, and the elder, although sent to Westminster School, and afterwards to Oxford, where he graduated and took holy orders, and became ultimately Dean of Worcester, still exhibited throughout life the wit and vivacity of the stock, and the same indications of the family taste for the drama and authorship. But James was blessed with advantages which never fell to the lot of Theodore; in his case the inebriety of wit was sobered by a regular education; and the exuberance of animal spirits was restrained by the ties of his sacred calling, which were further strengthened by an early and a happy marriage. "Who," asks his biographer, the Rev. R. H. Dalton Barham, "does not lament that such a boon was denied to Theodore?"

The first school that Theodore, born on the 22nd of September, 1788, in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, was sent to, was a sort of "seminary for young gentlemen," a green-doored brass-plated "establishment," in Soho Square. Subsequently, he went to Dr. Curtis's, and thence to Harrow, but with little or no real advantage, and, as his biographer justly remarks, a sufficient reason for his want of success is to be found in the confessions of "Gilbert Gurney," where he says, with evident reference to himself: "My school-life was not a happy one. I was idle and careless of my tasks. I had no aptitude for learning languages. I hated Greek, and absolutely shuddered at Hebrew. I fancied myself a genius, and any thing that could be done in a hurry, and with little trouble, I did tolerably well, but application I had not."

And who can fail to discover throughout life, and even in employments less distasteful to him, traces of the same haste and impatience of labour? Theodore soon left Harrow, and the death of his mother, the only one who could restrain the youth's exuberance of spirits, left him in the charge of a worldly, pleasure-loving father, who at once employed his son's talents in writing songs and plays. The success of his first farces, and his love of fun, soon established Master Theodore's reputation, both before and behind the curtain, and he became, at this early period of his life, the pet of the Green Room, and at the same time, by his incessant indulgence in practical jokes, the plague of the property-man and of all the minor officers of the establishment. Even Liston himself was made one of the victims of this besetting propensity.

Having procured a bladder with a penny whistle attached to it, after the fashion of a bag-pipe, Hook made his way under the stage during the performance of the "Finger Post," and introducing the orifice of the tube into the opening of the "float," close to Liston's foot, as the latter was about to commence his song, "When I fell into the pit of love," proceeded to elicit

* The Life and Remains of Theodore Edward Hook. By the Rev. R. H. Dalton Barham, B.A. 2 vols. Richard Bentley.

from his apparatus the most discordant squeaks imaginable, by way of accompaniment, not more to the amusement of the audience than the bewilderment of the actor, who could not conceive whence on earth, or under the earth, the sounds proceeded. The song was tumultuously encored, and, mystified as he was, Liston of course had no alternative but to repeat it, his unseen assistant squeezing and squeaking the while more vigorously than ever.

At this early time, also, when he was scarcely in his twentieth year, Theodore Hook gave evidence of the possession of that talent which he afterwards cultivated to so much perfection, and compared with which, mimicry in its perfection sinks into insignificance—that of the improvisatore. In the art of pouring forth extemporaneous poetry, music and words, rhyme and reason, all impromptu, Hook stood alone—rival he had none.

Of course (says his biographer) he had his imitators :

The charming extempore verses of T—s's,

for example, will not readily be forgotten ; another gentleman, also, found reason to remember his attempt at rivalry. Ambitious of distinction, he took an opportunity of striking off into verse immediately after one of Hook's happiest efforts. Theodore's bright eye flashed, and fixed on the intruder, who soon began to flounder in the meshes of his stanza, when he was put out of his misery at once, by the following couplet from the master, given, however, with a good-humoured smile that robbed it of all offence:—

I see, sir, I see, sir, what 'tis that you're hatching,
But mocking, you see, sir, is not *always* catching.

This is a kind of success which is, however, pre-eminently evanescent. Men endowed with such gifts must be content, like actors, whom they in a measure resemble, with the applause of their contemporaries ; they have little to hope for from posterity ; and in Hook's case scarcely a record has been kept of any one of those performances which used at once to delight and astonish the circles in which he moved. "Mrs. Muggins's Visit to the Queen," stanzas written in the *John Bull* as a satire upon the Brandenburg House Drawing-room, is described in the "Quarterly Review," as also by Mr. Dalton Barham, as most approaching what Hook used to improvise on a festive evening, and as conveying to a person who had never witnessed that marvellous performance, a tolerably accurate notion of what it was.

Have you been to Brandenburg—heigh, ma'am ; ho, tha'am ?

Have you been to Brandenburg, ho ?

—Oh, yes ; I have been, ma'am,

To visit the Queen, ma'am,

With the rest of the gallanty show—show,

With the rest of the gallanty show.

And who were your company—heigh, ma'am ; ho, ma'am ?

And who were your company, ho ?

—We happened to drop in

With *gemmen* from Wapping,

And *ladies* from Blowbladder-row—Row,

And *ladies* from Blowbladder-row.

Mr. Barham records very little of Hook's doings on the stage, whither his constitutional predilections and his early associations led him for awhile ; but a more faithful, yet at the same time a more ludicrous picture of the miseries and mortifications incident to a play-actor, was never penned

than a letter of advice given in the *John Bull* many years after his own connexion with the drama had ceased.

The name of Theodore Hook became, however, most notorious, even at this early period of his career, for his performances off the stage, for that series of practical jokes or hoaxes of which his biographer remarks, that inexcusable as they must be considered, they were so inexpressibly ludicrous in effect, as well as original in conception, and were carried out with so unparalleled a degree of impudence, as to provoke the dullest of mortals to mirth. This is saying very little for them. Many of these hoaxes were far from original in conception, although often much so in the manner they were carried out; and the sense of humour which they excite is as frequently mingled with a feeling of commiseration for the man who would so expose himself. Most of the more amusing instances of Hook's practical joking have been detailed, and with but slight embellishment, in "Gilbert Gurney," which is indeed little more than a record of his own mad doings, loose thoughts and feelings. Others have appeared in the very entertaining "Reminiscences of the late Mr. Mathews," by his Widow, and a few have been recently printed in the "Life of Thomas Ingoldsby."

That an occurrence similar in the principal feature, and involving equal impudence, though less of humour, than the well-known projection of the line of the Paddington Canal across a gentleman's lawn, and the subsequent dinner did take place, the biographer tells us, is undoubtedly true, only that the *venue* is to be laid in the neighbourhood of Soho Square, Frith Street or Dean Street being the spot, both at that period places of comparatively fashionable residence.

Lounging up one of these streets in the afternoon, with Terry, the actor, the nostrils of the promenaders were suddenly saluted with a concord of sweet odours arising from a spacious area. They stopped, sniffed the grateful incense, and peeping down perceived through the kitchen window preparations for a handsome dinner, evidently on the point of being served.

"What a feast!" said Terry. "Jolly dogs! I should like to make one of them."

"I'll take any bet," returned Hook, that I *do*—call for me here at ten o'clock, and you will find that I shall be able to give a tolerable account of the worthy gentleman's champagne and venison." So saying, he marched up the steps, gave an authoritative rap with the burnished knocker, and was quickly lost to the sight of his astonished companion. As a matter of course he was immediately ushered by the servant, as an expected guest, into the drawing-room, where a large party had already assembled. The apartment being well-nigh full, no notice was at first taken of his intrusion, and half-a-dozen people were laughing at his *bon-mots* before the host discovered the *mistake*. Affecting not to observe the visible embarrassment of the latter, and ingeniously avoiding any opportunity for explanation, Hook rattled on till he had attracted the greater part of the company in a circle round him, and some considerable time elapsed ere the old gentleman was able to catch the attention of the agreeable stranger.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, contriving at last to get in a word; "but your name, sir,—I did not quite catch it—servants are so abominably incorrect—and I am really a little at a loss—"

"Don't apologise, I beg," graciously replied Theodore, "Smith,—my name is Smith—and as you justly observe, servants are always making some stupid blunder or another; I remember a remarkable instance, &c."

"But really, my dear sir," continued the host, at the termination of the story illustrative of stupidity in servants, "I think the mistake on the present occa-

sion does not originate in the source you allude to ; I certainly did not anticipate the pleasure of Mr. Smith's company at dinner to-day."

"No, I dare say not—you said *four* in your note, I know, and it is now, I see, a quarter-past five—you are a little fast by the way—but the fact is, I have been detained in the city—as I was about to explain when——"

"Pray," exclaimed the other, as soon as he could stay the volubility of his guest, "whom, may I ask, do you suppose you are addressing?"

"Whom? why Mr. Thompson, of course—old friend of my father. I have not the pleasure indeed of being personally known to you, but having received your kind invitation yesterday, on my arrival from Liverpool, Frith-street—four o'clock—family party—come in boots—you see I have taken you at your word. I am only afraid I have kept you waiting."

"No, no! not at all. But permit me to observe, my dear sir, my name is not exactly Thompson, it is Jones, and——"

"Jones!" repeated the *soci-disant* Smith, in admirably assumed consternation, "Jones—why surely I cannot have—yes, I must—good heaven! I see it all! My dear sir, what an unfortunate blunder—wrong house—what must you think of such an intrusion!—I am really at a loss for words in which to apologise—you will permit me to retire at present, and to-morrow——"

"Pray don't think of retiring," exclaimed the hospitable old gentleman, "your friend's table must have been cleared long ago, if, as you say, four was the hour named, and I am only too happy to be able to offer you a seat at mine."

Hook, of course, could not hear of such a thing—could not think of trespassing upon the kindness of a perfect stranger—if too late for Thompson there were plenty of chop-houses at hand—the unfortunate part of the business was, he had made an appointment with a gentleman to call for him at ten o'clock. The good-natured Jones, however, positively refused to allow so entertaining a visitor to withdraw dinnerless. Mrs. Jones joined in solicitation, the Misses Jones smiled bewitchingly, and at last Mr. Smith, who soon recovered from his confusion, was prevailed upon to offer his arm to one of the ladies, and take his place at the "well-furnished board."

In all probability the family of Jones never passed such an evening before ; Hook naturally exerted himself to the utmost, to keep the party in an unceasing roar of laughter, and make good the first impression. The mirth grew fast and furious, when by way of a *coup de grace*, he seated himself at the pianoforte, and struck off into one of those extemporaneous effusions which had filled more critical judges than the Joneses with delight and astonishment. Ten o'clock struck, and on Mr. Terry being announced, his triumphant friend wound up the performance with the explanatory stanza :—

"I am very much pleased with your fare,
Your cellar's as prime as your cook,
My friend's Mr. Terry, the player,
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook !"

That there was love of notoriety, as well as of fun and a little commendable ambition in these displays, may be shown from another case of a slightly different character. Accompanied by a friend in the Treasury, who had provided a gig, drawn by a white horse, Hook made, what he used to call a "*mononag*" excursion into Wales of some weeks' duration.

Every thing passed off pleasantly enough ; fine weather—magnificent scenery—a stream to be whipped one day, a mountain to be climbed the next—a mine to be explored at one spot, a Druid temple to be traced at another. Castles, cataracts, and coal mines, all inviting inspection !

"Ah!" said Hook, as they lounged along one bright morning, "this is all very well in its way—very delightful, of course—plenty to look at—but then,

somehow, nobody looks at us!—the thing is getting a little dull, don't you think so?"

His companion assented. "Well, we can't go on in this manner," continued the other, "I must hit upon something, and get up a *digito monstrari* somehow or other."

And at the next town from which they started, his friend had a taste of his quality in that line, for having procured a box of large black wafers, he had completely spotted the snowy coat of the animal they were driving after the pattern of those wooden quadriges which, before the diffusion of useful knowledge, used to form the studs of childhood. The device fully answered its purpose, and the happy pair drove off, attracting, throughout the remainder of the day, the gaze, wonder, and unqualified admiration of Cadwallader and all his

Neither the gigantic Berners' Street hoax, perpetrated in 1809, nor the trick of calling in a friend to throw a coach or a cab fare on his shoulders, are original conceptions. The first was, perhaps, redeemed from the common-place by the development given to the plot, which included among the dupes the Lord Mayor and the Duke of Gloucester; and in the second, great resources were exhibited when the friend picked up to pay, being as unprepared for any pecuniary transaction as Hook himself, the carriage was made to convey the unhappy pair to the house of a medical man, to whose charge the coach was ultimately committed upon an imaginary professional case.

Successful beyond his most sanguine expectations as a dramatist, and with actors at hand, and those his personal friends, both qualified and ready to embody his ideas, Hook, when barely twenty-one, took it into his head to give up writing for the stage, and commenced novelist; his first essay, "The Man of Sorrow," meeting, however, with but trifling success,—a failure which was more than compensated for by the popularity of his subsequent works. Hook's life was, as modern society is constituted, remarkably chequered; at the same time that he exchanged dramatic composition for writing novels, he appears also to have quitted the green room for the discreet halls of St. Mary's, Oxford; with what success may be easily imagined. The very ceremony of his matriculation was, as recorded in the "Ingoldsby Memoirs," well nigh stopped in *limine*. When the vice-chancellor asked the candidate if he was prepared to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles? "Oh, certainly, sir," replied Theodore, "forty, if you please."

It appears, also, from his biographer's account, that the very evening of his arrival at the university, he began a course of carousing.

On the evening of his arrival at the University, says our friend, he contrived to give his brother the slip, and joined a party of old school-fellows in a carouse at one of the taverns. Sundry bowls of "Bishop," and of a popular compound yclept "Egg-flip"—the Cambridge men call it "Silky," to the *nondum graduati* of Oxford it is known by a *nomen accidentale*, which we have forgotten,—having been discussed, songs, amatory and Bacchanalian, having been sung with full choruses; and altogether the jocularity having begun to pass "the limit of becoming mirth," the proctor made his appearance, and advancing to the table at which the "Freshman"—so in every sense of the word—was presiding, put the usual question,—

"Pray, sir, are you a member of this university?"

"No, sir," replied Hook, rising, and bowing respectfully. "Pray, sir, who are you?"

A little disconcerted at the extreme gravity of the other, the proctor held out his ample sleeve—"You see this, sir?"

"Ah," returned Hook, having examined the fabric with great earnestness for a few seconds, "yes, I perceive—Manchester velvet—and may I take the liberty, sir, of inquiring how much you might have paid per yard for the article?"

The quiet imperturbability of manner with which this was uttered was more than the reverend gentleman could stand; and, muttering something about "supposing it was a mistake," he effected a retreat, amid shouts of laughter from Hook's companions, in which the other occupants of the coffee-room, the waiters, and even his own "bull-dogs," were constrained to join.

A youth of Theodore Hook's free and easy disposition, utterly unaccustomed to any kind or measure of restraint, and the companion of wits and "men about town," was not likely to become a very tractable son of Alma Mater; and after a residence of one, or at most a couple of terms, "an unlooked-for turn in his affairs" enabled him to quit Oxford, if with no great accession of honour or wisdom, at least without censure. These are the words of his biographer; there is the same indefiniteness here as we observe in the Ingoldsby memoirs, "one, or at most a couple of terms;" and as to "the unlooked-for turn in affairs," we are not told what that turn was. unless we are to consider as such his introduction, "after a very slight probation, into the order of fashion," and his election as a member of the "Eccentrics," on the same memorable night with Sheridan, Lord Petersham, and others. An intimacy with lords and dukes, and noble princes, mainly brought about by Hook's exquisite musical taste, and extending itself to the person of the Prince-Regent, also embraced a person much spoken of in the Ingoldsby memoirs—the Rev. Edward Cannon, no less celebrated for his wit and eccentricity than for his frailty and sad history. Between two such similar spirits a close intimacy established itself, but the favour of royalty was soon sacrificed by the latter's freedom of speech, which little cared for suavity to princes or their favourites. On being requested to give his opinion of an upright piano-forte, an instrument then but recently invented, he ran his hand, light as a lady's, over the keys, and threw himself back with a dissatisfied air.

"What do you think of it, Mr. Cannon?" asked Mrs. Fitzherbert.

"Why, madam, it may do to lock up your bread and cheese in, and that's all it's fit for," was the reply.

We are tempted to give one more anecdote of this extraordinary being, especially as the subject of our memoir was himself one of the parties therein concerned. They both had been dining with the late Mr. Stephen Price, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, and as the host showed unequivocal symptoms of indisposition—he was suffering severely from gout in the hand—the party broke up early; and all but Cannon and Hook took their leave by about eleven o'clock. Upon them every possible hint short of absolute rudeness was expended in vain; a small table had been wheeled up close to the fire, amply furnished with potations, such as they loved, and they were not to be wiled away. At length, unable to endure the increasing pain, Price quietly summoned up an inexhaustible supply of "black spirits and white," and, leaving his guests to mingle as they might, stole off unobserved to bed. Next morning, about nine, his servant entered his room.

"Well, sir," said Price, on awaking, "pray, at what time did those two gentlemen go, last night?"

"Go, sir?" repeated the man.

"I asked ye, *sir*, at what time did Mr. Hook and Mr. Cannon go?"

"Oh, they are not gone yet, sir," replied John, "they've just rung for coffee!"

There were redeeming traits in Cannon's character, lively generosity and pre-eminent disinterestedness, which it is to be hoped will survive his errors.

Spite of his talents and conversational powers, Hook was unfortunate in his *affaires de cœur*, the first of which his biographer places on record as having occurred during a brief sojourn at Sunbury. While at this place, the name of the inn, "The Flower Pot," suggested to Hook one of his practical jokes; the termination of which not being upon record, leaves it questionable if it was of a character to redound to the credit of the chief actor therein.

In 1812 Hook was, his biographer hints, through the influence of "the fair of May Fair," presented with the appointment of accountant-general and treasurer at the Mauritius, worth about 2000*l.* a year. Neither, however, the heat of the climate nor the duties and responsibilities of his situation could calm the characteristic exuberance of his spirits. On the occasion of a public dinner, the new accountant-general amused himself, and frightened the island out of its propriety, by firing salutes to the honour of every person present, soldier or civilian, including even cook and scullion. Such perseverance in one particular line did not ensure success in another, and the treasury accounts soon partook of that confusion which generally reigned where Hook was concerned. Upon this unfortunate subject his biographer has added little to what has already appeared in the pages of the *Quarterly* (vol. lxxiii.), and from which it has been now long and generally understood, that whatever errors there were upon the part of Theodore, they were not of a venial character, being simply errors of omission, of oversight, and neglect.

Hook, it may be observed, without being of a remarkably superstitious turn of mind, was yet not prepared to discredit spiritual, or, as some foolishly call them, supernatural existences.

"Philosophers," he says, in a preface to "Martha the Gypsey," "may prove, and in the might of their ignorance, develop and disclose, argue and discuss, but when the sage who sneers at the possibility of ghosts, will explain to me the doctrine of attraction and gravitation, or tell me why the wind blows, why the tides ebb and flow, or why the light shines—effects perceptible by all men—then will I admit the justice of his incredulity—then will I join the ranks of the incredulous."

A case is related as having fallen more immediately under Hook's observation, which appears to be the counter-part of that related in Leigh Hunt's "Town," as connected with Lord Craven's house. Hook was, however, decidedly superstitious upon some points. He always gravely maintained, that his miseries consequent upon the Mauritius deficit, were fore-shadowed to him in the course of his voyage homeward, by a visitation from the original "Flying Dutchman." He had also a marked dislike to being the thirteenth in company. One of his friends, who was himself suspected of a leaning the same way, notes in the following words an instance of this weakness:—

"Dined at —; we were seated twelve in number, when Hook arrived. He looked at first very black on finding himself the thirteenth, but being told

that Y——, the actor, was expected, immediately took his seat, and the evening passed off merrily enough. An anecdote was given in the course of conversation singularly corroborative of the superstition by which Hook was, clearly, at first affected. A party of twelve had just sat down, and one of the guests having observed a vacant chair, was remarking that he should hardly like to be the person destined to occupy that seat, when a tremendous double rap was heard,—the door was thrown open, and Mr. Fauntleroy* announced,—he was hanged within the year!

Hook returned to England, harassed by difficulties and pecuniary embarrassments. After a short residence at Somers' Town, where he formed that connexion, which, with his warm heart and honourable feelings, he could never dissolve, although he had never sufficient courage to render it sacred and indissoluble, and many months of durance vile, he took up his abode at Putney, and started, with the assistance of his old friend Daniel Terry, a small periodical called "*The Arcadian*," but which had little either pastoral in its name or durable in its composition. A more important event in Hook's life was the establishment of the *John Bull* newspaper at the close of 1820. It is to the permanent preservation of the best things contributed to this paper that the second volume of the "*Life and Remains*" is devoted. Four years after his connexion with the *John Bull*, Hook published the first series of that collection of tales which, under the title of "*Sayings and Doings*," placed him at once in the highest rank of novelists. This was followed, in 1830, by "*Maxwell*," generally considered as the most perfect of his productions; but of all his works, the most mirth-provoking was "*Gilbert Gurney*," of which his own personal adventures form the ground-work, and which was published by monthly instalments in the *New Monthly Magazine*, upon his undertaking the editorship of that long-established favourite, in 1836. Hook deprecated the practice, now all but universal among popular novelists, of delivering his tale by monthly instalments. One of his last letters, addressed to Mr. Poole, a fellow-contributor to the pages of the *New Monthly*, was in deprecation of the plan, as not only wearisome to the reader, but positively fatal to any thing like fair development of plot. "*Jack Brag*" followed, a sequel to "*Gilbert Gurney*," and the portrait of a vulgar, vain, and impudent cross between a tallow-chandler and a sporting-gentleman, met with great success. Lastly, "*Births, Marriages, and Deaths*," published in 1839, was followed, in 1840, by "*Precepts and Practice*," a collection of short papers and tales, which he had contributed to the *New Monthly* during his editorship. Two other works, "*Fathers and Sons*" and "*Peregrine Bunce*," were never finished by their original author.

* Another story was at the same time told in connection with this unfortunate gentleman. A Mr. R——, a wine merchant, was very intimate with Fauntleroy, and with a few friends was in the habit of dining with him frequently. On these occasions, when the party was not too large, the host would produce some very choice old Lunelle wine, of which R—— was exceedingly fond, but Fauntleroy could never be prevailed upon to say where he got it, or how it could be obtained. When the latter was under sentence of death, his old associates visited him repeatedly, and at their last interview, the night before his execution, R——, after having bid him farewell with the rest, on a sudden paused in the prison passage, returned to the cell, and said in a low voice to the criminal,—“You'll pardon my pressing the subject, but now, at all events, my dear friend, you can have no objection to tell me where I can get some of that Lunelle.”

The success of his novels enabled Theodore Hook to start once more in the world. He rented an expensive house, furnished it extravagantly, sought the most fashionable and dissipated society, kept open table and late hours, and had very soon to beat a retreat once more to the friendly banks of the Thames, where, in a pretty villa near Fulham Bridge, he ultimately breathed his last; his end hastened by a career which had never spared or husbanded either physical or mental resources, but, on the contrary, treated them as gifts, only to be valued for their brilliancy, and the strain they may be capable of enduring, entailing thereby the consequent and inevitable result of a premature extinction.

The production of thirty-eight volumes within sixteen years—the author being all the while editor, and almost sole writer, of a newspaper, and for several years the efficient conductor of a magazine—certainly affords, as the *Quarterly Review* remarks, sufficient proof that he never sank into idleness. In all his works, Hook paid little regard to consecutiveness, or regularity, or even to style. He aimed at delineation of character—at striking and ludicrous scenes and situations—at reflecting the language and habits of actual life—and all this he accomplished, in some of his works, with a success that produced many rivals, but few superiors. Yet with all these successes, and although in receipt of a large income—probably not less than 3000*l.* a year by his writings—passages in those parts of his diary which have been published, disclose frequent struggles, ever-deepening distresses and difficulties which, while they are often inexpressibly touching, ought not to be without their lesson.

THE "REBEL" BOERS.

"How many a spirit, born to bless,
 "Hath sunk beneath that with'ring name,
 "Whom but a day's, an hour's success,
 "Had wafted to eternal fame!"

LALLAH ROOKH.

THE *Times* of the 26th of October says:—"We have received advices from the Cape of Good Hope to the 9th of September, and accounts from Sir Harry Smith's quarters, six miles north-east of Bethany, dated August 31, stating that on the 29th Sir Harry Smith encountered the rebel Boers, who were strongly posted at a place called Bloem Plaats, and, after a sharp contest of three hours, defeated and drove them before him with great loss. Sir Harry Smith was wounded in the knee, and his horse killed under him."

The "leading journal" of the day, in an able article which shortly afterwards appeared (together with the return of very considerable losses on our part), warmly advocates the cause of the so-called "Rebel" Boers; however, as since then this matter has apparently been allowed to drop, the following short notice has been written on the subject, in order to bring before the public, in its true light, the real nature of our proceedings against—if not molested—a useful, peaceable, and unoffending community.

A foreign despatch, conveying from afar tidings of success attending the efforts of our gallant and hard-working troops, must naturally, to every

true born Englishman, impart certain feelings of pride and exultation ; feelings that are not to be repressed, but which may nevertheless be greatly increased or modified, according to the justice or injustice of the cause in which these successes may have been obtained ; and it is to be feared that the last accounts from the Cape of Good Hope, though bringing intimations of victory, will not with the most patriotic amongst us be unalloyed with regret that blood-stained laurels should have been culled on ground, where not having planted, we had undoubtedly little claim to reap ; and that human life to a large amount has been expended in a cause, which—more especially during these ultra-philanthropic times of peace—on reviewing the real state of the matter, will scarcely be admitted as justifiable in any single point of view.

The case of the Dutch settlers at the colony of the Cape of Good Hope—in many respects exclusively peculiar—may briefly be stated as follows.

Some two hundred years ago, a commercial establishment was formed by the Batavian East India Company, at the furthest point of Southern Africa, whose proceedings from the first foundation—as regarded its intercourse with the few scattered and wandering tribes of savages then found in that part of the world—were ever marked by the dictates of justice and humanity.

This factory shortly afterwards became a rapidly increasing colony ; the Dutch having purchased land from the natives, whom they denominated "Hottentots," gradually spread themselves over the country, and engaged the latter into their service, not as slaves, but in the capacity of paid and domestic servants : and finally, after a lapse of 150 years, had extended their occupation of territory to the borders of the Great Fish River, where they came in contact with, and thus formed the only check to, Kaffir encroachment from that quarter.

Such was the condition in which we found the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, when, towards the latter end of last century, conquest—subsequently ratified by treaty—converted it into a British dependence, by which event a very mixed population became suddenly metamorphosed into British subjects. This population consisted of some forty or fifty thousand Hottentots—generally speaking employed as herdsmen, labourers, or domestic servants—of about as many slaves from Mozambique, Madagascar, or the Coast of Guinea ; whilst the remainder (including a half-caste population) was composed of "Boers," descendants from the original, or subsequent Dutch settlers at the Cape.

This involuntary transfer of allegiance, effected without their wishes on the subject being in the least consulted, was no doubt repugnant in the extreme to the feelings of the white population ; and we should by every available means in our power, and by conciliatory and soothing measures, have endeavoured to soften down, and eventually eradicate, the natural feelings of repugnance and irritation thus created towards us ; nor would such a judicious course have probably been found either difficult or unsuccessful with our newly-acquired subjects.

Inheriting from his Fatherland a phlegmatic and supine disposition, the South Africa Boer is, by nature, neither restless, irritable, or cruel. Give him his quantum of meat, drink, smoke, and sleep, and he will neither trouble himself, his servants, or neighbours. Such a people, with proper management, it would have been particularly easy to conciliate, and it was evidently our interest so to do ; for they were (with our generally small military force on the frontier) the best, the cheapest

—and, in short, the only available defence against Kaffir plunder and depredation.

Although, as above described, the Boers—by nature and disposition too indolent and apathetic to be either cruel or vindictive—generally speaking treated the servile population (including slaves and Hottentots) with kindness and consideration, a few solitary exceptions may possibly have occurred to the above as a general rule,—and these exceptions were eagerly laid hold of by certain interested parties, and exaggerated to such a degree, as to give rise in 1828 to a notorious enactment, which, by removing every necessary restraint from the colonial population, suddenly infested the colony with hordes of robbers and vagrants; and whilst depriving the white population of many hitherto useful hands for labour, moreover frequently exposed their property to the most vexatious spoliation.

This ill-advised decree was followed by a still more suicidal blow to the interests and welfare of the colony; we allude to the "Emancipation Act," or rather to the hasty and premature manner in which a measure—no doubt just and humane in itself—was without due preparation carried into effect,—a measure which, whilst in reality injurious to the cause of humanity, by turning adrift and thereby converting into thieves, plunderers, and vagabonds, a large population utterly unable to provide for themselves, completely ruined the white agricultural inhabitants of the colony, and thus effectually crippled the few remaining resources of the farmers in particular, and generally speaking of all the Boers.

"They complained that the sudden emancipation of the slaves and Hottentots had deprived them of the means of living either profitably or comfortably in the colony, and most bitterly reprobated the exaggeration and falsehoods which had, in many instances, been spread abroad, on their general treatment of the coloured races, by interested missionaries and other purveyors of horrors; and added, that not only was the compensation given for their slaves miserably small, but that the difficulties, delays, and formalities to be undergone, before they could touch the money so given, were so great and costly, as to render its acquisition scarcely worth the trouble.

"There must be some truth in all this, when we consider, that for these causes, they, and the majority of the richest and most respectable of their countrymen, have quitted the lands on which they were born and to which they were attached; in many instances, without even attempting a sale of their properties. In other cases they disposed of valuable farms for the new gun or waggon, or some such consideration offered to them in their misery, by the rapacious speculators on the temper of mind, into which this state of things had driven their victims.

"The hasty, fanatical, and oppressive manner in which the emancipation of the slaves was conducted in this colony, has been the means of driving into the lawless regions, beyond our controul, five-sixths of the wealthy and most respectable of the Dutch Boers, and of converting these previously loyal subjects into bitter enemies, as well of ourselves as of the native inhabitants among whom they are located. Such was the haste with which it was thought necessary to endow the astonished bondsmen in this and other colonies with liberty, that the ruin and misery of their white brethren were not taken into account; lest, in considering any means by which they might be mitigated, time should be lost, and the wretched *status quo* delayed for a brief space.

"Let no one, however, imagine that I am an enemy to the complete freedom of any colour or race of the human family. I only regret that while one hand was employed in the beneficent operation of severing the bonds of the slaves, it should have been thought necessary to employ the other, allied with the tongue, in the ruin of their former masters. It seems to be unfortunately essential, that oppression should exist in all nations and societies, and it has been lately the rage to suppose that white shoulders are more capable of bearing with impunity the heavy burden than black ones."*

Despairing therefore of obtaining redress from that foreign government, under whose sway they had been, against their inclinations, thus forcibly placed; unprotected from foreign and barbarous invasion; plundered by their former servants and slaves—for the loss of whose labour they had received little or no compensation—in short, roused from their usual phlegmatic apathy by a long course of real injuries and petty vexations, the Boers were at last driven to the desperate and unprecedented step of abandoning their homesteads—of emigrating *en masse* across the colonial border, and of plunging with their families into the boundless wilderness; in the vain hope of being there allowed to enjoy unmolested that state of independent competence, which had been denied to them within the limits of the British territories.

Under ordinary circumstances, there can be no doubt that, *legally* speaking, no colony, however distant, can, unauthorised and of its own free will, throw off its allegiance to an established government; but when that government becomes either incapable or unwilling to protect its remote subjects from internal abuse or external violence, the wisest course it can then pursue is to absolve them with the best possible grace from such allegiance; or most assuredly—as history can amply testify—its unprotected or abused colonial subjects will save the trouble of taking such a step. As to the instance in point, it must moreover be borne in mind, that the Dutch emigrants—deserters, rebels, or whatever other designation may be deemed applicable to the hostile Boers—were comparatively speaking very recently, and without having a voice in the matter, suddenly converted, by "treaty," from Batavian into British subjects; that they long patiently endured their manifold wrongs, till finding the burthen insupportable, they resolved by flight, by the abandonment of their domestic hearths, by quitting for ever the country of their birth and adoption, to escape poverty, neglect, groundless aspersions, marked injustice, an unprotected condition against savage aggression; and lastly, a state of existence which had become intolerably irksome and oppressive.

But no—we could not allow these poor people to depart in peace—for even as Pharaoh pursued the Israelites when attempting to escape from the land of bondage—so must we needs follow the unhappy Boers into the wild and desert "Karoo," there to impose a galling and hateful yoke; and thus having fairly persecuted them into open hostilities, we are now reaping the consequences of such ill-judged and reckless measures!†

* From "The Cape and its Colonists," by George Nicholson, Esq. (1848.)

† Return of killed and wounded, in the affair at Bloem Plaats, August 29, 1848:—Officers, 1 killed, 6 wounded; men, 8 ditto, 39 ditto; horses, 11 ditto, 13 ditto. Names of Officers wounded:—Lieutenant-Colonel Buller, Rifle Brigade, severely; Captain Murray, ditto, mortally (since dead); Captain Armstrong, Cape Mounted Rifles, severely; Lieutenant De Salis, ditto, dangerously; Lieutenant Mill, ditto, severely; Ensign Steele, ditto, dangerously; Ensign Crampton, 91st Regiment, dangerously.

Measures, whose fatal consequences may prove incalculably disastrous, if through this means, the native tribes be once more raised against us, and should unite their efforts with those of our present enemies.

"Two facts," says that periodical peculiarly devoted to the colonial interests of Great Britain,* "two facts connected with the action (at Bloem Plaats) deserves to be recorded.

"Salis, the officer in command of the Cape Mounted Rifles, while leading on to the assault of the Boers, had his horse killed, his arm broken, and received a shot in the body. His men scampered off and left him. Two Boers," says the letter writer, who describes the affair, "approached him. One cried out, 'Shoot him dead.'—'No,' said Salis, 'I have a wife and top many children, to die yet.' They then asked him if he was wounded, and when he said 'Yes,' they left him. He managed to crawl towards us, and, when perceived, was carried to the hospital waggon. This took place in the heat of the fight when men's bloods were up. After the fight, two prisoners fell into Sir Harry's hands; one was a deserter from the 45th regiment, the other a Dutchman of the name of Dneyer. They were both tried by court-martial, and both shot. The deserter's fate was inevitable, but the wisdom and humanity of shooting the former may be questioned."

Loth would we be to call in question either the justice or humanity of Sir Harry Smith, for they are ever the qualifications of the brave, and Sir Harry is, in every sense of the word, a gallant soldier; but (unless acting under special instructions) he appears certainly in this instance to have been carried rather beyond the limits of both. Nor does the act of visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children,—as set forth in the reported confiscation (mentioned in the above quoted paper), with the declaration that all marriages heretofore contracted in the district of Wynburg, and not recorded, as set forth in his proclamation, are illegal, and the offspring thereof incapable of inheriting property within the colony—tally with preconceived notions of that forbearance and humanity, or even policy, so necessary to be observed (even under the actual deplorable circumstances) towards an unfortunate race, which, although trampled under foot, and, as Sir Harry asserts, now completely subdued, may yet, nevertheless, if driven to extremity, turn on and severely wound the heel that so recklessly treads them into the earth.

Let us therefore pause and consider well before we act;—let government, let the British public, let the "philanthropists" (if they deem white skins worthy of their attention), turn over all the above extenuating circumstances in favour of the hostile Boers; let it be matter of serious consideration, if it do not better become a great nation, magnanimously to acknowledge an error, than wrongfully to continue in the same mistaken course;—to consult at once justice, generosity, and self-interest, by declaring the independence of the Dutch Afrianders, and then allowing them to establish whatever government they deem fit beyond the colonial limits. By following such a course, we should interpose a secure defensive belt, between our possessions and native depredation; establish pioneers to discovery, commerce and civilisation, into the hitherto unknown regions of Central Africa;—and from bitter foes, would, no doubt, instantaneously convert the "Rebel" Boers to our staunchest and most useful allies in Southern Africa.

* See the *Colonial Gazette* for the 2nd of December, 1848.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE AT THE 'BLACK EAGLE' AT
AUGSBURG.

CHAPTER I.

Fate often works with humble instruments,
Producing from small causes great events.

ANON.

ORIENTAL historians inform us that when Mahomet, in order to avoid the Koreish who had conspired to assassinate him, fled from Abu Bekir's house, he took refuge in a cave of Mount Thor, to the south-east of Mecca, where he lay concealed for three days, during which time his pursuers came to the spot, but observing that a spider had covered the mouth with her web, and concluding, consequently, that no person could have recently entered, they hurried forward in another direction, and their intended victim saved his life. If we reflect that the man thus preserved, subsequently founded a dominion which in eighty years extended itself over more kingdoms and countries than the Romans could subdue in eight hundred, and which still maintains its ascendancy in several powerful and populous states, it becomes difficult to appreciate the world-importance of the little insect-weaver, from every one of whose slender filaments a future empire may be said to have depended. The Count de Lauzun, while a prisoner in the Bastille, solaced himself by forming an intimate acquaintance with a spider: Robert Bruce, when concealed like Mahomet, derived a lesson which had an important influence on his future life, from observing the indefatigable perseverance of the same little insect: and every school-girl has read the story, rather an alarming one in these worsted-working days, of Arachne's metamorphosis into a spider, for presuming to compete with Minerva in tent-stitch and cross-stitch.

Well am I aware that the unpopular animalcule whose name I have ventured to mention in the following pages, and against whom the finger and thumb of man and woman kind is instinctively upraised, has seldom been deemed a fit subject for presenting to any society, except, perhaps, the entomological; but if a mere maker of cobwebs can be honourably recorded in history, both real and fabulous, why may not the tiny harlequin of our dormitories leap from the contemptuous obscurity to which he has been condemned, and become the hero of a magazine article, especially when the facts stated are strictly and literally true? As it is by no means improbable that many of my readers hurried to see the industrious fleas lately exhibited throughout England, I will not offer any further apology for introducing an individual of the species, who, in the language of Shakspeare, might justly be termed, "a valiant flea, that dares eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion."

During last summer I had become so debilitated by two severe attacks of influenza, that I determined to make a little excursion to the Continent, in the hope of deriving benefit from a temporary change of air, as well as amusement from visiting new scenes. As I was then engaged

in compiling a "History of the Confession of Faith, presented by Luther and Melancthon, in 1530, to the Emperor Charles V., at Augsburg," I resolved to visit that city, in order to give a particular and accurate description of the building wherein the Diet had been then held. It so chanced that a member of the "London Club," to which I belong, had lately passed several weeks at Augsburg, residing at the Black Eagle, near the Hercules Fountain, which hotel, and its obliging landlord, Von Sandau, he very strongly recommended to me. On the confines of Suabia I was laid up for a month by a return of my illness, during which time a succession of untoward events proved how singularly inopportune had been the moment selected for my excursion. All Germany had caught the revolutionary mania of France, the people were everywhere in commotion, the notorious Struve, after his invasion of Baden, had been attacked and defeated, and his banditti-followers, dispersing themselves in all directions, committed acts of violence and plunder whenever they got beyond the reach of their numerous pursuers. When I resumed my journey, various interruptions, arising from the disturbed state of the country, delayed me on the road, but I reached Augsburg in safety, just as they were about to close the gates for the night, and drove immediately to the Black Eagle, where I had the mortification of being told that, owing to the great influx of military and of terrified gentry, from the surrounding district, every bed in the house was occupied, nor did my informant believe that I should succeed in obtaining one at any other hotel.

Pleasant intelligence this to an invalid who had just entered a strange town, at the setting-in of a wet and stormy night! As I had no fancy for sleeping in my travelling calèche, still less for wandering about the streets on a fruitless search, I requested permission to speak a few words with the landlord, who presently made his appearance, and had no sooner heard the name of the club associate by whom I had been so strenuously recommended to his house, than he hastily let down the steps of my vehicle with his own hand, heartily exclaiming, "God forbid that I should turn from my doors any friend of Mr. N——, who honoured my hotel for so many weeks, and who won all hearts by his kindness and his liberality. 'Come in, sir, come in: you shall have my own bed to-night, and as the Yellow Regiment is to leave our town to-morrow, I can then promise you the best room in my house.'" Willingly accepting this courteous invitation, I followed him into an apartment on the ground-floor, which he told me would be much more comfortable than the coffee-room, crowded as it was with officers and smokers. Here I was supplied with some refreshment, and with several German and French newspapers, the contents of which I devoured much more eagerly than my supper. When I requested to be conducted to my sleeping apartment, my host insisted on performing that office, and after apologising for the humble accommodation it afforded, and regretting that he could do no better for me, he wished me a good night, and retired.

Though not naturally timorous or misgiving, I had heard so much, in the last few days, of the robberies and outrages committed by Struve's lurking brigands, and other patriotic vagabonds, that, after locking the door and looking under the bed, I thought it prudent to take a close survey

of the large, rambling, old-fashioned apartment to which I had been consigned. "No jutting frieze, buttrice, or coigne of vantage" could I find that might screen a housebreaker, except a recess beside a ponderous wardrobe, which I explored with my candle; and a closet, with an unsecured window, but at such a height from the ground as to preclude entrance in that direction, and to reconcile me to the want of a lock on the closet-door. Having taken these precautions, and placed within my reach a night-lamp, consisting of a wick floating in a large cup of oil, I retired to bed, and being exhausted by a fatiguing journey after a long illness, I presently fell asleep, hoping to have a good night's rest.

CHAPTER II.

BUT alas! what are the hopes of mortals? Not more than two or three hours had elapsed when I awoke under a sense of intolerable irritation, and starting up and throwing back the clothes, I found that a whole army of little black *Voltigeurs* had been performing their evolutions on my unfortunate body—an annoyance bad enough in itself, but rendered ten times more provoking by my inability to catch one of these truculent sleep-murderers, so rapidly did they describe their wingless flights, and skip, not only out of reach, but out of sight. Never had I witnessed so sudden and marvellous a transference from everywhere to nowhere. Like the *Weird Sisters*, "they made themselves air into which they vanished." It has been computed, that if an elephant had the same saltatory power as the flea in proportion to his bulk, the aerial traveller, trunk and all, might easily leap over Mount Blanc; he could not, however, like the volatile insect, jump into invisibility—I had almost said nonentity—for when I looked for my late tormentors, lo! they were not! and yet they were so numerous, that had they been aware that union is strength, and combined their efforts, I verily believe they might have fairly pushed me out of bed. In the hope that my sudden uprising, and the light of the lamp, had scared them from their fell purpose of compelling me to do penance in a white sheet, I recommitted myself to the bed, and endeavoured to resume my slumbers; but it seemed as if my very imagination were flea-bitten, for it suggested nothing but anecdotes bearing reference to these volatile assailants. Such recollections hopped about my brain for some time, but they at length jumped out of my thoughts, and gentle sleep returned once more "to steep my senses in forgetfulness."

Like the sentimental heroine, however, of so many romances, I had "retired to rest, but not to sleep;" *Morpheus* would not recognise a ten minutes' dose as any legitimate exercise of his influence, and at the end of that short respite I was again awakened by an attack which added insult to injury, for it was a fierce assault upon my nose, universally held to be the frontal seat of honour. Equally provoked by the sharpness and the locality of the bite, I pounced my nail upon the spot so passionately, as to scratch off a small portion of the skin; so unskilfully as to miss the assailant whom I had hoped to seize and sacrifice. Haste and anger had aggravated the evil I sought to remedy. I had removed the cover, as it were, from the dish, tempting the marauder to a fresh repast, and sharpening his appetite, while I had less defence against his proboscis. Scarcely

therefore, had I again begun to doze, when I felt the painful insertion of his blood-sucking apparatus into the most sensitive part of the excoriation, but my last failure having warned me against precipitation, I resolved to arrest him in the most gentle, noiseless, and winning manner possible. Vain precaution! The first slow movement of my arm occasioned him to throw an astounding somerset, whence he descended upon a part of the white sheet, brightly irradiated by the light; seizing which favourable opportunity, I darted upon my prey, griped him with my finger and thumb, and ere he could be well aware of his seizure, had plunged him into the oil of the lamp. Maliciously keen was the pleasure with which I watched his convulsive writhings, but vain was all his muscular power, un-availing all his matchless agility; the yielding fluid would not allow him to vault from its surface, and after a few more desperate struggles, mine enemy gave up the ghost.

Revenge is suicidal; it dies by its own successful hand, seldom expiring, however, until it has given birth to Remorse. I had always a squeamish, perhaps a morbid repugnance to extinguishing, even in the smallest insect, that mysterious light of life which God hath kindled, and which all the potentates and philosophers of the world cannot relume. My victim, possibly, might have been a long-leased tenant of the bed-post, a native burgher of the wood, and what warrant had I, a casual trespasser upon his domain, to kill him for exercising that right of pasturage to which he was equally entitled by nature, by profession, and by practice? My conscience was now flea-bitten. I had destroyed a fellow-liver, and as life, like death, is the one touch of nature that "makes the whole world kin," I felt as if I had slaughtered a fellow-creature.

Then my self-upbraidings assumed a mournfully domestic turn. My victim perhaps had left an affectionately attached spouse, the faithful partner of his jumps and joys, who, from her hiding-place in the bed-clothes, might have seen the impending calamity, and have been hurrying forwards in order that she might "peep through the blanket of the dark to cry "hold! hold!"—when the eyes of him whom she had loved so long and so dearly were forever closed in oil! And this affectionate creature I had suddenly made a widow! Fancy pictured her, "like Niobe, all tears," crawling away, for the heaviness of her spirit had paralysed her leaping powers, and finally dying of a broken heart just as she came within sight of her home. Home! what a scene was conjured up by the mere mention of that suggestive word. Perchance in some crack or crevice of the bedstead was domiciled a family of dear little ones rising up to male and female flea-hood, the youngest a darling black-eyed lobster-tailed baby, who had not yet taken its first jump, whose innocent lips had never been reddened by human blood—a happy and deeply-interesting social circle. And I had made them orphans. Painfully affecting thought!

Could any contrast be more striking and condemnatory than the truculence I had evinced, and the misery I had occasioned, compared with the benevolence of the Hindoos, who keep a Flea Hotel at Surat, supplying these cherished insects with a gratuitous *table d'hôte*, by hiring plump travellers to sleep, or rather to lie in the beds, on condition of their allowing free quarters and an undisturbed banquet to their hungry as-

sailants. And these people I brand as Pagans, while I dare to call myself a Christian! No wonder that the vision of these entomological orphans haunted me, for I myself am a family man, and we all know that "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind:"—in confirmation of which I may state that having once severely bitten my own tongue, I have ever since masticated a slice of ox-tongue with a sympathising tenderness.

Strange inconsistency! At the very moment when I was regretting my recent vindictiveness, I was revolving in my mind how I might best be revenged upon my friend for having recommended me to this flea-haunted hotel, and I had just resolved to state how I had been treated to the whole club, and warn them against listening to his zealous advocacy of the Black Eagle, when I fortunately recollected that he was a wag, and a writer of comic songs. I should be hitched into a jocosse ditty to be sung at all the bachelor parties of London, and then the cunning rogue would say that I exemplified the punishment which Horace threatened to inflict upon any one who should provoke the satire of his muse:—

FLE-BIT, et insignis totâ cantabitur urbe.

This would be a worse martyrdom than that to which I had so recently been exposed, so I abandoned my intention, and once more endeavoured to compose myself to sleep.

CHAPTER III.

FROM the partial unconsciousness of incipient slumber I was awakened by the creaking of the closet-door, whence slowly emerged, to my utter amazement and horror, the apparition of a human head, its face covered with hair, its eyes glaring upon the bed, and the retracted lips revealing the teeth firmly clenched together, as if in the desperation of some deadly purpose. For a moment I endeavoured to persuade myself that the alarming object thus peering into the room was unreal, the coinage of some hideous nightmare; but this hope was quickly dispelled, for the intruder stealthily advanced his whole body, and I now perceived that his uplifted right hand brandished a gleaming bayonet. Not doubting that his purpose must be robbery, for I could not have any personal enemy in a town where I was a perfect stranger, instinct suggested that my only chance of escape consisted in pretending to be fast asleep. I question whether I could have given an alarm, even had I wished it, for at this moment I afforded an illustration of Virgil's

Obstupui, steterunt quæ comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit,

and I felt, moreover, that any such attempt might accelerate instead of averting my fate. An irrepressible curiosity, however, induced me to peer through the lashes of my unopened eyes upon the approaching figure, who, with his uplifted weapon, and an increasing expression of triumphant ruthlessness, stole on tiptoe nearer and nearer to my bed. The fear of detection overpowering every other consideration, I closed my eyes completely, breathed heavily as if in a profound sleep, and awaited my fate with an inward perturbation of soul completely at variance with my pre-

tended tranquillity. At this fearful crisis, when I could not see what was passing, the uncertainty of my impending fate became almost intolerable, and an hour seemed to elapse between every foot-fall, as I listened to his steps, every sound of which, however subdued, seemed to pierce into the centre of my brain. Oh, what a relief was it to my feelings, perfectly agonised with suspense, when I heard him hoarsely whisper, in the German language,

"Hell and fury! this is not Von Sandau! Curses on him! he has again escaped me. Yet this is his bed-room. Ha! I see how it is: the house is full of company, and the curmudgeon has given up his bed to this pale-faced traveller, whom I have half a mind to stab to the heart for disappointing me of my revenge. No use—no use; he sleeps soundly, and I need not despatch him unless he should awake. If he does, he shall tell no tales; he's a dead man, that's all. Meantime, I may as well overhaul his trunk, and see what I can pick up before I make my escape."

God forbid that I should ever again have occasion to exercise so life-involving a self-control as in these few, but harrowing, moments! I knew that a naked weapon, wielded by a ruthless ruffian, was brandished over me; that the least betrayal of consciousness would be the signal for my death; my mind was torn by struggling emotions; yet I was to maintain an appearance of perfect tranquillity, and to breathe the regular respirations of unbroken slumber. Through this harrowing ordeal I passed with a success at which I myself am astonished, and the reader may imagine how my heart bounded with delight when my ear told me that my terrible visitant had left my bedside, and was stealing towards the dressing-table at the further end of the room. Venturing once more to peep from under my eye-lids, for I guessed that his back must be towards me, I saw him take from beside the glass my watch and purse, which he hurried into his pocket with noiseless alacrity; a procedure which rather pleased than vexed me, since I trusted that the obtaining this booty, by no means an inconsiderable one, would induce him to decamp from the room as quietly as he had entered it.

So far, however, from affording me this satisfaction, he unlocked my dressing-case, which I had placed on the table, drew forth a razor, opened it, and cast a sudden glance towards the bed. My eyes were instantly closed, but I had seen enough in the fell expression of his face to make me apprehend that my doom was sealed, and that the ruffian had now determined to cut my throat! Still persuaded that silence and apparent sleep afforded my sole chance of preservation, I would not suffer myself to tremble, though my soul was in an agony of fear: but I heard no footstep stealing towards me; a minute elapsed (it seemed almost an hour), and as my eagerly listening ear assured me that he was still at the table, I hazarded a cautious peep in that direction. Guess my relief of mind, as well as my astonishment, when I saw that he had laid down the bayonet, and was hastily shaving himself; a process which enabled me to scan his reflected features in the glass, and to ascertain that he squinted in one eye. Having quickly despatched this part of his toilet, he held up the hair of his scalp in his left hand, and slashed it closely off with the razor; an operation which assumed an appearance at once fantastical and horrible, for it looked as if he were striving to cut his

throat, and had mistaken the locality. His head being completely cropped, he put on it my travelling-cap, thrust his arms into my Mackintosh, surveyed himself in the glass, and "grinned horrible a ghastly smile," as if satisfied with the disguise he had assumed. Hence I made the conjecture, which was subsequently confirmed, that he was a male-factor who had for some days been skulking from justice, and who hoped to facilitate his escape by the metamorphosis he had just effected. Having gained his object, and no contemptible booty besides, I hoped that he would immediately relieve me from the terror of his presence; and, in fact, he was on the point of decamping, when he paused to examine the dressing-case, which had supplied him with a razor. To the loss of my watch and purse I was already reconciled, but as the corner of the case he was now overhauling contained bank notes and bills of exchange of considerable value, I could not resist the impulse of very slightly moving my head, and of fully opening my eyes, that I might ascertain whether my hidden treasure had escaped discovery, an attempt in which I thought there could be no risk, as his back was still towards me. Unfortunately, however, my change of position, slight as it was, enabled him to see in the glass my open eye intently watching him, a discovery which he had no sooner made than he muttered a fearful oath, snatched up the bayonet, and rushed towards me.

But the instinct of self-preservation is quick as lightning. In a second I dashed the wick into the oil, and, under cover of the sudden and total darkness, rolled out of bed on the opposite side; drawing the clothes over me, and remaining extended on the floor beneath them. Terror now took entire possession of me: I trembled like an aspen-leaf; my heart beat violently: I gave myself up for lost. Men there have been, who in the very jaws of death have snatched a moment for thinking of their family and friends, but however I may honour their domestic and social yearnings, I was utterly incapable of imitating them, by faculties being so completely absorbed in an intense selfishness, that I could think of nothing but the possibility of escaping the horrible fate that threatened me. The assassin was now between me and the door, and even if I could safely reach it, the rattling handle and rusty lock would "prate of my whereabouts," and enable him to swoop down upon me, like a starving vulture on its prey; the windows, from their height, only offered me the choice of a different death; and I recollected with deep anguish that there was no fire-place in the room, and consequently no chimney up which I might have climbed for safety.

Methinks I hear the male reader exclaim, "Was ever such a pitiful poltroon! I should deem myself disgraced for ever had I evinced so craven a spirit. I would have rushed upon the intruder, have grappled him firmly, have shouted for assistance, and have held him pinioned until succour arrived, and he was disarmed and handcuffed." Bravo, Bobadil! Falstaff was a fool to thee! Allow me, however, to remark that nothing is so safe as a hypothetical heroism, nothing so easy as a vicarious valour. Willingly do I admit your imaginary intrepidity; frankly do I confess my own real cowardice. Permit me further to state, in extenuation of my pusillanimous conduct, that I was shattered in nerves as well as debilitated in body by a long and severe illness, and that in a hand-to-hand struggle with an evidently powerful antagonist, I should have been as a child in the grasp of a giant.

Terrified as I was, and trembling violently all over, I must do myself the justice to record that I was not quite frightened out of my wits, for while I heard my infuriated assailant muttering curses, and stabbing at the empty bed, my mind, with an inconceivable rapidity, was conjuring up different possibilities of eluding his murderous purpose. No feasible place of concealment occurred to me except the deep recess already mentioned, beside the wardrobe, where by crouching down I thought I might escape detection long enough to persuade him that I had silently slipped out of the apartment. While thoughts of this nature were darting confusedly through my brain, I distinguished his footsteps hurrying round for the purpose, as I conjectured, of searching for me amid the clothes, during which interval I drew myself noiselessly under the bed, emerged on the opposite side, regained my legs, and was stealing on tip-toe towards the recess, when a creaking board betrayed my locality, and my pursuer, uttering a fresh volley of oaths, darted through the intense darkness with such impetuosity that he dashed against a projecting stove, which suddenly arrested his career. He must have been severely bruised by the concussion, for he swore with the groaning bitterness of pain, and ere he had time to attend to any thing but his own sufferings, I had ensconced myself in my hiding-place, cowering down, and shrinking into the smallest possible dimensions at its further extremity.

CHAPTER IV.

SHORT and harrowing was the respite thus obtained. If great and imminent danger sometimes confounds the faculties, it occasionally imparts to them a supernatural acuteness and concentration, of which latter predicament I presented a painful instance. So morbidly sensitive became my hearing that I could distinguish every breath drawn by the assassin, even at the remotest confines of the room; while my olfactory nerves announced his approach by an odour of tobacco, so slight that it would utterly have escaped me under other circumstances, though it now assumed a terrible pungency as the herald of a murderous advance. With the slowness of a man determined not to be balked of his purpose, he groped his way along the walls, the grating sound of his hands assuring me that he searched carefully in every direction. Nearer and nearer did he approach my lair, my breathless consternation deepening with every fall of his foot, until he stood directly opposite to me, when he stretched forth his hand, and explored the recess by striking first against the wardrobe and then against the opposite wall, in both cases, however, thanks to my crouching posture, his arm passed above my head. In this process the flap of the Mackintosh he had stolen actually swung against my cheek, sending a cold shudder through my whole frame; but it led to no discovery, and my heart bounded as I heard him enter the closet, from which, however, he presently returned, muttering, "Saw a match-box—re-light the lamp—soon settle the business—good, good!"

Now for the first time did I recollect that I had left my travelling lucifer-box on the table, and my terror, my despair may be imagined when I heard the grating of the match, immediately followed by a flickering glare, which partially revealed the villain's figure, gleamed on

the bayonet, and threw dim shadows around the room, which my terrified imagination invested with a thousand horrible forms. All that I had previously suffered was trivial in comparison with my present agony, but luckily it was evanescent, for in hurrying towards the lamp the current of air extinguished the match, and a pitchy darkness again enveloped the room.

But the miscreant was not to be thus foiled! Spurring imprecations through his clenched teeth, he returned to the table, took out another match, and once more did I hear the scraping sound that was to furnish him with the means of discovering and destroying me. Once, twice, thrice, four times was it repeated, but without effect; the match would not kindle, and after I had heard him fumble for a few seconds in the box, he growled in a tone of concentrated rage and disappointment, "How infernally unlucky! there is not another in the box." O gladsome tidings! O hope-inspiring words, how gratefully did ye fall upon mine ear! It seemed as if he were predestined to fail in his bloodthirsty design, and I flattered myself that he would quickly abandon it in despair. Fond and vain expectation! In a minute he had re-commenced his search with an undiminished tenacity of purpose, if I might judge by the eager rubbing of his hands against the walls and furniture. Nearer and nearer did he a second time approach, until he stood once more opposite to my hiding-place, again missing me with his exploring hand, but instead of passing on as before, he thrust his foot into the recess, and struck me full on the body, when he exclaimed in an accent of malignant joy, "Ha, skulking rascal! have I got you at last? you shall tell no tales---you are a dead man!"

So saying, he aimed a furious blow at me with his bayonet, which just missing my throat, for I had shrunk on one side, became so firmly imbedded in the wood of the wardrobe, that he could not instantly extricate it. Ere he could succeed in this object, the handle of the chamber-door was violently rattled and shaken, and a hoarse voice cried out,

"Hallo, Arnheim! why the devil have you locked the door? Open it directly, or I will kick it down,"—a threat instantly followed by the loud battering of a heavy foot. • • •

Scared from his fell purpose by this startling uproar, the assassin hurried back to the closet whence he had first emerged, when I rushed to the door, which I unlocked and opened, and loudly shouted "Thieves and murder!" to the manifest bewilderment of the stranger who had so rudely demanded admittance.

In a few seconds I was surrounded by six or eight men, including the landlord, some of them bearing candles, and all more or less armed, to whom I hastily related what had occurred, adding that the thief and intended murderer was still in the closet. Headed by the landlord, bearing a lighted candle in one hand and a drawn sword in the other, the party resolutely advanced to attack the fell caitiff in his den; but lo! after a diligent search he was nowhere to be found, and all were wondering how he had evaporated, when the landlord exclaimed,

"Look, gentlemen, look! a ladder has been placed against the open window. By this means he was doubtless enabled to steal into the house, and by this means he has made his escape. It must have been some fellow well acquainted with the premises."

"Can we not instantly pursue him?" I demanded, for now that I was assured of my personal safety, I began to yearn for my watch and purse.

"We may save ourselves all that trouble," replied Boniface. "Since the disturbances began the gates of the town are closed every night, and are forbidden to be opened until half-an-hour after daylight in the morning. Leave it all to me. I know the officers of the police. I'll catch him! I'll catch him!"

Ere my visitants, whom I cordially thanked for their prompt assistance, had returned to their beds, one of them apprised me, with a very unnecessary apology, that he had been smoking and drinking in the coffee-room, till a late hour, and having mistaken my door for that of an adjoining double-bedded apartment apportioned to himself and his comrade Arnheim, had made that noisy assault and battery which had rescued me from the very jaws of death. Detaining the landlord after the others had taken their departure, I repeated to him the words uttered by the assassin on his first entrance, which proved that he, Von Sandau, was the victim intended to have been thus ruthlessly slaughtered.

"Describe the villain, describe him!" cried my auditor, who had listened to me with open mouth and staring eyes, and who had no sooner heard me commence the required portraiture, than he struck his hand violently on his knee, ejaculating, "Carl Richter! Carl Richter! I knew it—I could have sworn it—a thousand rix-dollars to a brass button it is the scoundrel Richter."

This fellow, he proceeded to inform me, had lately been a waiter in his hotel, had been knocked down by him for insolence, had absconded, carrying with him a portion of the plate, had enlisted in the Yellow Regiment, deserting from which he joined Struvé's banditti, committing various robberies and atrocities, and being hotly pursued, after the dispersion of those outlaws, had doubtless stolen into Augsburg, with whose hiding-places he was well acquainted, hoping to find better means of concealment there than in the open country. Ere he could betake himself, however, to these haunts, he was encountered, close to one of the city gates, by his former master, who seized and gave him in charge as a deserter, when he was instantly hurried off to the guard-house prison. It was subsequently ascertained that in the confusion of changing the garrison, on the very evening of his arrest, he had escaped from his place of confinement, and betaking himself under cover of the night, to the stable-yard of the Black Eagle, had stolen, by means of the ladder, into the house, hoping to wreak his long-cherished revenge upon Von Sandau, and at the same time to carry off whatever valuable booty he could safely purloin.

After the agitating scene of which I had been the hero (rather a cowardly one by-the-by), sleep was out of the question, so I dressed myself, the landlord retired to his room for the same purpose, and presently returning, we proceeded, to lay our plans for discovering and apprehending the fugitive, in the attainment of which object my companion displayed equal activity and acuteness. Long before daylight he had proceeded to each of the city gates, circumstantially describing to the officers on duty, the dress and figure of the delinquent, and quickening their vigilance by adding that he was a deserter. These precautions taken, he

placed himself close to the gate at which he deemed it most likely that he should entrap his prey, and the result proved how ably his scheme had been concocted. Not ten minutes had elapsed, after opening the gate, when a freshly-shaved, squinting pedestrian, arrayed in a new Mackintosh and travelling-cap, attempted to take his departure from the city; in another ten minutes, so sharp was the look-out of the guard, he was lying handcuffed in the barrack dungeon!

Two days afterwards, the landlord entered my room with a triumphant air, depositing on the table my watch and purse which had been found on the thief, informing me at the same time that he had been ordered to be shot that very morning as a deserter, and adding, while he rubbed his hands with manifest satisfaction, that he could get me admitted into the barrack-yard to witness the execution. As I have already recorded my invincible repugnance to the violent extinction of that mysterious emanation from God which is called life, even in the meanest animal and most insignificant insect, I need hardly state that I declined the proffered favour. Nay more, I will frankly confess, that when I heard the volley which terminated his mortal career, and recollected that I had been the chief means of thus hurrying him out of the world, the sound smote upon my heart, and thrilled me with a compassionate, not to say a compunctious shudder.

That Providence often uses the meanest and most unexpected agents for the accomplishment of its purposes has ever been my creed. To use the words of Parnell, in his instructive poem of the "Hermit:"

*Its sacred majesty thro' all depends
On using second means to work his ends.*

Following which train of thought, I mentally debated whether the flea, which, by keeping me awake, had played so important a part in the occurrences I have related, was commissioned by the good angel of Von Sandau to discover and bring to justice his intended assassin; whether it was appointed to its office by the evil genius of Carl Richter, in order to terminate his career of crime; or whether the ruffian's doom might not more truly be assigned to that universal Nemesis which ever pursuing the malefactor like an invisible shadow, finally dogs him to the dungeon and the gibbet. In the former of these conjectures there is nothing that need raise a smile, for if swarms of insects were made ancillary to the behests of Heaven in the third plague of the Egyptian nation, why may not a single insect become instrumental in the preservation or the punishment of a single human being?

SARDINIA.*

NO country in Europe is so little known as Sardinia. Yet it is the largest island in the Mediterranean, not even excepting Sicily. When attention is called to it, vague ideas of mountains and marsh, of bandits and malaria, of tunny and sardines, and of Cyclopean structures, the last remnants of a primeval civilisation, are what present themselves to the mind. Yet, with the exception of what some few enterprising French archaeologists did to unravel the history of the Noraghes and Sepulture de is Gigantes, the island, although in possession of the English in the early part of the eighteenth century, was in reality a *terra incognita* until explored by Captain Smyth.

But still we had no well-informed traveller, no qualified observer to place on record the kind of information wanted by the tourist, as well as the knowledge sought for by the geographer, the naturalist, or the commercial man. Mr. Tyndale stands well in the long existing gap: to lively pictures of the manners and customs of the people, he adds notices of almost all the objects of real interest in the island, and he will make Sardinia and its resources, its curiosities and its scenery familiar as those of the Channel Islands, to all who will be at the trouble of perusing his excellent work.

Government steamers ply between Genoa and Cagliari on the 1st and 16th of the month, and between Genoa and Porto Torres on the 8th and 24th; Mr. Tyndale sailed by the latter packet, but proceeded further on to Alghero, on the north-western coast. As the steamer rounded Cape dell' Argentiera, the highest and most westerly point of the island, some thirty Neapolitan boats were seen engaged in the coral fishery. These boats ought to be safe and fleet if the imitation of nature could ensure such advantages, for Mr. Tyndale tells us that in their form and cut of the sails, they resembled the nautilus, numbers of which were basking around, and spreading their transparent canvass to the light breeze. Shoals of dolphins and thousands of sea-birds gave further animation to the scene.

Alghero is so called from the seaweed (*alga*) which accumulates in great quantities on the shore. Its history is replete with details of memorable and sanguinary engagements, which, as in the case of all the towns and strongholds of the island, Mr. Tyndale relates at length. In the present day, Alghero with a population of little more than 8000 souls, is surrounded by ramparts in a neglected state, defended by about forty old guns, ten of which are mounted, and in a very bad condition; the rest lying about in the grass and weeds which have grown around them. There are, however, several strong towers in different parts of the fortifications.

Some of the streets are broad and well paved. The evidences of the Catalanian influence are fewer than might be expected, except in the lan-

* The Island of Sardinia, including Pictures of the Manners and Customs of the Sardinians, and Notes on the Antiquities and Modern objects of interest in the Island: to which is added some Account of the House of Savoy. By John Warre Tyndale, M.A., &c. 3 vols. Richard Bentley.

guage and the formation of the houses, of which the balconies especially, reminded the traveller of those of Barcelona; but the costume is especially Sarde, the chaqueta, calzones, and manta of the Catalonians, being unknown.

Although in comparison with other parts of Sardinia, the sanitary state of Alghero is considered good, it is exposed like all other towns and villages to the scourge of the island—that pestilence which made the Romans use the word Sardinia as a synonyme for death—and which is generally termed *INTEMPERIE*, an irregular combination of ague and fever, and a concentrated essence of Caliban's curse on Prospero.

- • All the infections that the sun sucks up,
From bogs, fens, flats.

This scourge is not confined to marshy and undrained lands, but exists also in high and volcanic districts, and its baneful influence is even not confined to the human race. The green figs of infected districts imbibe and evolve, it is currently said, the deleterious principle of intemperie, and it is hence customary to express the place of their growth on the baskets.

The best coral and the best Sardine and anchovy fisheries are off the coast of Alghero, the former are better and more productive than those of the coast of Sicily. Among other marine productions for which the same coast is famous, is the *Pinna flabellum*, a bivalve shell of the muscle tribe, with a large tuft of silky thread, called lanapinna, which is wove into a web of a beautiful yellow brown, resembling the burnished gold on the back of some beetles, and of which waistcoats, gloves, &c., are made. A pair of gloves of this description cost 4s. 2d. a pair. Provisions are cheap, bread 1½d. the pound, meat 1d. to 2d., fowls 4½d. each, and game equally cheap. The wines are also excellent and cheap.

The state of society at Alghero is formal and vapid, from an inheritance of Spanish with a graft of Italian manners, without the polish which characterises the best society of those countries, and the listless inactivity of the inhabitants is said to impart a general lethargic aspect to the town. Mr. Tyndale made several excursions during his stay at Alghero and at Sassari, for the purpose of seeing a famous stalactitic grotto, called the *Antro di Nettuno*, but was unsuccessful, on account of the weather, this grotto being open to the sea; until the lucky circumstance of a visit in company with Charles Albert, crowned his wishes. Our traveller must, under these circumstances, have seen the cave in question to unusual advantage, a sketch, given as a frontispiece, presents to the eye a succession of vast chambers, with more stalactites than stalagmites, the watery floor being unfavourable to the deposition of the latter. At Adelsburg Mr. T. says the chambers are, in some parts, loftier, and the stalagmites more abundant, but neither Adelsberg, nor Paros, nor Antiparos, are, according to the same authority, so extensive, nor equal to it in elegance and rarity. While exploring one of the lovely camarettas of this natural wonder, the sublime, Mr. Tyndale informs us, was changed into the ludicrous, and the warmth of admiration chilled by some icy cold water in a hole at the bottom, into which the author slipped in good company—that of the Duke of Genoa—when assisting each other in the descent from the aperture which led into the said camaretta.

In his various journeys to and from Alghero and Sassari, Mr. Tyndale

varied his routes as much as it was in his power, the country being in main part a plain, covered with cystus, arbutus, and dwarf palms, the roots of the latter being eaten by the peasantry. There is, also, two miles from Alghero, a large, unhealthy lagoon called Caliche, from which a considerable quantity of fish is obtained. There are many *noraghe*, or primitive buildings in these districts, and Mr. Tyndale relates that his excursions to these in one case, caused much alarm to some shepherds, who, with their wives and children, were in an adjoining *capanna*, a hovel made of boughs, and who, not seeing his approach, were taken by surprise. The females and children were immediately hurried away, and the men, putting their long knives into their girdles, and assuming a ferocious air, demanded, in an impetuous voice, what he wanted. On assuring them that he did not come to interrupt them, but merely to see the *noraghe*, they sneered incredulously at him, but at length his *cavallante* having come up and explained that he was a stranger from *terra ferme*, and that he really had no sinister object in visiting them, their fears lest he should have been a government officer or a *fuoruscito*, both apparently alike dreaded, were dispelled, and they assisted him in taking the measurements of the *noraghe*. How alike are semi-savages in all countries, both in their feelings and their manners!

The essential architectural feature of these *noraghe* or nurhags (and they are the most interesting objects in the island) are truncated cones or towers, averaging from thirty to sixty feet in height, and from 100 to 300 feet in circumference. These towers are built of stone blocks, varying in size from three to nine cubic feet, and disposed in regular layers, so that the style of construction cannot be said to be either Cyclopean or Pelasgic. These towers are further erected on natural or artificial mounds, like the tells or teppehs of the East, whether they occur in valleys, plains, or on mountains, and some are partially enclosed at a slight distance, by a low wall of a similar construction to the building. Added to this, they have low entrances, with architraves formed of gigantic blocks of stone, sometimes twelve feet long by five in height and depth, and in the interior are several domed chambers, sometimes with several cells or niches, than which nothing can be more like a sepulchral chamber. The section of the corridors which lead from one chamber to another, also attest the principle of the *Dracontia*, as shown at Abury and Carnak. It is amusing to peruse the variety of opinions that have been emitted upon the subject of these relics of olden time.

Stephanini believes them to have been trophies of victory; Vidal, the houses of giants; Madao, the tombs of the antediluvians; Peyron, the tombs of the ancient nomad shepherds. Fara attributes them to an Iberian colony under Norax; Mimaunt gives the same origin, and adds that they were tombs. Petit Radel, imagining them to be tombs, attributes those which have any irregular polygonal masonry, to the colony under Iolas and the Thespiadæ; and those in which there are only horizontal layers, to the Pelasgi and Tyrrhenians. Inghirami makes them to be funereal monuments, with a Tyrrhenian origin; Micali looks to a Phœnician or Carthaginian source, but does not suppose them to be tombs. Arri believes them to be Phœnician, and used in fire-worship; an opinion entertained also by Münster and Angius; Manno attributes them to the earliest primitive population, of Oriental origin, and thinks them tombs of different tribes: Arim, the places of religious and mystical festivals, and in later times, burial places. La Marmora reserves his judgment, but implies indirectly that they were of Phœnician origin, and may

have served for tombs or temples. Finally, Captain Smyth—the only English author, I believe, who treats of them (and well qualified, we may add, by his antiquarian as well as scientific acquirements to give an opinion), dates their foundation in the obscure ages subsequent to the arrival of the Trojans, after the fall of their city; and supposes that they were designed to answer the double purposes of mausolea for the eminent dead, and asylas for the living.

Mr. Tyndale next proceeds to collect the opinions of the ancients upon these monuments. Aristotle, as the accredited author of *Mirabilibus*, it may be observed, described these monuments accurately. “It is said that in the island of Sardinia are edifices of the ancients, after the Greek manner, and many other beautiful buildings, and tholi (domes or cupolas), finished in excellent proportions. That these were built by Iolaus, the son of Iphicles, when, taking the Thespiadæ, he stilled to occupy these parts,” &c.

Diodorus Siculus repeats the same thing: Pausanias attributes them to a colony of Iberians under Norax. Mr. Tyndale compares these structures with Assyrian, Egyptian, Cyclopean, Pelasgic, and other monuments, from all of which, he says, they differ more or less.

The structures designated as *Sepulture de is Gigantes* also generally accompany the *norhage*. They may be described as a series of large stones enclosing a foss from fifteen to thirty-six feet long and from three to six wide, with immense flat stones resting on them as a covering. At one end of the foss is a large upright head-stone averaging from ten to fifteen feet high, having in many instances an aperture about eighteen inches square at its base. On either side of this stole, a series of separate stones are disposed in a rude segment of a circle. Mr. Tyndale, with great modesty, does not attempt to solve the mystery which attaches itself to these monuments. He makes interesting allusion to the sepulchre of the Phœnician giant Antæus, and to the recorded size of Og and Goliath, and he naturally calls attention to the peculiarity of the co-existence of the two kinds of monuments, by some considered to be alike sepulchral. It is further observed that while the analogy of the *Sepulture de is Gigantes* is not met with elsewhere, not even in Corsica, nor in the well known monument of Gozo; buildings of a cognate character with the *norhage* are met with in the so-called *Talayots* of the Balearic islands. This would almost seem to indicate a difference of age, which would reconcile the circumstance of sepulchral monuments, if they are such, of a different style of construction, being met with in juxta-position.

We have dwelt upon these primitive constructions because they have hitherto been little noticed in this country, besides being the objects of greatest interest in the country. We will now proceed with Mr. Tyndale to the Salines of the Nurra district, salt being one of the chief exports of the island. The salt-pans, he tells us, are imperfectly worked by galley-slaves, whose treatment, he tells us, is worse than inhuman. The Torre delle Saline, built as a watch-tower by Philip II. against the incursions of the African pirates, also overlooks a Tonnara, or tunny fishery, another of the curiosities of the island, and a primary article of export trade. Mr. Tyndale's notices of the tunny are exceedingly curious, but the *Mattansa*, or battue of fish is a stirring and original affair, led on by a Rais, or commander, showing its oriental origin. Such havoc and slaughter attends these battues that Æschylus used them as a simile in his account of the destruction of the Persian naval force at Salamis; and Pliny, speaking of the formidable force of a shoal of tunny,

mentions the circumstance of Alexander the Great having been obliged to put his fleet in battle array to oppose and withstand their attack. Many lives are often lost in these battues, a fact which may excite unpleasant suggestions with those who indulge occasionally in *Ton mariné*.

After this matanza comes the marfaraggiu, or dressing of the tunny, operations replete with craft mysteries. The fish is, in the main part, cut in pieces, and boiled in immense cauldrons of salt water, and then packed in barrels the size of firkins. The ancients, however, esteemed most that which was salted and packed without being boiled. Why is it not exported, or, at all events, sold in this country in tolerable quantities instead of in small jars or tins, at an enormous price? It appears that a curious value is set on particular pieces, and the spawn salted and pressed into flat cakes, called bottarghe, and served up at table in slices with oil, is said to be delicious, and superior to any caviar. This is a hint for modern Deipnosophists, the olden ones, by-the-by, being familiar with the flank of the tunny as a "dainty to be eaten by the gods." A French traveller, Mr. Tyndale tells us, described bottarghe to be *des œufs mis en bouteille*! imagining bottarghe to have some reference to *bottiglie*! The tunny fetches in Sardinia from 2l. to 3l. 4s. the barrel, Mr. Tyndale does not tell us how much it holds, but 100 fish will fill 150 barrels, and any thing under 300 lbs. is only mezzo tonni, so we must suppose it to fetch about 1l. the cwt., whereas at the Italian warehouses in London, it fetches about 1s. the ounce! Why is it that *La manna del Mediterraneo*, the sea-pig of the glorious Athenæus, the fish whence the golden horn derived its epithet, and was also called the "mother of tunnies," the feast sacred among the Carthaginians to the gods, is not available to us! Shall it always be said that bottarghe is caviar to the multitude, in both senses of the word?

How we envy Mr. Tyndale! His bed on board, on his way from the Marfaraggiu to Porto Torres, was made of two tunnies, and he had a third for a pillow. Considering that he had previously supped upon a complete course, including the "streak under the chin," the flank, the *netta*, and other delicate bits, it is a wonder he did not fancy that he had also a tunny for a counterpane. On his way, Mr. Tyndale visited Asinara, a granitic island, where partridges and quails so abound, as to sell at 1d. a piece, and the natives are as primitive as if they were the original colony, whence the island derived its name of *Insula Herculis*. This island belongs to the Dukes of Vallambrosa, so called from a valley in the island, but they were originally called Dukes of Asinara, till the jokes suggested by the title made them apply to have it changed.

Porto Torres is full of monuments of Roman times, but of modern buildings there appears to be only the church that is worth the tourist's attention. The place is also much exposed to the dreaded intemperie. Two caleches make the journey daily to and from Porto Torres and Sassari, and two others leave the latter town for Cagliari twice a week. There are also three vehicles for hire at Porto Torres, seven at Sassari, four at Macomer, and about twenty at Cagliari; and these, with about ten private carriages, make the sum total in the island. There are also three small inns in the island, but, as in all countries where civilisation has not established regular roads and inns, the system of receiving travellers, and the exercise of hospitality is, to a certain extent, a necessity, custom, and almost a law; and Mr. Tyndale gives some touch-

ing examples of the supremacy of that law. He, however, adds what most travellers have experienced under such circumstances, that the system has great inconveniences, and for a wearied-out traveller to have to wait till eleven or twelve, or even later, for his supper, and then to sustain a conversation (all of inquiries on the part of your entertainers) is very trying; equally so is it sometimes to eat of all the delicacies that are forced upon a jaded and travel-worn appetite. Throughout Sardinia it would appear, that in most houses, admitting of an extra room, one is set apart for the guests—the “*hospitale cubiculum*” of the Romans—ready and open to all strangers; and its sanctity is as great as in former days. The guest is generally expected to give some little trifle in money to the servant of the house on parting; but it would be a high offence to offer the host, however humble or poor, any payment for the expense or trouble he may have incurred. Mr. Tyndale justly remarks, that the traveller may, with great advantage, carry with him a little stock of Genoese filagree, brooches, ear-rings, rings, &c., or little coloured silk kerchiefs, as presents; their effect is prodigious, being thankfully accepted where money would be spurned, and where it is difficult to know how to repay a kindness.

The *fuorusciti*, literally “out-goers,” of all kinds, who used to render the interior of the island inaccessible to travellers, are, according to Mr. Tyndale, much upon the decrease. The *Sarde fuorusciti*, he tells us, includes the regular bandit, the petty robber, the fugitive from the arm of the law, the avenger of an insult or injury, and the voluntary fugitive, and they are in many respects different characters to the Italian and Spanish outlaws.

The bandito of Apuglia comes before one’s mind as a romantic rogue, decorated with watches, ornaments, miniatures of the virgin, rings, and other spoils of his victims,—with all the charms of a hero, and the atrocities of a villain,—as living on the pleasure and profit of plunder, and actuated to it by the necessity as well as excitement of gaining an existence by his course. The *ladron*, the *salteador*, and the *ratero* of Spain may be similarly distinguished from each other; the first being the wholesale professional robber; the second, the literal “pouncer upon” whatever he can lay his hands, and proportionally less generous and magnanimous than the *ladron*; and the third is the common order of thief.

But all these differ from the *Sarde fuorusciti*, for the regular bandito can only arrive at that high dignity by a lengthened exile from his home, by a series of attacks on him, and a consequent desperation in every act of defence or mode of obtaining a livelihood. Such characters as these have dwelt, from all times, in the recesses of the mountains and forests of Sardinia. As early as A.D. 22, mention is made of the *coerrendis illic latrociniiis*, by means of 4000 Jews expelled thither from Rome by Tiberius. The last grand battue of any importance of these unfortunate creatures, it is said, took place in 1735, during the reign of Carlo Emanuele III., by the viceroy, the Marchese di Rivarolo; but Mr. Tyndale informs us that Carlo Alberto has in reality done more for the suppression of the *fuorusciti*, than has been done since the days of the Roman emperor, and the island can now boast (?) of few regular banditi. The fugitives, from the arm of the law or from the consequence of *vendetta*, or revenge, constitute seven-eighths of the whole *fuorusciti*, but

from no robbers of any class does it appear that the stranger or foreigner has reason to expect maltreatment.

Sassari, a goodly town, inclosed by a high wall and towers, erected by Don Pedro of Aragon, in 1362, has a population of about 25,000 souls, and what Mr. Tyndale says of the place, may be quoted as applying more or less to all other Sardinian towns.

One cannot walk sixty yards in the street, or be sixty minutes in a house, without meeting an ecclesiastic, or some of the living appendages of the church; and the numberless anecdotes of their influence, in the families of the highest as well as lowest classes, were confirmed by my own personal experience. Upwards of fifty Jesuits are now established there, and hold high positions in the schools and university. The society of Sassari, as composed of the nobility, government authorities, and employes, the members of the university, the learned professions, and the rich merchants, is subject to all the rivalries and jealousies of rank, power, talent, and wealth; for rarely finding a common outlet in external interests and affairs, they vegetate in their own importance, or their neighbours' insignificance; and as the steamer only arrives once a fortnight at Porto Torres, from Terra Ferma, to give any relief or excitement, the heavy interim is a most monotonous existence.

Ignorance and pride are naturally the besetting sins of a society in which a free press is unknown, where books are subjected to a blind censorship, visits to the continent are not permitted, and where the Jesuits do not allow the mind to be contaminated by useful knowledge. There are exceptions, but they are few; and courtesy and kindness to strangers seemed no less an obligation than a voluntary act of pleasure. Religious ceremonies in such a country partake far more of a theatrical character, than on the continent. Mr. Tyndale's account of the Easter processions force an involuntary smile from the reader. Two hundred men, enveloped in ladies' night-dresses, and a phalanx of little angels with pasteboard wings, introduce us on such occasions to Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, in gorgeous Oriental costumes, with brocaded garments and turbans, and black eunuchs to attend upon them!

Sassari has several interesting memorials of the past history of the town, especially in its castle, where the Aragon arms and the tower of the Inquisition, remain as records of the political and religious miseries of past times. The university and churches also contain many objects of interest, and the fountain of Rosello is deservedly an object of pride with the Sassarese. The town has also the character of being comparatively healthy, and living is excessively cheap; a large fowl costs 1½d., and wine 1d. per bottle. The environs of the town abound in country-houses, pleasure-grounds, and gardens. In the latter, myrtles grow to the size of forest trees, and almond, cherry, orange, and pomegranate blossoms lighten up the dark foliage over which the Roman pine and palm tower majestically. A single orange tree bears as many as 4500 oranges, so luxuriant is the climate.

Mr. Tyndale travelled from Sassari, in a north-east direction, to the district of Gallura. Among the most interesting objects on his way were the *noraghe* of Nulvi, and the town of Castel Sardo, the latter built by some of the Doria family about 1102, on a rocky promontory, and commanded by the castle from whence it takes its name. This town and castle has been subjected, like other towns in Sardinia, to

great vicissitudes. As to its present condition, Mr. Tyndale speaks thus :—

The Castellanese, ridiculously proud of their town—a pride apparently founded on the circumstance of its having had three different names—have now but little to boast of. The walls and bastions are irregular, and the castle itself devoid of all architectural beauty ; there is not a single handsome house ; the streets are narrow, and, built on a rather steep rock, rise one above the other in great confusion. But little can be said for their cleanliness, as there are no drains, sewers, or any accommodations of civilised life ; and all the filth and ordure are thrown over one of the walls every evening at Ave-Maria. The population, according to the census of 1837, was 2235. Though poor, and simple in their mode of living, the women are said to indulge so much in dress and scandal, that the place has acquired the sobriquet of “ *il vespaio*,” “ the hornet’s nest.”

In the Gallura country as in Ireland and other Roman Catholic countries that are overrun with priests, the hovels of the peasants have no windows, and a large door serves at once for the common entrance and exit of bipeds, quadrupeds, air, light, and smoke. Yet amid all this filth, poverty, and ignorance, superstition thrives, every village has three or four churches, and every church its relics of greater or less repute. A country of cork, wild-olive and pear-trees, with an undergrowth of asphodel, as in almost all the islands of the Mediterranean, led the way to the Perfugas and Coghinas rivers, in the former of which the trout showed themselves in shoals, averaging from three to four pounds weight. What a country to be so favoured by nature and so neglected by man ! The Romans had two bridges over the Coghinas, the Sardes effect the passage in a small horse-boat, with a considerable annual loss of life in attempts to ford it.

A beautiful valley, winding by the banks of a clear stream, where oak, plane, cork, olive, and other trees overshadowed a rich underwood of arbutus, cystus, myrtle, and honeysuckle ; with the rugged outline of the granitic Limbara overhanging the gorge and the ruins of Castel Doria in the distance, led the way to Tempio, the capital of the province of Gallura. The arrival of the king at the same time as our traveller gave him an opportunity of seeing the town and district under the most favourable circumstances. On the part of the Tempiese, it was the first time that they ever beheld a monarch. Mr. Tyndale remarks, that it would be impossible to describe the various costumes of the different villagers assembled on the occasion ; but Tempio, in this festival, united more brilliancy, elegance, and originality of dress, than he had ever seen in any country. A shooting match took place, in which not only the long-bearded, long-haired, dark, wild mountaineers of Gallura took a part, but also their wives, sisters, and mothers, who in a country of vendettas can handle the gun as well as the distaff.

Excepting, however, the amusements peculiar to the occasion, there was little to be seen at Tempio. The streets are wide for a Sardinian town, but there are few remarkable buildings. Almost all the houses are of a grayish red granite, the cathedral is a mixture of styles, but is large and lofty, and besides the cathedral there are thirteen churches in the town and twelve in the environs, for a population of 9941 souls.

To such an extent is the vendetta system carried by the Gallurese, that it was only lately that a person had been found willing to undertake the

office of governor to the province. It is the custom, that whenever the vendetta alla morte—revenge even to death—is to be carried out, the party avenging himself shall give his adversary timely notice by throwing a bullet into his window, that he may either make immediate compensation or prepare himself for death. The new governor had already received two interesting notices of this kind, and his predecessors had all been put out of the way by this summary mode of obtaining an imaginary justice.

Next came Castel Doria, more relics of the by-gone glories of the house of Doria, almost impregnable in its high, isolated, rocky position; the mineral baths, with their reception-rooms of boughs and twigs, and forests of cork-tree and oak; ultimately led the way to the headlands and islands, of which latter Magdalenia and Caprera are the largest. The last is inhabited by Ilvese, a distinct race from the Sardes, and who contribute the greater part of the fifteen sailors and two officers, the quota furnished by Sardinia to the royal navy. La Magdalenia was Nelson's favourite harbour, and the existence of which led him to covet so much the possession of Sardinia, which in a military and naval point of view, he considered to be far superior to Malta.

From Parao to Terranova Mr. Tyndale says his route lay over mountains and valleys through a continuous wilderness of forests and flowers. "Theocritus," he says, "may proclaim his native country to have been Flora's peculiar garden; and our early ideas are by his idyls and the praises of other poets, prejudiced in favour of Sicily; but any traveller who has visited both islands, would decidedly give a preference to Sardinia." Terranova, ancient Olbia, is in a state of decay, its harbour gradually becoming a lagoon, its walls and towers crumbling down, and its inhabitants (about 2000 in number) suffering from intemperie. Crossing the wild ranges of Monte Nieuddu, or Nero, so-called from the dark mantle of ilex, cork, and oak trees with which it is clothed, our traveller passed through Monti and Ala, villages inhabited by peasants in a state of great moral and physical degradation. To the west, and more in the centre of the island, was the fantastic ridge of Monte Lerno, rising to an elevation of 3586 feet, and covered with forests, richly stocked with deer, muffloni (long-horned wild sheep), boars, quails, partridges, and woodcocks.

A steep descent led by Budduso and Osidda to Benetutti, where are some renowned mineral waters, but the village is poor and sickly. This central tract is called the Goceano and Monte Rasu, its highest peak, attains an elevation of 4093 feet. In this district is also the secluded Castello di Goceano, the scene of many romantic incidents, related at length by Mr. Tyndale. The whole district is much affected by intemperie, and the general character of the people is lawless, fierce, and vindictive. Our traveller crossed the mountains by the Ozieri road, which, after passing several solitary churches and some villas, descended into the town of Ozieri, which has a population of about 8000 agriculturists and shepherds. The Ozieri are said to be a strong and healthy race, well to do in the world, and free from intemperie, one of the many instances, that where the country is cultivated and drained, that complaint is not prevalent.

Previously to visiting the southern parts of the island, Mr. Tyndale returned to Sassari, from whence he repaired by the Scala di Ciocca,

1005 feet high, and the Campeda plain, to the town of Macomer in the Monte Muradu, whence he proceeded by the wild and mountainous province of Barbagia (not without meeting banditi on his way) to Ogliastra, and he returned again to Macomer before visiting the fertile districts of Oristano, from whence a low, fertile, thickly populated and cultivated valley crosses the whole width of the island to Cagliari. During this extensive journey a great number of Noraghe, Tamuli, Sepulture, Perda lunga, and other monuments of olden time, were explored in a manner that cannot fail to prove of great value to future archaeological inquiries. Into these matters, however, as well as into the author's interesting descriptions of towns, villages, and churches, and the objects of art which these contained; as well as of mountains and woods, stagni with their innumerable flocks of water birds, and the grottos and caverns which he met with in his way, it is impossible for us to enter. Mr. Tyndale's work is a complete epitome of knowledge, historical and antiquarian, geographical and philosophical, commercial and statistical, as far as refers to Sardinia. On such leading questions it will be necessary to refer to the book itself; but we hope we have given such a notion of his wanderings, as will serve to lay open to the curious a comparatively new country, peaceful and accessible, with proper precautions; neither expensive, nor dangerous, and yet replete with the most extraordinary resources to the sportsman, the antiquarian, the merchant, the artist, or the naturalist; with something, indeed, for every denomination of traveller, except the irascible, who had better not venture among people who have been, from time immemorial, in the habit of resenting insults in a most formidable manner.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT.

BY CYRUS REDDING, ESQ.

At length One-eight-four-eight is noted

Among the dead things of the past,

To dim oblivion's realm devoted,

Its reckoning duly drawn and cast :

'Twill no more whisper of our age,

For it had lived the allotted date ;

No action of earth's pilgrimage

Will mark again One-eight-four-eight.

" Pass, Greybeard, pass ! the proper term

Takes thee to where tha bygone go,

We see in thee of hope no germ,

Thou wert a fool to linger so !

Thank heaven decrepid thou art gone,

To us thou camest far too late,

Faster we trust next year will run—

Farewell defunct One-eight-four-eight ! "

Eighteen Hundred and Forty-Eight.

Thus the short-sighted feed on hope,
 Till youth, its cycle run, repeats
 Its wonder how it once gave scope
 To dreams that proved successive cheats ;
 Blissful illusions of young eyes,
 With eyes mature that cannot mate :
Alas ! as brief their destinies
As thy short reign, One-eight-four-eight !

The wise may pray for brighter days
 Of thy successor's promis'd hours,
 They fain would hope true freedom's gaze
 May charm to peace earth's anarch powers—
 Then his, like thine, will not in vain
 Pass to that bourne where reckless fate,
 All but thy shadows that remain,
Has sent thee now, One-eight-four-eight !

Then let the earth go bowling on
 In annual gambol as of yore,
 Whether its cirque be come or gone,
 Useless the game it played before
 Of crime, ambition, error, pain—
 Our plaister gods, too, small and great,
 They'll give us nausea o'er again
Just as with thee, One-eight-four-eight.

Our heroes will be just as little,
 Our kinglings will be just as wise,
 Our mobs as barbarous to a tittle,
 Our witlings of as small a size—
 Such repetitions, good and bad,
 Can give the future little weight,
 To make us on thy child look glad,
Judged by its sire, One-eight-four-eight.

Such still the tale of parted time—
 Such still our hope's most cherish'd dream ;
 By man in every land and clime,
 The lesson read is read the same,
 While joy and love, were this not so,
 Might now so well our being cheat,
 That unalloyed with care and woe
Thee we might mourn, One-eight-four-eight.

"Go, hypochondriac rhymer," cry
 The cherub bands of thoughtless youth—
 "Though such may be our destiny,
 Why tell us the ungentle truth !
 'Tis better scent the rose, nor know
 A doom from whence there's no retreat,
 So we'll even trip it as we go
Over thy dust, One-eight-four-eight."

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.*

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

[Although the Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* has consented to insert the following notice of the work on which he has for some time been engaged, and has now completed, he cannot but feel, however earnestly he may have laboured to perfect his romance, that the criticism of Mr. Costello is unquestionably too partial. • He believes, nevertheless, that it was written in an earnest and honest spirit, after a careful consideration of the subject, and he has therefore not thought it wrong to give admission to the opinions expressed by so old and valued a contributor.]

THE practice of the art which bears the name of Magic, or Witchcraft, has subsisted under two very different aspects.

In the East, where it originated, it bore the impress of that grandeur and sublimity which universally attaches to Oriental history and tradition. In the West, where it lingered long and, happily, at last expired, it was stamped by every crime that degrades human nature. In the former instance, it was the companion or the representative of Science, and was looked upon as the expression of the highest intelligence ; in the latter, it found its home chiefly among the most ignorant and the least educated (though votaries of a superior degree were, occasionally, not wanting), and its professors, instead of reaping honour and reward, were held up to obloquy and condemned to the most ignominious fate.

The Magician of the East was a sage who, often uniting the functions of the priest or monarch, compelled the reverence of the multitude who feared his power ; the Witch of the West, on the contrary, was, for the most part, a sordid, miserable outcast who, it is true, inspired fear, but that fear was ever accompanied by the deepest abhorrence. The attributes of the one were lofty, and even beneficent ; those of the other, vile and hateful. Magic, the fruit of study, might, in a word, be considered the pursuit of the great—Witchcraft, the resource of evil passions, that of the vulgar. And this distinction prevailed in Europe, into which the occult lore of the East penetrated through various channels. The crusaders and the travellers of the middle ages brought back with them from Egypt, from Syria, from Persia, and from Arabia, the germs of much of that knowledge which, originally looked upon as magic, laid the foundation of nearly all we have subsequently known of real science. The men of study from the times of Abelard and Roger Bacon, down to those of Cornelius Agrippa and Paracelsus, enjoyed the reputation, amongst the common people, of being able to exercise a sovereign will over the beings of a world beyond the present ken ; of possessing a power over life and death, and of being able to control the destinies of man and the agency of the elements that surround him.

The knowledge of the unlearned who, from different motives, sought to achieve a similar reputation, sprang from remoter sources ; the super-

* The Lancashire Witches. A Romance of Pendle Forest. By William Harrison Ainsworth, Esq. 3 vols., post 8vo. Henry Colburn.

stitutions of the North furnished the principal materials of the art of witchcraft, intermingled, however, with traditions from other lands, which gradually found their way into the popular belief. These materials they combined for purposes of their own. The aim of their ambition was not the principle which seeks to evolve discoveries of utility by the exercise of intellect, but how best to acquire the means of avenging themselves upon the world for the wretched condition in which it was their lot to be placed. Witchcraft furnished them with these means. The preparatory study was not difficult; indeed, it was reduced almost to a simple act of volition. The performance of a grotesque ceremony, in which there were always many ready actors, was the chief condition which the neophyte was called upon to fulfil.

To those whose worldly position was as miserable as can well be supposed, who experienced every privation, mental and physical, that man can endure, and whose religion was based only on superstitious observances on which no light was shed by the spiritual guide, "to lure to higher worlds and lead the way," there was little, in the dread alternative which they accepted, to deter them from embracing the present good which they believed to be within their reach. That alternative was the renunciation of a faith uncheered by hope, and the rejection of which cost them nothing in comparison with the prospect it opened of gratifying the animal tendencies for which they almost wholly lived, and of exercising a sway, which made them not only the masters of their own class, but the avengers of that class on all above them. The idea of illimitable power, as they understood it, though it went for little more than the capacity to be mischievous, was of far greater value in their eyes than any benefit they might derive from the patient endurance of suffering or wrong, and heavy as were the penalties of the bond into which they entered, they readily subscribed to them. Those penalties were eternal, but, their souls were to them as nought, and they bartered their only possession with as much eagerness as the African or Australian savage exchanges objects of real value for such only as please the eye. There was, of course, delusion throughout the whole transaction, but of the two parties concerned, one at least was in earnest. The deformed, poverty-stricken serf grasped at any, the slightest chance that seemed to offer a means of escape from the tyranny of his fellow-men, and gladly compounded, for the unrestrained exercise of a capricious and malevolent will, by the relinquishment of an uncertain future. Not all amongst the voluntary herd of the disciples of witchcraft were dupes, but they had purposes of their own to serve by their adherence to the order. The power to obtain which they, in imagination, sold themselves, was at first sight chimerical, but substantial results ensued from the general belief that they really possessed it, and with terror as their weapon they gained, to a great extent, the domination they originally aimed at. But the majority were not of this description; they were gulled by ridiculous ceremonials,—their excited imaginations accounted for much that sober reason denied,—they made themselves "*les fanfarons de leurs propres crimes*," exulting in the actual possession of qualities ascribed to them, however impossible, and carried this exultation so far as to yield themselves willing victims to a persecution which invested them with preternatural attributes. The sum and substance of all is, that witchcraft became a thing of universal belief, not only with the

many who professed to desire its extirpation, but with those who either made it their profession or accepted its titular advantages. The most striking feature in the history of this strange chapter of moral aberration, is to be found in the innumerable confessions of reputed sorcerers.

Is it then to be wondered at, that witchcraft should flourish when both the winning and the losing party had the same object in view?

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," observes, "The modern system of witchcraft was a part, and by no means the least gross, of that mass of errors which appeared among the members of the Christian church when their religion, becoming gradually corrupted by the devities of men, and the barbarism of those nations among whom it was spread, showed a light, indeed, but one deeply tinged with the remains of that very pagan ignorance which its Divine Founder came to dispel."

That it did flourish, the records of every country in Europe, for full three hundred years, sufficiently attest,—the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries being the period when witches, and the persecution which increased their numbers, most abounded.

The theme of witchcraft is, consequently, as ample in materials for romance as any subject that has ever engaged the attention of the writer of fiction. The great question, however, in making choice of such a theme is how to treat it; whether as a mere superstition or as a fact of which there can be no doubt. Those who have dealt most successfully with supernatural agency, and Shakspeare may be cited as an instance, have always left on the mind of the reader the impression that what has been exhibited is real. In "Macbeth," for example, to consider the witches as a mere poetical conception at once destroys the whole interest of the tragedy; no one believes that the Thane of Glamis is the only dupe of those "who keep the word of promise to our ear, but break it to our hope;" we who witness the whole course of that delusion,

Which leads him on to his confusion,

entertain no doubt of the actual power of the weird women to accomplish all that they profess. Nor do we look upon the ghosts of Hamlet's father and Julius Cæsar as the mere machinery for carrying out the purpose of the play; the "buried majesty of Denmark" and the awful phantom of the Roman exist as much for us as for Hamlet or for Brutus; as they stalk majestically across the stage we are in no mood for cavilling against their appearance as an idle and exploded superstition.

To adopt, therefore, a current belief and interpose no "prologue" to show that (like Snug, the joiner) the author himself has no faith in that which he relates, is to invest a work of fiction with its greatest charm; the apparent *bona fides* of the writer offers the strongest inducement to the reader to follow the course of his narrative.

It is upon this principle that Mr. Ainsworth has acted in the construction of the story of "The Lancashire Witches." At the time when the events which he describes occurred, none were so hardy as to entertain the opinion that the charges made against the witches were impossible; if any other proof were wanting there is the act of accusation itself, and the actual trial of the unhappy women before the Barons of the Exchequer at Lancaster. But in a case like this a writer may be influenced by

other considerations ; he may if he pleases refer to that belief in the unseen agency of beings not of this world which has prevailed in all ages, and take his stand upon it as a question of opinion, for as the learned Dr. Whitaker has remarked :—

“Of the system of Witchcraft, the real defect is not in theory but in evidence. A possibility that the bodies of men may sometimes be given up to infernal agency is no more to be denied, than that their souls should be exposed to infernal illusions: that such appearances should be exhibited in one age and withdrawn in another, is equally the case with miracles ; that they do not extend to all countries is common to them and to revelation itself.” Dr. Whitaker is supported in this opinion by Bishop Hurd, who says :—“That for any thing we know, he (the devil) may (still) operate in the way of possession, I do not see on what certain grounds any man can deny.” Without, however, ascribing this view of the case to Mr. Ainsworth, it will scarcely be doubted that he has adopted the best course for heightening the interest of his romance by telling the story as it would have been told by one of the actors themselves in this fearful and stirring drama.

Independently of the nature of the subject, other circumstances seem to have influenced Mr. Ainsworth in rescuing the Lancashire Witches from oblivion, which appear to have been chiefly local, thus affording him an opportunity of exhibiting a mastery over a dialect new to the readers of romance, but the employment of which, as in Scott's novels, adds so much to the verisimilitude of the personages introduced ; and of indulging in those graphic descriptions of scenery which he is enabled to give with so much effect. There are very few, perhaps, beyond the actual residents, who have any idea of the wild beauty of the country which is the scene of this romance, but it would excite little surprise in any reader of “*The Lancashire Witches*” to find that future tourists selected the valleys watered by the Calder and the Ribble as the object of their next summer's excursion.

The story is divided into two parts, one introductory to the other, at an interval of from seventy to eighty years, and in the terrible tale which it tells, the first part lays an admirable foundation for the sad events which afterwards befall. It opens at that period of English history in the reign of Henry VIII., when the formidable rebellion arose in the northern counties which is known by the name of “*The Pilgrimage of Grace*,” the object of the conspirators being to accomplish the restoration of Papal supremacy throughout the realm, and the restitution of religious establishments of lands to their lately ejected possessors. The chief actor in this rebellion was John Paslew, the last abbot of the famous monastery of Whalley in Lancashire, which is about half way between Clithero and Blackburn, and who also bore the sobriquet of “*Earl of Poverty*.” He is introduced at a moment when a brief armistice had taken place in the month of November, 1537, between the rebels and the king's forces, watching beside one of the numerous beacons reared upon the mountains whose fires were to be taken as a new summons to arms. Himself and his companions are thus described :—

There were eight watchers by the beacon on Pendle Hill, in Lancashire. Two were stationed on either side of the north-eastern extremity of the

mountain. One looked over the castled heights of Clithero; the woody eminences of Bowland; the bleak ridges of Thornley; the broad moors of Bleasdale; the Trough of Bolland and Wolf Crag; and even brought within his ken the black fells overhanging Lancaster. The other tracked the stream called Pendle Water, almost from its source amid the neighbouring hills, and followed its windings through the leafless forest until it united its waters to those of the Calder, and swept on in swifter and clearer current to wash the base of Whalley Abbey. But the watcher's survey did not stop here. Noting the sharp spire of Burnley Church, relieved against the round masses of timber constituting Townley Park; as well as the entrance of the gloomy mountain-gorge, known as the Grange of Cliviger; his far-reaching gaze passed over Todmorden, and settled upon the distant summits of Blackstone Edge. Dreary was the prospect on all sides. Black moors, bleak fells, straggling forest, intersected with sullen streams as black as ink, with here and there a small tarn or moss-pool, with waters of the same hue—these constituted the chief features of the scene.

Still, in the eye of the sportsman—and the Lancashire gentlemen of the sixteenth century were keen lovers of sport—the country had a strong interest. Pendle forest abounded with game. Grouse, plover, and bittern were found upon its moors; woodcock and snipe on its marshes; mallard, teal, and widgeon upon its pools. In its chaces ranged herds of deer, protected by the terrible forest-laws, then in full force; and the hardier huntsman might follow the wolf to his lair in the mountains; might spear the boar in the oaken glades, or the otter on the river's brink; might unearth the badger or the fox, or smite the fierce cat-a-mountain with a quarrel from his bow. Another victim sometimes, also, awaited him, in the shape of a wild mountain bull, a denizen of the forest, and a remnant of the herds that had once browsed upon the hills, but which had almost all been captured, and removed to stock the park of the Abbot of Whalley. The streams and pools were full of fish; the stately heron frequented the meres; and on the craggy heights built the kite, the falcon, and the kingly eagle. There were eight watchers by the beacon. Two stood apart from the others, looking to the right and the left of the hill. Both were armed with swords and arquebuses, and wore steel caps and coats of buff. Their sleeves were embroidered with the five wounds of Christ, encircling the name of Jesus—the badge of the Pilgrimage of Grace. Between them, on the verge of the mountain, was planted a great banner, displaying a silver cross, the chalice, and the Host, together with an ecclesiastical figure, but wearing an helmet instead of a mitre, and holding a sword in place of a crosier, with the unoccupied hand pointing to the two towers of a monastic structure, as if to intimate that he was armed for its defence. This figure, as the device beneath it showed, represented John Paslew, Abbot of Whalley, or, as he styled himself in his military capacity, Earl of Poverty. There were eight watchers by the beacon. Two have been described. Of the other six, two were stout herdsmen carrying crooks, and holding a couple of mules, and a richly-caparisoned war-horse by the bridle. Near them stood a broad-shouldered, athletic young man, with the fresh complexion, curling brown hair, light eyes, and open Saxon countenance best seen in his native county of Lancaster. He wore a Lincoln-green tunic, with a bugle suspended from the shoulder by a silken cord, and a silver plate, engraved with the three luccs, the ensign of the Abbot of Whalley, hung by a chain from his neck. A hunting-knife was in his girdle, and an eagle's plume in his cap, and he leaned upon the butt-end of a cross-bow, regarding three persons who stood together by a peat-fire on the sheltered side of the beacon. Two of these were elderly men, in the white gowns and scapularies of Cistercian monks, doubtless from Whalley, as the abbey belonged to that order. The third and last, evidently their superior, was a tall man in a riding-dress, wrapped in a long mantle of black velvet, trimmed with minever, and displaying the same badges as those upon the sleeves of the sentinels, only wrought in richer material. His features were

strongly marked and stern, and bore traces of age ; but his eye was bright, and his carriage erect and dignified.

One great feature of the Abbot of Whalley's character is his abhorrence of witchcraft, and the severity he shows towards its agents. There dwelt in that part of Lancashire, at that time, a certain Bess Demdike, "an approved and notorious witch," the young and handsome wife of Nicholas Demdike, a no less notorious wizard ; her fortunes, and those of her husband, are closely linked with those of Abbot Paslew, and the consequences which arise out of the churchman's holy horror of witchcraft materially affect the subsequent story to its close. For the sake of the dialect we give the following description of Nicholas Demdike's appearance.

"What manner of man is he?" asked the abbot.

"Oh, he's a feaw teyke—a varra feaw teyke," replied Ashbead. "wi' a fceace as black as a boggart, sooty, shoiny hewr loike a mowdywarp, an' een loike a stanniel. Boh for running, rostling, an' throwing t' stoan, he'n no match i' this keawntry. Ey'n triet him at aw three gams, so ey con speak. For t' most part he'n a big, black bandyhewit wi' him, and, by th' Mess, ey cannot help thinkin' he meys free sometimes w' yor lortship's bucks."

This ill-favoured wizard is no sooner described than he makes his appearance, and his first act is to perform what appears a strange ceremonial, on a broad, green patch, on the hill-side, which afterwards leads to serious results ; he then disappears. The signal for which the watchers have long been waiting is now given, the beacons are fired, and the abbot mounts his steed, with the intention of ordering up his forces to join the main army, when his progress is arrested by Nicholas Demdike.

The aspect of the wizard was dark and forbidding, and seen by the beacon light, his savage features, blazing eyes, tall, gaunt frame, and fantastic garb, made him look like something unearthly. Flinging his staff over his shoulder, he slowly approached, with his black hound following close by at his heels.

Demdike warns the abbot against pursuing his journey, and tells him that the cause for which he was in arms is lost, and that a price would be set on his head ; but the wizard adds that he has the power to save the abbot, on one condition. This condition is the removal of Paslew's ban from Demdike's wife, and the baptism of her infant daughter. The abbot at first indignantly rejects the proposal, but, urged by fears for his own safety, a party of armed men being at hand to seize him, consents to be led to a place of safety by Demdike, where he witnesses the effect of the wizard's incantation on the hill-side, a natural phenomenon, but believed at the time to be a deed of witchcraft. The manner of it is thus told :—

Demdike went a little further down the hill, stopping when he came to the green patch. He then plunged his staff into the sod at the first point where he had cast a tuft of heather, and with such force that it sank more than three feet. The next moment he plucked it forth, as if with a great effort, and a jet of black water spouted in the air ; but heedless of this he went to the next marked spot, and again plunged the sharp point of the implement into the ground. Again it sank to the same depth, and, on being drawn out, a second black jet sprang forth. Meanwhile, the hostile party continued to advance up the dry channel before mentioned, and shouted on beholding these strange preparations, but they did not relax their speed. Once more the staff sank into the ground, and a third black fountain followed its extraction.

An attempt is now made to capture the abbot, which the latter is about to meet by resistance, when Demdike warns him not to advance, or he will share the fate of the advancing party.

As the words were uttered, a dull, booming, subterranean sound was heard, and instantly afterwards, with a crash like thunder, the whole of the green circle beneath slipped off, and from a yawning rent under it a torrent burst forth with irresistible fury, a thick inky-coloured torrent, which, rising almost breast-high, fell upon the devoted royalist soldiers, who were advancing right in its course. Unable to avoid the watery eruption, or to resist its fury when it came upon them, they were instantly swept from their feet, and carried down the channel. A sight of horror was it to behold the sudden rise of that swarthy stream, whose waters, tinged by the ruddy glare of the beacon-fire, looked like waves of blood. Nor less fearful was it to hear the first wild despairing cry raised by the victims, or the quickly-stifled shrieks and groans that followed, mixed with the deafening roar of the stream, and the crashing fall of the stones, which accompanied its course. Down, down went the poor wretches, now utterly overwhelmed by the torrent, now regaining their feet only to utter a scream, and then be swept off. Here a miserable struggler, whirled onward, would clutch at the banks, and try to scramble forth, but the soft turf giving way beneath him, he was hurried off to eternity.

The scene of devastation which follows is of so terrific a nature as to impress the abbot with the belief that it was the work of the powers of darkness, and the conduct of Demdike, who stands aloof, exulting in the havoc, confirms this fear. The wizard again urges his request for the baptism of his child, and again the abbot—and this time resolutely—refuses, and instead of seeking to consummate his vengeance on the leaders of the royalist power, he does his utmost to save them. He succeeds, but nearly loses his own life in the attempt; preserving it, however, only for a more ignominious fate; he is made prisoner, and confined in his own chamber at the abbey.

The condemnation of the abbot, and the preparations for his execution, speedily follow. On his way to the gallows, erected immediately in front of his own lodgings at Whalley, he is again intercepted by Demdike, who proffers the same offer of escape, and the wizard's wife, Bess, in vain adds her entreaties for the baptism of her child.

"Listen to me, wicked woman!" exclaimed the abbot, as if filled with a prophetic spirit: "thy child's life shall be long—beyond the ordinary term of woman,—but it shall be a life of woe and ill. * * * * * Children shall she have, and children's children, but they shall be a race doomed and accursed—a brood of adders, that the world shall flee from and crush. A thing accursed, and shunned by her fellows shall thy daughter be,—evil reputed and evil doing. No hand to help her,—no lip to bless her,—life a burden, and death—long, long in coming—finding her in a dismal dungeon. Now depart from me, and trouble me no more."

Bess made a motion as if she would go, and then turning partly round, dropped heavily on the ground. Demdike caught the child, ere she fell.

"Thou hast killed her!" he cried to the abbot.

"A stronger voice than mine has spoken, if it be so," rejoined Paslew. "'Fuge miserrime, fuge malscice, quia judex adest iratus.'"

At this moment, the trumpet again sounded, and the cavalcade being put in motion, the abbot and his fellow-captives passed through the gate.

A midnight mass,—the last the abbot was destined to assist at,—is then celebrated; it is described with the most powerful and picturesque

effect, and in the course of it a dark and terrible passage of Paslew's early life is revealed, which, however, had better in this place be left untouched. An attempt is subsequently made by some faithful followers to rescue the abbot, which proves abortive through the interference of the implacable Demdike, and the last sad scene of Paslew's life draws near. There is here a description of the gloomy day appointed for the execution so admirably painted that it would be a pity to refrain from giving it, even at the risk of its occupying the space that should be accorded to other scenes :—

Dawn came at last, after a long and weary night to many within and without the abbey. Every thing betokened a dismal day. The atmosphere was damp, and oppressive to the spirits, while the raw cold sensibly affected the frame. All astir were filled with gloom and despondency, and secretly breathed a wish that the tragical business of the day were ended. The vast range of Pendle was obscured by clouds, and ere long the vapours descended into the valleys, and rain began to fall ; at first slightly, but afterwards in heavy continuous showers. Melancholy was the aspect of the abbey, and it required no stretch of imagination to fancy that the old structure was deploring the fate of its former ruler. To those impressed with the idea—and many there were who were so—the very stones of the convent seemed dissolving into tears. The statues of the saints appeared to weep, and the great statue of Saint Gregory de Northbury over the porch seemed bowed down by grief. The grotesquely carved heads on the spouts grinned horribly at the abbot's destroyers, and spouted forth cascades of water as if with the intent of drowning them. So deluging and incessant were the showers, that it seemed, indeed, as if the abbey would be flooded. All the inequalities of ground within the great quadrangle of the cloisters looked like ponds, and the various water-spouts from the dormitory, the refectory, and the chapter-house, continuing to jet forth streams into the court below, the ambulatories were soon filled ankle-deep, and even the lower apartments, on which they opened, invaded. Saturated with moisture, the royal banner on the gate drooped and clung to the staff, as if it too shared in the general depression, or as if the sovereign authority it represented had given way. The countenances and deportment of the men harmonised with the weather ; they moved about gloomily and despondently, their bright accoutrements sullied with the wet, and their buskins clogged with mire. A forlorn sight it was to watch the shivering sentinels on the walls ; and yet more forlorn to see the groups of the abbot's old retainers gathering without, wrapped in their blue woollen cloaks, patiently enduring the drenching showers, and awaiting the last awful scene. But the saddest sight of all was on the hill, already described, called the " Hole Houses." Here two lesser gibbets had been erected during the night, one on either hand of the loftier instrument of justice, and the carpenters were yet employed in finishing their work, having been delayed by the badness of the weather. Half-drowned by the torrents that fell upon them, the poor fellows were protected from interference with their disagreeable occupation by half-a-dozen well-mounted and well-armed troopers, and by as many halberdiers ; and this company, completely exposed to the weather, suffered severely from wet and cold. The rain beat against the gallows, ran down its tall naked posts, and collected in pools at its feet. Attracted by some strange instinct, which seemed to give them a knowledge of the object of these terrible preparations, two ravens whirled, screaming, round the fatal tree, and at length one of them settled on the cross-beam, and could with difficulty be dislodged by the shouts of the men, when it flew away, croaking hoarsely. Up this gentle hill, ordinarily so soft and beautiful, but now abhorrent as a Golgotha, in the eyes of the beholders, groups of rustics and monks had climbed over ground rendered slippery with moisture, and had ga-

thered round the paling encircling the terrible apparatus, looking the images of despair and woe.

To consummate his revenge Demdike gets himself appointed the abbot's executioner, but falls a victim to the fidelity of one of Paslew's retainers, who conceals himself above the church porch into which the bier with the abbot's dead body was to be brought.

At the head of the bearers was Demdike, and when the body was set down he advanced towards it, and, removing the hood, gazed at the livid and distorted features.

"At length I am fully avenged," he said.

"And Abbot Paslew also," cried a voice above him.

Demdike looked up, but the look was his last, for the ponderous statue of Saint Gregory de Northbury, launched from its pedestal, fell upon his head and crushed him to the ground. A mangled and breathless mass was taken from beneath the image, and the hands and visage of Paslew were found spotted with blood dashed from the gory carcase. * * * Thus it came to pass that the abbot and his enemy perished together. The mutilated remains of the wizard were placed in a shell, and huddled into the grave, where his wife had that morning been laid. But no prayer was said over him; and the superstitious believed that the body was carried off that very night by the Fiend, and taken to a witch's sabbath in the ruined tower on Rimington Moor. Certain it was that the unhallowed grave was disturbed. The body of Paslew was decently interred in the north aisle of the parish church of Whalley, beneath a stone with a Gothic cross sculptured upon it, and bearing the piteous inscription "*Miserere mei.*"

So far the introduction: a necessary prologue to the story which follows;—the unbaptised infant upon whom the abbot's malediction fell being the chief personage in the tragic drama of "*The Lancashire Witches.*"

From the deeds of guilt and horror with which the prologue closes, we return to the scenes of peace and innocence which herald the appearance of the new actors in the story. It is May Day in the early part of the seventeenth century, and the festival is held at Whalley, now no longer an abbot's place of pride, but the residence of Sir Ralph Assheton, the head of the numerous family of that name and the descendant of the man who was mainly instrumental in suppressing the rebellion of Paslew. The chief personage in these jocund May games, which are most vividly and truthfully depicted, is, of course, Maid Marian, whose representative, Alizon Device, sits for the following charming portrait:

Lovelier maiden in the whole country, and however high her degree, than this rustic damsel, it was impossible to find. Upon her smooth and beautiful brow sat a gilt crown, while her dark and luxuriant hair, covered behind with a scarlet coif, embroidered with gold, and tied with yellow, white, and crimson ribbands, but otherwise wholly unconfined, swept down almost to the ground. Slight and fragile, her figure was of such just proportion, that every movement and gesture had an indescribable charm. The most courtly dame might have envied her fine and taper fingers, and fancied she could improve them by protecting them against the sun, or by rendering them snowy white with paste and cosmetic, but this was questionable: nothing certainly could improve the small foot and finely-turned ankle, so well displayed in the red hose and smart little yellow buskin, fringed with gold. A stomacher of scarlet cloth, braided with yellow lace in cross bars, confined her slender waist. Her robe was of carnation coloured silk, with wide sleeves, and the gold-fringed skirt descended only a little below the knee, like the dress of a modern Swiss peasant, so as to re-

veal the exquisite symmetry of her limbs. Over all she wore a surcoat of azure silk, lined with white, and edged with gold. In her left-hand she held a red pink, as an emblem of the season. So enchanting was her appearance altogether, so fresh the character of her beauty, so bright the bloom that dyed her lovely cheeks, that she might have been taken for a personification of May herself. She was indeed in the very May of life—the mingling of Spring and Summer in womanhood; and the tender blue eyes, bright and clear as diamonds of the purest water, the soft regular features, and the merry mouth, whose ruddy, parted lips ever and anon displayed two rows of pearls, completed the similitude to the attributes of the jocund month.

Here is a contrast to this rustic beauty in the person of Alison's sister—or supposed sister—Jennet :

Attentively watching these proceedings, sat on a stool placed in a corner, a little girl, some nine or ten years old, with a basket of flowers on her knee. The child was very diminutive, even for her age, and her smallness was increased by personal deformity, occasioned by contraction of the chest, and spinal curvature, which raised her back above her shoulders; but her features were sharp and cunning, indeed almost malignant, and there was a singular and unpleasant look about the eyes, which were not placed evenly in the head.

These sisters form part of the family of Elizabeth Device, the daughter of the arch-witch Mother Demdike, whose abode was in Malkin Tower, on the verge of Pendle Forest. It may easily be conjectured that Alison is the heroine of the tale. She finds her lover in the person of Richard Assheton, one of the members of the family already mentioned, several of whom are present with him at the May-day festival.

In this romance Mr. Ainsworth excels in variety of portraiture, and the individuality of each character is strongly marked and sustained throughout. Nicholas Assheton, a cousin of the hero, is at once original and natural :

Nicholas Assheton, except as regards his Puritanism, might be considered a type of the Lancashire squire of the day. A precision in religious notions, and constant in attendance at church and lecture, he put no sort of restraint upon himself, but mixed up fox-hunting, otter-hunting, shooting at the mark, and perhaps shooting with the long bow, foot-racing, horse-racing, and, in fact, every other kind of country diversion, not forgetting tippling, cards, and dicing, with daily devotion, discourses, and psalm-singing, in the oddest way imaginable. A thorough sportsman was Squire Nicholas Assheton, well versed in all the arts and mysteries of hawking and hunting. Not a man in the country could ride harder, hunt deer, unkennel fox, unearth badger, or spear otter, better than he. And then, as to tippling, he would sit you a whole afternoon at the ale-house, and be the merriest man there, and drink a bout with every farmer present. And if the person chanced to be out of hearing, he would never make a mouth at a round oath, nor choose a second expression when the first would serve his turn. Then, who so constant at church or lecture as Squire Nicholas—though he did snore sometimes during the long sermons of his cousin, the Rector of Middleton. A great man was he at all weddings, christenings, churchings, and funerals, and never neglected his bottle at these ceremonies, nor any sport, indoors or out of doors meanwhile. In short, such a roystering Puritan was never known. A good-looking young man was the Squire of Downham, possessed of a very athletic frame, and a most vigorous constitution, which helped him, together with the prodigious exercise he took, through any excess. He had a sanguine complexion, with a broad, good-natured visage, which he could lengthen at will in a surprising manner. His hair was cropped close to his head, and the razor did daily duty over his cheek and chin,

giving him the round-head look, some years later, characteristic of the Puritanical party.

Richard Assheton, Alison's lover, possesses those graces of person and mind, which worthily mate with a being such as she has been represented. But besides the kinsmen of Sir Ralph, a number of guests were assembled for the occasion at Whalley—the most important amongst them, in connection with the story, being Master Roger Nowell, of Read Hall, a very active and busy Justice of Peace, and Mistress Alice Nutter, of Rough Lee, in Pendle Forest, a widow lady and a relative of the Assheton family, between whom a dispute relative to the boundary line between their respective lands had long existed. Upon this dispute, and the events arising from it, hinges the chief interest of the romance. It should be observed, that Mistress Alice Nutter, in spite of her birth and position, does not enjoy the best reputation. The manner of her husband's death, which took place after a violent illness, as strange as it was brief, is looked upon as a mystery, reflecting no credit on her, and is ascribed by the common people to the effect of witchcraft. Her umpires in the dispute are Nicholas and Richard Assheton; on the part of Roger Nowell appears one Master Thomas Potts, a London attorney, who figures conspicuously in the sequel. He is described as "a sharp witted fellow, versed in all the quirks and tricks of a very subtle profession, not over scrupulous, provided his client would pay well, prepared to resort to any expedient to gain his object, and quite conversant enough with both practice and precedent to keep himself straight." For his personal appearance, "a suit of rusty black, a parchment-coloured skin, small wizened features, a turn-up nose, scant eyebrows, and a great yellow forehead constituted his external man. The original of the character so happily elaborated by Mr. Ainsworth, was the attorney who drew up the report of the trials of the Witches, at Lancaster, in 1613.

The sports proceed, and the May-Queen, having chosen Richard Assheton for her partner in the evening dance, is invited to the abbey; a fray intervenes between Richard and a rude country knight, one Sir Thomas Metcalfe, in which the latter is worsted, but Alison faints, and excites the sympathy of Sir Ralph's party, and chiefly of Mistress Nutter, who asks many questions about her origin, doubting the statement of her being the grandchild of Mother Demdike. This leads to a conversation between Mistress Nutter and Nicholas Assheton, in which the name of old Demdike's rival, Mother Chattox, is first introduced, an allusion to whom induces Mistress Nutter to avow her disbelief in the existence of witches.

"Not believe in witches, with these two living proofs to the contrary!" cried Nicholas in amazement, "why Pendle Forest swarms with witches. They burrow in the hill-side like rabbits in a warren. They are the terror of the whole country. No man's cattle, goods, nor even life, is safe from them, and the only reason why these two old hags who held sovereign sway over the others have escaped justice so long, is because every one is afraid to go near them.

"It may be because I reside near them that I have so little apprehension, or rather no apprehension at all," replied Mistress Nutter; "but to me Mother Demdike and Mother Chattox appear two harmless old women."

"They're a couple of dangerous and damnable old hags, and deserve the stake," cried Nicholas emphatically.

This discourse is not lost on Master Thomas Potts, who, besides the

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eager pursuit of his professional game, superadds the keenest relish for hunting down witches, has studied and knows by heart all that the king, James I., has written on the subject, and loses no opportunity of instituting proceedings against the alleged delinquents. Master Potts is a legal impersonation of the celebrated Matthew Hopkins, whom he preceded in the art of witch-finding.

Mr. Ainsworth has never drawn a more amusing character than that of this sharp, meddlesome lawyer, always getting himself into scrapes by his perpetual interference, and always getting out of them by his acuteness and cunning. He here announces his intention of making inquiries concerning the two suspected old women, and in the discussion which ensues with Mistress Nutter, suspicions highly unfavourable to that lady are raised in his mind. In fact, Potts suspects everywhere, nor is he disposed to exclude even Alison Device from the list of the proscribed, whose number in that part of the country was "Legion."

Shortly after this conversation, Mother Chattox, who previously had only been named, is brought forward in person. She is too important a personage not to be described; she was "far advanced in years, bent almost double, palsy-stricken, her arms and limbs shaking, her head nodding, her chin wagging, her snowy locks hanging about her wrinkled visage, her brows and her upper lip froze, and her eyes almost sightless, the pupils being cased with a thin white film. Her dress, of antiquated make and faded stuff, had once been deep red in colour, and her old black hat was high-crowned and broad-brimmed. She partly aided herself in walking with a crutch-handled stick, and partly leaned upon her younger companion for support."

Though it is not till a much later period in the story that her formidable rival, Mother Demdike, actually appears, her picture, as a *pendant* to the above, cannot be more fittingly shown than now. It is painted with amazing force.

Scarcely had the last notes died away, when a light shone through the dark-red curtains hanging before a casement in the upper part of the tower. The next moment these were drawn aside, and a face appeared, so frightful, so charged with infernal wickedness and malice, that Richard's blood grew chill at the sight. Was it man or woman? The white beard and the large, broad, masculine character of the countenance seemed to denote the former, but the garb was that of a female. The face was at once hideous and fantastic—the eyes set across—the mouth awry—the right cheek marked by a mole shining with black hair, and horrible from its contrast to the rest of the visage, and the brow branded, as if by a streak of blood. A black thrum cap constituted the old witch's head-gear, and from beneath it her hoary hair escaped in long elf-locks. The lower part of her person was hidden from view, but she appeared to be as broad-shouldered as a man, and her bulky person was wrapped in a tawny-coloured robe. * * * There was nothing human in her countenance, and infernal light gleamed in her strangely-set eyes. Her personal strength, evidently unimpaired by age, or preserved by magical art, seemed equal to her malice; and she appeared as capable of executing any atrocity as of conceiving it.

There were some ancient crosses in the churchyard of Whalley, sculptured with Runic characters of magical power, and towards these Mother Chattox is wending when she is encountered by Nicholas Ascheton and his cousin Richard. A slight cause develops the malignity of her character, and she breathes a fearful curse on the head of the latter and that

of Alizon. This incident is well managed, and is one of those things which in real life have a tendency to make one hope that the cruelties inflicted on the witches were, in some sort, retributive. The presence of Mother Chattox in the churchyard is shortly, however, the cause of an outburst of fanatical fury on the part of the Mayday revellers,* which affords Mr. Ainsworth the opportunity of depicting one of those life-like, vigorous scenes, all action, energy, and passion, which are so greatly his forte. Mother Chattox escapes, by what agency is not apparent, but her pretty granddaughter, Nancey Redferne, is caught and swum for a witch, a humane operation, in which the delighted Potts plays a conspicuous part, though before the ceremony is well over he comes in for a severe ducking at the hands of Nicholas Assheton,—the life of Nancey being saved by his cousin Richard. The limits of a notice like this prevent the whole scene from being extracted, and it will scarcely bear mutilation, a remark which applies to many of the stirring incidents detailed in these volumes.

The same day that witnessed the development of Richard Assheton's passion for the fair Alizon, beholds the newly-sprung friendship of that maiden with Dorothy Assheton, her lover's sister. Mutual confidences are made by the two damsels in the gardens of the ruined conventual church of Whalley, from which it appears that the Asshetons, brother and sister, are convinced that Alizon is not of the blood of Mother Demdike, and so it afterwards turns out, she being first adopted and then secretly acknowledged as the daughter of Mistress Alice Nutter, a fact which is obscurely intimated by Mother Chattox, herself in the confidence but under the control of the last-named weird lady. That Mistress Nutter deserves this reputation the progress of the story only too plainly discloses, and it may be observed here that Mr. Ainsworth has very cleverly taken advantage of the modern discovery of mesmerism for the purpose of investing this personage with a greater degree of occult power. Mistress Nutter is as skilful in making passes as that famous exhibitor, the Baron Dupotet.

Before the close of Alizon's brief May-day reign, the narration concerning her birth is made by her mother; it is a fearful story, involving a horrible murder and other dread events, but the fact resulting from it is, that an infant inhumanly sacrificed and supposed to have been Alizon, was the child of Elizabeth Device—old Demdike's daughter—involuntarily substituted. It is resolved that Mistress Nutter and Alizon shall henceforward live together at Rough Lee, but without making public the nature of the relationship subsisting between them.

Up to this point in the romance the supernatural has not mingled in the doings of the Lancashire Witches,—at least visibly. But now a change comes over the scene. The question of the disputed boundary between the estates of Rough Lee and Read is still pending,—the day has been named for the arbitration, and plans have been prepared which, by-the-by, differ materially from each other. After an evening of great festivity at the Hall, at which all the May-day revellers are present, and where Nicholas Assheton, under the influence of too much Rhenish, dances a brawl with the portrait stepped out from its frame of the beautiful, but wicked, Isole de Heton, a licentious votaress, who brought great scandal on Whalley Abbey in the reign of Henry the Sixth; after this remarkable episode in the amusements of the dancers, and after a tremendous

storm, the loud-voiced evidence of witches' pranks abroad, the two friends, Dorothy and Alizon, experience singular confirmation of the suspicious of Thomas Potts and others, respecting the "uncanny" character of Mistress Nutter. Dorothy Assheton, impelled by an uncontrollable fear, arising from a fancied apparition, penetrates into the bed-chamber of that lady, where Alizon is lying in a trance, and witnesses a strange ceremony.

Unconscious of any other presence than that of Alizon, whose stupor seemed to occasion her no uneasiness, Mistress Nutter placed the lamp upon the table, made fast the door (Dorothy being concealed near the bed), and muttering some unintelligible words, unlocked the box. It contained two singularly-shaped glass vessels, the one filled with a bright, sparkling liquid, and the other with a greenish-coloured unguent. Pouring forth a few drops of the liquid into a glass near her, Mistress Nutter swallowed them, and then taking some of the unguent upon her hands, proceeded to anoint her face and neck with it, exclaiming as she did so, "Emen hetan! emen hetan!"—words that fixed themselves on the listener's memory. Wondering what would follow, Dorothy gazed on, when she suddenly lost sight of Mistress Nutter, and after looking for her as far as her range of vision, limited by the aperture, would extend, she became convinced that she had left the room.

Dorothy now leaves her place of concealment, and tries to awaken Alizon, but in vain; the box is lying open on the table,—the phial still contains some of the liquid,—she tastes it, and a sudden change comes over her frame; her brain reels, she laughs wildly, and feels so light and buoyant that wings seem scarcely wanting to be enabled to fly. It occurs to her to touch the sleeper's lips with the liquid, and Alizon then awakes under the influence of the same excitement as herself.

"Whither are you going?" cried Alizon. "To the moon! to the stars!—anywhere!" rejoined Dorothy, with a laugh of frantic glee.

"I will go with you!" cried Alizon, echoing the laugh.

"Here and there!—here and, there!" exclaimed Dorothy, taking her hand. "Emen hetan! emen hetan!"

As the mystic words were uttered, they started away.

They are drawn by some irresistible impulse towards the conventual church where a Witch's Sabbath was then being held, in the midst of the furious tempest already alluded to. Many romance writers before Mr. Ainsworth have described the incantations of the fell hags who made a practice of witchcraft, but none have done so better than he. There is a startling force and picturesque expression about his groupings, which completely embody all that can be conceived of the terrible. His vigorous and mystic lines breathe a spirit that is scarcely surpassed by Shakespeare, and not at all by Ben Jonson. Shadwell, who was only poet laureate to George the First, and tried the same thing in his grotesque play, is completely put out of court; he inspires any feeling but terror, of which Mr Ainsworth, with the great names already cited, is a master.

The main object of this incantation is darkly shadowed upon the current of the story; but besides that, there is another, the inauguration of a proselyte, and Dorothy Assheton is nearly made to pay the penalty of her curiosity by undergoing the witch's baptism of water and salt, and, in her frenzy, covenanting with the Prince of Darkness, who, if he takes such unfair advantage of young ladies, is not, as poor Tom says, "a gentleman," whatever else he may be called. The fatal consequence is,

however, averted by the courage and piety of Alizon, who lies for a time under the imputation of having herself bewitched Dorothy Assheton.

The day after this nocturnal orgio is the one appointed for the settlement of the disputed boundary. In justice to Mr. Ainsworth's descriptive powers, the following passages must be cited :

The road taken by the party on quitting Whalley led up the side of a hill, which, broken into picturesque inequalities, and partially clothed with trees, sloped down to the very brink of the Calder. Winding round the broad green plain, heretofore described, with the lovely knoll in the midst of it, and which formed with the woody hills encircling it a perfect amphitheatre, the river was ever an object of beauty—sometimes lost beneath overhanging boughs or high banks, anon bursting forth where least expected, now rushing swiftly over its shallow and rocky bed, now subsiding into a smooth full current. The abbey and the village were screened from view by the lower part of the hill which the horsemen were scaling, but the old bridge and a few cottages at the foot of Whalley Nab, with their thin, blue smoke mounting into the pure morning air, gave life and interest to the picture. Hence, from base to summit, Whalley Nab stood revealed, and the verdant lawns opening out amidst the woods feathering its heights, were fully discernible. Placed by nature as the guardian of this fair valley, the lofty eminence well became the post assigned to it. None of the belt of hills connected with it were so well wooded as their leader, nor so beautiful in form, while some of them were overtopped by the bleak fells of Longridge, rising at a distance behind them. Nor were those exquisite contrasts wanting, which are only to be seen in full perfection when the day is freshest and the dew heavy on the grass. The near side of the hill was plunged in deep shade ; thin, gauzy vapour hung on the stream beneath, while on the opposite heights, and where the great boulder-stones were visible in the bed of the river, all was sparkling with sunshine. So enchanting was the prospect, that though perfectly familiar with it, the two foremost horsemen drew in the rein to contemplate it. High above them, on a sandbank, through which their giant roots protruded, shot up two tall silver-stemmed beech-trees, forming, with their newly open foliage, a canopy of tenderest green. Further on appeared a grove of oaks scarcely in leaf, and below were several fine sycamores, already green and umbrageous, intermingled with elms, ashes, and horse-chestnuts, and overshadowing brakes covered with maples, alders, and hazels. The other spaces among the trees were enlivened by patches of yellow-flowering and odorous gorse. Mixed with the warblings of innumerable feathered songsters were heard the cheering notes of the cuckoo ; and the newly-arrived swallows were seen chasing the flies along the plain, or skimming over the surface of the river.

The description of the Boggart's Glen is another fine sketch of beautiful scenery, the effect of which is greatly heightened by the gloomy picture which follows of the desolation and misery of the village of Sabden, blighted, as it seems, by witchcraft.

A singular personage now presents himself, the Reeve of the Forest, an exact counterpart, in outward appearance, of Master Potts. He is, indeed, the "double" of that worthy, or, to speak more critically, the "familiar" of Mistress Nutter, and has put on the outward form of the attorney, for the purpose of mystifying him in the matter of the arbitration. This is another of the characters in the romance, as well executed as conceived. There is about him a provoking, sneering, cool, polite, half-humorous malignity, that allies him very closely to the family of whom Goethe's Mephistopheles may be considered the type. He displays these qualities very notably in the settlement of the boundary question, a very lively scene, in which the astonishment of Potts at the

falsification of his client's plan of the estate is most amusingly set forth; no less vehement is the indignation of Roger Nowell, who vows (and truly enough) that the changes which have been wrought on the face of nature, by the removal of ancient and unswerving landmarks, are the effect of witchcraft. This sudden alteration was, indeed, the chief purpose of the witch's invocation in the ruined conventual church at Whalley, the night before. Master Potts is at first completely dumb-founded at the discomfiture of his client, but catching at the idea thrown out in Nowell's anger, he cleverly turns it to account, in a way that would excite the "admiration of the most "cunning of fence" at *nisi prius*. His cross-examination and conviction of Jem Device, is as real a piece of lawyer-like ability as any of the courts at Westminster can show. The conclusion at which Roger Nowell and himself arrive is, that diabolic agency has effected the change in the "immoveable marks, meres, and boundaries," which were to have determined the question; and the former, being a magistrate, at once resolved on apprehending Mistress Nutter, on the charge of witchcraft. This step is vehemently opposed by the Asshetons, and the party finally breaks up, Nicholas and Richard betaking themselves to Rough Lee, to warn its owner of the danger that threatens her, and Roger Nowell to collect his people, for the purpose of effecting the capture of the presumed witch.

The attack and defence of Rough Lee form a very animated chapter; it ends in the defeat of the magistrate and the sad discomfiture of his ally, Master Potts, who gets terribly mauled by half-a-dozen stag-hounds. A negotiation follows, in the course of which Mistress Nutter's magic powers are very successfully exhibited; but to detail the manner of it would destroy much of the interest the reader will feel who turns to the romance itself. But, in the midst of Mistress Nutter's success, her daughter, Alison, is carried off by Mother Demdike to Malkin Tower, and, in the agony occasioned by her loss, remorse for her past crimes awakens in her bosom. While vacillating between repentance and the desire to regain her child, she summons the fiend to her aid, and learns too late that she has lost her own soul without retaining the power to accomplish her desires. But in her extremity she is visited by Mother Chattox, and together they ride through the tempest on a broomstick to the witch's hut, to prepare a charm to counteract the spells of Mother Demdike. The ceremonies that take place there, assisted by a familiar spirit called "Fancy," are described with a masterly pen. During Mistress Nutter's absence from Rough Lee, a second attack on her mansion, to rescue her prisoners, arises out of an episode which, well as it is told, would embarrass the course of this hasty analysis of the story, were it repeated here. The result of the adventure is the assemblage of several bodies of armed men, variously led, to effect the capture of the witches, assembled that night in great force on Pendle Hill, to witness and assist in the sacrifice of Alison by Mother Demdike. What follows, until the fate of the two hags, Chattox and Demdike is sealed, is told with too much spirit to admit of being set forth in detached passages; like the quick succession of events in Shakespeare's historical dramas, the rapid movements of the actors in this romance admit of no pause, but carry the reader breathlessly to the end.

The third and concluding part of Mr. Ainsworth's romance opens in a different strain, and introduces a new and cleverly-drawn character, one Laurence Fogg, a convenient but scampish hanger-on of Nicholas Assheton, whom the latter had, in the first instance, picked up in the neighbourhood, and invited to his house for a few weeks' hunting, and had never been able to get rid of since.

The new-comer was a man of middle age, with a skin almost as tawny as a gipsy's, a hooked nose, black beetling brows, and eyes so strangely set in his head, that they communicated a very sinister expression to his countenance. He possessed a burley frame, square, and somewhat heavy, though not so much so as to impede his activity. In deportment and stature, though not in feature, he resembled the squire himself; and the likeness was heightened by his habiliments being part of Nicholas's old wardrobe; the doublet and hose, and even the green hat and boots, being those in which Nicholas made his first appearance in this history.

This worthy, who is well defined as filling a situation "something between guest and menial, without receiving the precise attentions of the one or the wages of the other," possesses all the sporting tastes to which Nicholas Assheton so keenly devotes himself, and moreover humours the squire so adroitly as entirely to win his confidence and become his trusted agent in affairs of the greatest delicacy, to wit, the endeavour to raise money, of which Nicholas stood much in need, though, according to his own showing, he was never successful in these negotiations. A caustic but humorous speech of the squire paints this fellow at full length, and presents him to us in the act of preparing to accompany his patron and another gentleman—Master Richard Sherborne, the brother-in-law of Nicholas—on a long-projected otter-hunting expedition. Sherborne's visit to Downham is a sudden one, and has for its object to induce Nicholas Assheton to consent to attend the great man of the county, Sir Richard Hoghton, and wear his livery, on the occasion of a visit from King James, who was shortly expected at Hoghton Tower, accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham and others of his favourites and courtiers, where rare doings were expected. The squire's pride at first opposes an obstacle to the favourable reception of this proposition; but when he believes that Sir Richard will lend him the money he requires, he consents to the arrangement. This appears a slight matter at first sight, but it is afterwards found to be a necessary condition for the final development of the story.

Did the otter-hunt stand alone as a mere digression, the spirited manner in which it is told, showing (even if the famous "Ride to York" could be forgotten) that Mr. Ainsworth himself has a keen sense of a sportsman's enjoyments—would warrant a special direction to its merits, but the Ribble, in which the sport takes place, has other game in it besides otters. A word or two of the huntsman and his dog before the start.

Old Crouch was a thin, gray-bearded fellow, but possessed of a tough, muscular frame, which served him quite as well in the long run as the younger and apparently more vigorous limbs of his assistants. His cheek was hale, and his eye still bright and quick, and a certain fierceness was imparted to his countenance by a large aquiline nose. He was attired in a greasy leathern jerkin, tight hose of the same material, and had a huge suspended from his neck, and a sharp hunting-knife thrust into his girdle. In his hand he bore a spear like his master, and was followed by a grey old lurcher, who, though wanting an ear and an eye, and disfigured by sundry scars on throat and back, was hardy,

untiring, and sagacious. This ancient dog was called Grip, from his tenacity in holding any thing he set his teeth upon, and he and Crouch were inseparable.

The manner in which the otter is eventually struck by old Crouch is as well painted in Mr. Ainsworth's words as it has been truthfully represented by Edwin Landseer's pencil.

One otter, however, is not sufficient for the morning's sport, and the stream is hunted still further up, the discourse on the way to the spot selected turning naturally on the recent events which have agitated that part of Lancashire and on the principal persons implicated in them; prominent amongst whom are the Device family and Nance Redferne, the comely daughter of old Mother Chattox, who, while many have been arrested, are still at large. It should be mentioned here, that Mistress Nutter, herself, has contrived to escape from the hands of justice, the escort who were conducting her to Lancaster Castle, together with the other witches, having been attacked while passing through Bowland Forest by a party of men in the disguise of foresters, who bore off the prisoner in triumph. The actors in this scene were supposed to have been headed by Richard and Nicholas Assheton, but nothing could be proved against them; meantime, the whereabouts of Mistress Nutter continues to be a profound secret. The scene of the sportsman's intended operations is thus described:—

On the extreme verge of a high bank situated at the point of junction between Swanside Beck and the Ribble, stood an old, decayed oak. Little of the once mighty tree, beyond the gnarled trunk, was left, and this was completely hollow, while there was a pent rift near the bottom through which a man might easily creep, and when once in, stand erect without inconvenience. Beneath the bank the river was deep and still, forming a pool, where the largest and fattest fish were to be met with. In addition to this, the spot was extremely secluded, being rarely visited by the angler on account of the thick copse by which it was surrounded.

In this hollow tree the otter is supposed to lie concealed; it is difficult of access, but Nicholas Assheton undertakes to force the game out, and, about to plunge his spear in the rift, is startled by hearing a deep voice apparently issue from the hollows of the timber, bidding him beware. The inmate of the oak, as may be imagined, is no otter, neither is it Hobthrust, the demon of the wood, but, though a counterfeit boggart, no less formidable a personage than the known robber and reputed wizard, James Device, the savage grandson of old Mother Demdike. Summoned to surrender, he plunges into the pool; and had he been an otter itself, he could hardly have afforded better sport. But the sagacity and courage of Grip, aided by the spears of the hunters, discovers his place of concealment, and he is dragged out bleeding, half-drowned, and covered with slime, the prisoner of the squire who, in his hatred to witchcraft in the person of James Device, resolves to send him off to Lancaster Castle, and, in spite of threats of future vengeance, confides him to the safe keeping of Lawrence Fogg,—a species of custody which no one need be surprised to find, somewhat of the least secure.

The scene now shifts to the place of retreat of Mistress Nutter. It is in the squire's own house at Downham, and here she receives a visit from the owner. A change, moral as well as physical, has come over her; here is the description:—

Her person was so attenuated that she looked little more than a skeleton—her fingers were long and thin,—her cheeks hollow and deathly pale,—her

eyes lustreless and deep-set in their sockets,—and her hair, once jetty as the raven's wing, prematurely blanched. Such was the profound gloom stamped upon her countenance, that it was impossible to look upon her without compassion, while, in spite of her wo-begone looks, there was a noble character about her that elevated the feeling into deep interest, blended with respect. She was kneeling beside a small desk, with an open Bible laid upon it, which she was intently studying, when the squire appeared.

She has, in fact, become a sincere penitent, and all her desire now is to atone for her past crimes by voluntarily surrendering herself to suffer the punishment which she believes to be their due. Her agony is forcibly depicted :—

"Oh, Nicholas," said the lady, "you do not know the temptations I am exposed to in this chamber,—the difficulty I experience in keeping my thoughts fixed on one object,—the distractions I undergo,—the mental obscurations,—the faintings of spirit,—the bodily prostration,—the terrors, the inconceivable terrors that assail me. Sometimes I wish my spirit would flee away, and be at rest. Rest! there is none for me,—none in the grave,—none beyond the grave ;—and, therefore, I am afraid of death, and still more of the judgment after death! Man might inflict all the tortures he could devise upon this poor frame. I would bear them all with patience, with delight, if I thought they would purchase me immunity hereafter! But with the dread conviction, the almost certainty, that it will be otherwise, I can only look to the final consummation with despair."

Mistress Nutter's kind kinsman combats this despairing mood, and, after much argument, succeeds in inducing her, chiefly on Alizon's account, to care for her safety, which is imperilled by her stay at Downham, by taking refuge in Malkin Tower.

From this sad lady the next transition is to Richard Assheton and Alizon, on both of whom the shadow of sorrow has fallen. Mr. Ainsworth has here drawn a most affecting picture of the condition of the lovers,—the young man desponding beneath a sense of melancholy foreboding and the maiden no longer child-like and joyous, but awakened to an acquaintance with care, the consequence of her mother's position,—yet still gentle, resigned, and serene. Again, in strong contrast with her, is the spiteful little Jonnet, now a declared witch, who has begun to practise her deadly art on Richard Assheton, and menaces Alizon with a witch's doom.

Some stirring events now rapidly ensue. Nicholas Assheton, who has succeeded in borrowing a large sum of money, is on his way home with it through the lonely but magnificent gorge of Cliviger, when he meets the young witch Nance Redferne, who warns him not to proceed, telling him that an ambush of robbers lies in waiting to despoil him of his gold and take his life, the murderous band being headed by Lawrence Fogg, who turns out to be no other than Christopher Demdike, the long lost son of the old hag who has lately paid the penalty of her crimes. Nance reveals also the fact that Fogg, or Demdike, has in reality succeeded in getting all the money which he pretended he could not borrow for the squire. All these things greatly excite the ire of Nicholas, who determines, if he can escape, to deliver the robber up to justice. To accomplish his present purpose, he takes Nance behind him, on his horse, and they traverse the glen with speed, trusting, by the swiftness of his steed, to get over the dangerous pass in safety. This is not permitted ; Nicholas is fired at, and has a personal contest with Demdike, whom he fells with a blow from his own petronel, and the fugitives have nearly cleared the gorge when the squire's horse falls, and the riders are com-

pelled to shelter in some bushes by the road-side. The robbers are again on their track,—they find the lamed horse, and while they pause, Demdike details, in the hearing of Nicholas, a plan which he has formed for waylaying Mistress Nutter on her road to Malkin Tower, which is, indeed, his own place of refuge, for the purpose of extracting money from her. Immediately he has made this announcement, Demdike and his band gallop off to carry the plan into execution. To rescue his kinswoman is now the great object with Nicholas, but the difficulty is how to reach Malkin Tower; this is obviated by Nance, who obliges the squire, in his extremity, to accept of her only mode of conveyance, a ride through the air on an extemporised courser, in the shape of a long branch of hazel. •

Over the bleached and perpendicular crag—startling the eagle from his eyrie—over the yawning gully with the torrent roaring beneath him—over the sharp ridges of the hill—over Townley Park, over Burnley steeple—over the wide valley beyond he went—until, at last, bewildered, out of breath, and like one in a dream, he alighted on a brown, bare, heathy expanse, and within a hundred yards of a tall circular stone structure, which he knew to be Malkin Tower.

The destruction of this remarkable abode of witches and robbers follows next. As night draws in Mistress Nutter sets forth under the guidance of Crouch the huntsman, who is joined on the road by his dog Grip, no unimportant agent in the catastrophe. She is sorely tempted on the way by a dark horseman—her former familiar—but strong in her penitent resolves, and armed with her copy of the Holy Scriptures, the fiend is baffled, and the journey pursued, though not altogether in peace. She passes her own domain of Rough Lee, and occasion is taken to represent her as goaded by the most terrible recollections, and speeding on as if the avenging furies were at her heels; the powerful manner in which this hasty journey is written shows what Mr. Ainsworth can do when the *estro* is fully alive within him. Her progress, as has been intimated, is intercepted by Demdike and his crew, at a moment when, owing to Crouch having fallen from his horse, she is left alone, and she is conveyed a prisoner to Malkin Tower. Not for long, however, rescue being near at the hands of Nicholas Assheton and his weird associate, Nance Redferne. A struggle, vividly narrated, ensues, the end of which is the escape of Mistress Nutter, the capture of Demdike, with an ulterior purpose in view, and the blowing up of Malkin Tower by Nance Redferne, who, by the context, would seem, at a former period, to have been the ill-used mistress of the robber-wizard.

Mr. Ainsworth's interesting narrative has, thus far, been described in ample detail, for the purpose of exhibiting its quality. The catastrophe is purposely withheld in this place, in order that the reader who, perchance, has followed this imperfect account, may not lose the pleasure which he will experience when he turns to the actual pages of the romance. The writer would gladly avoid the sin of presumption, but he cannot help expressing it as his sincere opinion, that the romance of "*THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES*" is decidedly the best of the many works of fiction which Mr. Ainsworth has yet written. Its elements are so essentially dramatic that it is not to be doubted it will speedily be put upon the stage, and wherever it is produced, if carefully dramatised, "a long run" must be the inevitable consequence.

THE LAY OF THE CHATELAINE.

BY HENRY LAWS LONG, ESQ.

"This curious specimen of Belgian ballad-poetry was communicated to me by a Belgian poet, who wrote it down from memory. It originated in the Duchy of Lincburg, and has been done into French from its parent patois. It has been 'done into' English, as a specimen of the old Belgian romantic school of poetry. It might pass for a *chanson* of a troubadour, or '*servepte*.'"—*Extract from a Letter of the Translator to H. P. Smith, Esq.*

LE LAY DE LA CHATELAINE. THE LAY OF THE CHATELAINE.

LA DAME.

ALOUETTE, de loin venue,
Lui te balances dans la nue,
N'as-tu pas vu mon bien-aimé ?

L'ALOUETTE.

Personne ne me l'a nommé.

LA DAME.

Vive hirondelle, qui voyages
Dans le palais des blancs nuages,
N'as-tu pas vu mon adoré ?

L'HIRONDELLE.

Non, je ne l'ai pas rencontré !

LA DAME.

Forêt, qui chantes et murmures,
Sous le toit vert de tes ramures,
N'as-tu pas vu mon fiancé ?

LA FORET.

Non, personne ici n'a passé.

LA DAME.

Rocher, qui dresses dans l'espace
Ta cime, où l'aigle plane et passe,
N'as-tu pas vu mon chevalier ?

LA ROCHER.

Non, ni cheval ni cavalier.

LA DAME.

Torrent, qui roules et qui grondes,
A-t-il franchi tes eaux profondes,
Mon beau guerrier au cimier d'or ?

LE TORRENT.

Dans mon lit il repose et dort.

GENTLE lark, thou wanderer, say !
Hast thou, on thine airy way,
Tidings of my true-love heard ?

LARK.

No, sweet lady, not a word.

LADY.

Thou, didst thou, gay swallow ! where
Thou haunt'st the palaces of air—
Didst not thou my love espy ?

SWALLOW.

Ah ! no knight, fair dame, saw I.

LADY.

Forest ! thou that wailest, moaning,
'Neath thy verdant covert groaning,
My betrothed didst thou not see ?

FOREST.

No, no mortal passed by me !

LADY.

Cliff ! that rear'st thy head through
skies
Where the soaring eagle flies,
Thou at least my knight hast seen ?

CLIFF.

Horse nor horseman here have been.

LADY.

Torrent, o'er the hoarse rocks roll'd,
My warrior, he o' th' crest of gold,
Say ! hath he swam thy gloomy deeps ?

*

TORRENT.

In my bed he rests—and sleeps.

THE DOWNFAL OF THE REPUBLIC.

FRANCE is exhibiting at the present moment a practical illustration of the great fact that universal suffrage, among nations no further advanced in intellectual, moral, and religious education, than are at present the leading populations of Europe, is totally inconsistent with real progress. Whatever sound sense, political experience, or intellectual supremacy may have been attained by many, is overwhelmed in such a state of things by the great flood of an ignorant democracy. Whatever has amid scenes of turbulence and party animosity almost unexampled, at the expense of all that constituted wealth and prosperity, and by the sacrifice of hecatombs of human beings, been gained by a few true men, albeit, political enthusiasts, has fallen at once before the more general and well-known prominent insignia of the national character—the vainglorious idea of a military domination.

To speak of a new French revolution, is to express ourselves less correctly, than if we said, the French revolution accomplished in February, 1848, another great change in its eternal progress. When, in that memorable month, the opposition brought about an insurrection to carry its objects, it was met half-way by men zealous in the cause of greater changes, and by individuals having sinister views towards society generally.

Upon the fall of a dynasty elected by the popular voice, and therefore at the mercy of the popular will, the opposition members of the Chamber of Deputies declared themselves elected to rule the destinies of France by the “sovereign voice of the people.” But the “people” did not consider that they had been sufficiently attended to in the enunciation of its sovereign voice. Men who had been long conspirators in obscure republican schemes, hurried off as a second provisional government to the Hotel de Ville, and a struggle ensued which (the last arrived being backed by thousands of armed and infuriated men without) ended in a compromise and a fusion. Louis Blanc, the journalist and historian of republicanism, —Flocon, one of the principal *redacteurs* of the *Réforme*, and Marc Caussidière, an underling, associate to the same journal, rough, uneducated, but with a will and energy of his own, and a tried conspirator, —became members of the new government. So also did Albert the conspirator of Lyons, put forward as an *ouvrier* to flatter the people with a belief that one of themselves was among the actual rulers of the land; and Armand Marrast, the republican editor of the *National*, although not of their allies, could not be passed over. Marc Caussidière, who could not go so far as his co-conspirators of the Rue Jacques Rousseau, who, when admitted into the new government as secretaries, omitted their official titles by “sovereign order of the people,” and became self-appointed colleagues, —Marc Caussidière posted off to the *Préfecture de Police*, installed himself in its *bureaux*, and when questioned what he did there, answered that he was as much elected *Préfet de Police* by “the voice of the sovereign people” as the other good gentlemen members of the government. Again, however, the voice of this fickle sovereign had been unaccountably inconsistent, for it appears that it had, at the same time, delegated to the same post a certain Sobrier, an ex-republican conspirator, equally authorised to wield the power of the Parisian police: he also rushed to the Prefecture, backed by the influence of Lamartine and Co., but found the post already occupied. By a strange oversight towards these chosen of the nation, the Pro-

visional Government had at the same time placed the police authority under the attributes of the mayoralty. After some confusion, a sort of compromise was entered into, and the "chosen of the nation" were allowed to remain at their post as double *delegates* of the police. But two wild tiger-cats seldom live amicably in the same cage, according to the law of nature, be it even that of republican fraternity; and after much snarling and showing of teeth, delegate Sobrier was fairly driven out by his brother tiger-cat!

Notwithstanding the efforts made by the new government to get up enthusiasm, the general proclamation of the republic, the funerals of the victims, the clap-trap of Mademoiselle Rachel and the Marseilloise of lictors and fasces, of tree-erecting and other ceremonies and public rejoicings, "the eternal progress of the revolution" knew no stopping place. The socialists soon assumed an attitude to which it was impossible to be blind. Citizen Sobrier, expelled from the prefecture, had placed himself and his montagnards at the head of a *comité du Salut Public*; even the socialist tendencies of the government were scarcely unavowed, and only a few weeks after the establishment of a republic, the lower classes were engaged in war against the higher, and so corrupt was the state of society in the capital, that it was not so much the struggle of the poor against the rich, as the envious war of those not possessing luxuries, and the means of sensual indulgence, against those that had.

Ledru Rollin's well known circular brought about the first conflict between the "people" and the *bourgeoisie*. The red republic gained strength; the clubs, headed by such men as Blanqui, Raspail, Barbés, and Huber, grew in numbers and increased in ferocity. The Provisional Government, which had tampered with Socialists, became prostrated before the clubbists. The cry for the expulsion of foreign workmen made itself heard in the land of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and universal republics were proclaimed throughout the world! *La Presse*, because it dared to be moderate, was assailed, and its editor threatened. Marc Caussidière left such national guards as brought up "*emeutiers, communistes and terroristes*" to the prefecture, themselves in durance vile; and the montagnards or janissaries of citizen Sobrier arrested indiscriminately all who were suspected of being moderate.

This state of affairs came to a crisis on the memorable 16th of April. And after the downfal of citizens Caussidière and Sobrier the general elections and the congregation of the National Assembly kept parties aloof for a time, and the monster review and great festival of fraternization followed upon that effective Anti-Caussidière and Sobrier demonstration. The result of these elections was unfavourable to the party of the Red Republicans. They in consequence renewed their agitation, and issued new and more incendiary proclamations. The Assembly took means for its defence, and, as far as lay in its power, for the preservation of public tranquillity. Unfortunately, Lamartine's associating Ledru Rollin with himself as a colleague in the executive government deprived him, at such an untoward moment, of all moral power and of popularity. The discomfited communists and socialists got up "Poland" as a "war cry," and invaded the Assembly on the 15th of May. Driven out by the National Guard, Raspail and Sobrier were arrested at the Hotel de Ville, Blanqui and Huber were allowed to escape, and Louis Blanc was put in accusation by his colleagues.

The clubs did not, however, lose courage, although their leaders were now expatriated or in the dungeons of Vincennes. They adopted secret signals and mysterious manoeuvres. The national workmen revolted and carried the day. Vacancies having occurred in the National Assembly, Causidière, a fugitive from arrest, was once more triumphantly returned. Thiers and Louis Napoleon were also elected, and while the one declined the dignity at the time, the other suffered the penalty of his new honours in an attack made upon his dwelling-house. At length the attempt to expel a portion of the national workmen out of the capital brought about a new trial of strength, and a new resort to arms, between the moderates and the ultras. The army of the insurgents was, on this occasion, organised strategically, battle raged for three days, the Archbishop of Paris mixed his blood with that of his fellow citizens, and General Cavaignac rose up upon the defeat of the anarchists to the rank of military dictator.

Here was an end to the Republican phasis of the Revolution, anywhere where revolution is an accidental and not a necessary part of social progress. Those who wish to read a truly interesting and graphic description of the events above sketched, we would refer to Mr. J. Palgrave Simpson's volumes,* but we cannot help feeling that in an historical drama of the kind, where after all the more prominent characters were by no means the most important in a political, and certainly not the most curious in a psychological point of view, that the memoirs of the good citizen Causidière† are most deserving of attentive perusal. In events like these, results lie on the surface and form the staple of the mere narrator, motives and impulses lie deeper, and can only be arrived at by so much as can be credited of the voluntary confessions of the actors themselves.

The peace and tranquillity ensured by a military dictatorship was taken advantage of to bring forth—not without a vast amount of labour and discussion—a constitution. One of the first *theoretical* results of this elaborate production was, to shield the Assembly under a Presidency, elected by a majority of one-half; or, in default thereof, by the Assembly itself. One of the first *practical* results has been the election by a majority of five to one of an hereditary and monarchical or imperial power, over the long-vaunted and so much fought for republicanism. The alternatives presented to the prospective are portentous. To attempt, as some republicans, even in this country, pretend to do, to show that Louis Napoleon has been elected as a mere president of the republic, to quietly give way to another in four years, is an absurdity. He is the representative of a name and of an idea. The name is that of one of the most ambitious and sanguinary men with whom it has ever pleased the Almighty to visit the human race, the idea is one peculiarly French—the vainglory of the people, the grandeur and supremacy of the empire. Louis Napoleon was elected by the war party, which his success attests how numerous it is, sufficiently so, indeed, to swamp republicans and legitimists in the same fearful abyss. The incapability of the man may alone rescue the republic, or conduce to a restoration. Two conditions are essentially warlike in this nomination. First, the basis of the elections, and the hopes of the electors—not to be trifled with if Louis Napoleon values power; and, secondly, the necessity of supporting and

* Pictures from Revolutionary Paris, sketched during the First Phasis of the Revolution of 1843. By J. Palgrave Simpson, Esq., M.A. 2 vols. W. Blackwood and Sons.

† Memoirs of Citizen Causidière, ex-Prefect of the Police and Representative of the People. 2 vols. Richard Bentley.

keeping in abeyance the army, the garde mobile, and the red republicans. He is assailed on all sides by monsters with jaws insatiable, to whom it may be advisable to offer up some other country in preference to their own in propitiatory sacrifice. The eyes of Algerine, red republican, and gamin France, will turn to the richest offering. Luckily, it is not in their grasp. A sleeve (*La Manche*) intervenes between the will and the enjoyment. Others again, considering that too much interference was the cause of Louis Philippe's misfortunes, think that the very incapacity of Louis Napoleon may give permanence to a pacific rule—this it is evident is a mere category, while war or civil discord are the natural and inevitable results of the kind of progress which France has so fearfully ventured upon. May the lesson she affords be an example to others.

THE HABITUÉ'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

IN those palmy days when the present Théâtre du Vaudeville, that Charybdis of managerial hopes and fortunes, was not, and when the *grelots* of Momus resounded merrily in the dusty, smoky, comfortless little *salle* of the Rue de Chartres, authors were far more courageous and Aristophanical than *we*—from our own personal experience of modern *vaudevillistes*—can have any idea. At that time play-goers looked for something more than unhealthy sentiment diluted into three acts, and christened “drame-vaudeville,” or “comédie-vaudeville”—a class of pieces, by-the-way, of which M. Ancelot, member of the Académie Française, and at one period manager of the Théâtre de la Bourse, may be called the originator. People then flocked to the theatre to listen to—not puerile imitations of Marivaux, nor dull adaptations of duller novels, but—*des actualités*, skits at the errors and follies of the day, social and political, smartly written and teeming with the most pungent satire. In such troublous times it may easily be conceived that the extreme license, which no dramatist scrupled to allow himself, was frequently resented by the victims thus unmercifully shown up, and many, indeed, were the *scandales* to which the witty personalities, so rapturously applauded by the *habitués* of the Rue de Chartres, gave rise.

Political allusions, however, were more dangerous, and required a greater delicacy of handling; there having been always a few vacant cells in the Conciergerie for writers who directed their satirical shafts against those in power. It is a ticklish thing in such cases to laugh at the *wrong man*. Thus Barré, Radet, and Desfontaines, having in their piece called “*La Chaste Suzanne*” made the judge, in his address to the grey-headed persecutors of Suzanne, say, “You are her accusers, and therefore cannot be her judge;” these words were looked upon as a dim allusion to the coming trial of Marie Antoinette, and the three authors were consequently thrown into prison, where they remained six months.

Subsequently to the Restoration, writers grew more careful, and seldom meddled with politics; the talent of Madame Albert, and, later still, the extraordinary popularity of Arnal, furnishing other employment for their pens. When Désaugiers first took the management of the Vaudeville,

his old friend and fellow-member of the *Caveau moderne*, Béranger, exhorted him in a pleasant *chanson* to restore to his theatre its ancient *spécialité*. One of the stanzas runs as follows :

Malgré messieurs de la police,
Le Vaudeville est né frondeur ;
Des abus fais ton bénéfice,
Force les grands à la pudeur :
Dénonce tout flatteur servile
A la gaité du souverain.
Eh ! va ton train,
Gai boute-en-train,
Mets nous en train, bien en train, tous en train,
Et rends enfin au Vaudeville
Ses grelots et son tambourin.

Désaugiers, however, contented himself with practising the precepts laid down in the *refrain*, without either treating his audiences to personalities or to politics, nor did any of his numerous successors think fit to brave the *censure* as long as there was a *censure*. It remained for M. Clairville—in this eventful year of 1848, so pregnant with rain and revolutions—to become the Junius of *vaudevillistes*, and to profit by the moment when Republicanism was on its last legs to give it the *coup de grâce*.

This he has done right cordially and right cleverly in “La Propriété c'est le Vol,” ostensibly a satire on M. Proudhon and the Socialists, but abounding in sly and telling hits against the glorious “une et indivisible.” One *couplet*, sung by Tétard, merits quotation, as showing with what tact a French writer can *effleurer* a delicate question without committing himself. The lines have a retrospective tendency, being supposed to be sung in 1852, four years after the nomination of President No. 1, whose various qualities the singer touches on in the following *rather* vague manner.

Pendant quatre ans, il présidait la France,
C'était un grand—un grand, était-il grand ?
Qu'importe, on connaît sa vaillance,
Sa vaillance—était-il vaillant ?
Qu'importe, on connaît son talent,
Mais quel talent avait cette âme forte ?
Qu'importe encor, ce grand-brun nous guidait,
Était-il brun ? était-il blond ? qu'importe,
Ce que je sais, c'est qu'il nous présidait ;
Je ne sais plus ce qu'il était, qu'importe,
Ce que je sais, c'est qu'il nous présidait.

Whatever Clairville's sins of commission and omission as a dramatist may be, he is assuredly one of the neatest *couplet*-writers in France ; the concentration of witty points in a small space being his particular forte. This peculiar talent is especially evident in the *revues* annually produced at the Palais Royal, the authorship of which has for the last two or three years devolved chiefly on him. There are *couplets* in the “Banc d'Huitres” and the “Poudre Coton,” which, for point and harmony of versification have seldom been surpassed, even by Scribe.

Nor is the piece at present under review in this respect inferior to any of its predecessors, although not a few of the jokes border on the profane. This is the fault of the subject, a most ill-chosen and unbecoming one ; the first *tableau* being neither more nor less than a burlesque version of the creation, *Monsieur Adam*, *Madame Eve*, and *Monsieur le Serpent* forming the characters. Truly, the French are an anomalous, an incomprehensible people ; according to their own accounts, they ought to be

considered the pioneers of civilisation, the luminaries of the age; and yet, we find not only permitted, but positively encouraged and applauded by them, an exhibition which would not be tolerated in any other part of Christian Europe. Madame Anaïs Ségalas, the *feuilletoniste* of the "Corsaire," to her honour be it spoken, has ventured to raise her voice in condemnation of such sacrilegious mockery, but she is an exception, and exceptions, alas! do not make the rule.

Two things are certain; first, that "La Propriété c'est la Vol" has already drawn more money to the treasury (upwards of 3000 francs a night on an average) than all the other novelties together which have been played during the present management; and secondly, had it *not* been produced, a fortnight or three weeks would probably have seen the directors insolvents and the company starving. Poor Félix was becoming very *infelix*, Madame Octave was out of tune, Mademoiselle Caroline Bader found matters growing *badder* every day, Madame Restout could not rest, Madame Paul Ernest looked most wofully *in* earnest, and Mademoiselle Judith felt so out of sorts, that if she had had a *Holopherne* "convenient," it would have gone hard with him.

Now the five-franc pieces tumble in faster than the *caissier* can count them, and people are nightly turned away from the doors, only, like Whittington, to turn in again, whenever there is room for them. Nay more, if this run of good houses continues, M. Clairville, as well as Messieurs les Directeurs, Bouffé and Paul Ernest,—*arcades ambo*, both arch heads (?)—will be legitimately entitled to inscribe on their respective visiting cards the flattering term of *propriétaire*, or in Proudhonian and Vaudevillian parlance, *voleur*.

The depressed state of the drama in Paris has had a corresponding effect in the provinces. The Lyons theatre, after a short season, has been compelled to close its doors, and without any immediate prospect of reopening them. It was in this very *salle* that some ten years ago a whimsical occurrence took place, during the performance of "l'Avare." *Harpagon* was bitterly bewailing the loss of his treasure as follows:—"Justice, juste ciel! je suis perdu, je suis assassiné; on m'a coupé la gorge; on m'a dérobé mon argent!"—when one of the amateurs in the pit, sympathising with the comedian's emotion, rose from his seat, and cried out; "Don't take it so to heart, my good man, don't take it so to heart; it was your son who stole your money!" The audience, as may be expected, burst into a general laugh; and the actor, after thanking his informant with great gravity, quietly proceeded with his part.

This reminds me of a similar anecdote, still current in theatrical circles. "Britannicus" was in course of representation, and the actor who played *Narcisse* was in the act of repeating to *Nero* what he had previously said to *Britannicus*, thus alternately deceiving each; when a deeply interested spectator, wishing to put *Nero* on his guard, exclaimed, with great apparent indignation,—

"Don't believe him, sir, he has just said as much to your brother!"

A mutilated version of "Money" has lately been listened to with frigid indifference at the Théâtre Historique. With respect to this untoward reception two reasons may be urged; the one *pro*, the other *contra*.

Pro—inasmuch as the piece was badly translated, badly learnt, and badly acted by the dead weights, or *bouche-trous* of the company.

Contra—inasmuch as any extraordinary novelty or rarity on the stage

generally obtains at least a *suocès de curiosité*—a reason especially applicable at the present moment, there existing assuredly in the Republican Paris of December, 1848, no greater novelty nor rarity than *money*.

It remains to be seen whether the arts and sciences will find in Louis Napoleon as constant a *Mæcenas* as they did in his uncle. M. Alfred de Vigny once assured me that Napoleon was so extremely proud of having been elected a member of the Institute, and so anxious to show his respect for the dignity conferred on him that, even in the most eventful moments of his Imperial career, he never omitted applying for the trifling *honneurs* to which he was entitled as one of that body.

There stands within four or five doors of the Place de la Bastille, on the Boulevard Beaumarchais, a small, but tastefully decorated theatre, also named after the author of the "*Barbier de Séville*." Its chief supporters are the inhabitants of the immediate neighbourhood, so many of whom take season tickets, and therefore walk in and out when they please, that the office of money-takers at the doors is almost a *sinécure*. M. de Jouy, an enterprising and clever manager, lately undertook the direction of this little temple of Thespis, but, in consequence of the depressed state of theatricals since the days of June, was at first unable to recall his scattered flock of *habitués*.

Luckily, he bethought himself of a certain Angelina, who had formerly shared with *Chonchon* Léontine of the Gaité the honourable appellation of *la Déjazet du Boulevard*, and whose gay and spirited acting had long been the delight of the ancient patrons of the Théâtre Beaumarchais. M. de Jouy felt that, though he had re-gilded his pretty *salle*, his pockets were becoming every day more innocent of gold and even of silver, and that, though he had recovered his benches, he had *not* recovered his subscribers. Therefore, recalling to mind Clairville's lines,—

Qu'importe, hélas ! qu'on ait doré le temple,
S'il est privé de sa divinité !

he forthwith addressed to the *pensionnaire* of his predecessor a managerial version of—

: .." Turn, Angelina, ever dear.

Nor was his appeal unheard ; the fascinating truant *did* turn, and with her M. de Jouy's luck turned likewise.

The success of the new *revue*, at the Palais Royal, "*Les Lampions de la Veille et les Lanternes du Lendemain*," is, though a *fait accompli*, still in its infancy. Two months hence it will probably be at its zenith, and then it will be time to talk about it. It is sufficient now to say, that in justification of the popularity of M. Clairville's youngest hantling, not *one* only, but *nine* reasons may be given. *Ecole.*

Levassor, Sainville, Alcide Tousez,
Grassot, Amant, Hyacinthe, Luguet,
Bache and Mademoiselle Scriwaneck.

I might easily make up the dozen, even the baker's, but *trop est trop. Est modus in rebus.*

December 31, 1848.

THE THEATRES.

As we cannot hope to keep pace with the burlesques and pantomimes provided for the Christmas holidays, since the day of their production is about the same as that when we are forced to go to press, we must reserve our reflections on fairies, goblins, harlequins, and clowns, for another month.

Therefore, declaring ourselves free from all connexion with the Christmas theatrical season, we have a free choice of subjects before us. On things immediately of the day we cannot hope to talk, and hence we avail ourselves of the opportunity of dealing in some general matter.

A general fact, well worth the attention of our readers, is the great quantity of comic histrionic talent now in London. People talk largely of the decline of British actors, and with regard to certain lines of business they are undoubtedly correct. They may also be right in affirming that no such brilliant company can be brought together as in former days. The multiplicity of theatres causes the existing talent to be diffused all over the metropolis; but if the amateur will take the trouble of going from theatre to theatre with the special object of observing the good comedians, he will be astonished to find how numerous they are.

In the first place, there can scarcely be a more excellent actor of light comedy than Mr. Charles Mathews. Possessed of a mercurial temperament, endued with unwearied vivacity, he has superadded an exquisite finish that calls to mind the best acting of the French stage, while it is not marked by that absence of decided "point," which renders French acting somewhat tame in the eyes of all audiences excepting those composed of real *habitues*. If he has a part in which he may do as he likes, it is surprising with what judgment he will avail himself of the license. Not a minute will pass without some new oddity breaking forth; but with all his overflow of spirits, he will not for a moment lose sight of the soundest discretion. In a little piece, called "An Appeal to the Public," he is allowed to talk to the audience across the lamps from the beginning to the end. The play of fancy is constant; but at the same time all is as polished as possible. A severer test than this piece to show the difference between a vulgar and a polished actor, could not be devised.

Mr. Keeley is another instance of an union between a happy *naturel* and the most consummate art. Some years ago he was looked upon as an actor indebted for his comic efforts partly to the shortness of his figure, and partly to a knack which he had acquired of giving his face a ludicrous expression of *niaiserie*, or terror. Certainly no actor ever equalled Mr. Keeley in the representation of terrified astonishment; but those persons were widely mistaken who fancied that his talent was confined to this characteristic oddity. Let him be seen in one of Shakspeare's characters *now*,—*Lawnce*, for example. Every look, every motion, every modulation of the voice, is full of significance. The part is taken up with a resolution of making the most of it, and there is not a weak place left. Such a thorough conception of a character down to its most minute exhibitions can only be the result of profound study, and this, coupled with Mr. Keeley's rich natural humour, produces an inimitable result. He is the only actor on the stage who has that "old school" combina-

tion of heartiness and elaboration which is still represented by Mrs. Glover.

There is not a more conscientious Shaksperian actor than Mr. Compton. He also makes a point of studying a character thoroughly, and displays great intelligence in his impersonations, but he is deficient in that unction which belongs to Mr. Keeley. Messrs. Harley, Wright, and Buckstone, though as different as possible in their styles, may be all classed together, from the circumstance that they less try to represent nature than to amuse by their own idiosyncracies. The grotesque humour of Mr. Harley is more conventional than that of the other two. He has fixed his comic standard, and does not trouble himself much with new inventions, but he is possessed of an invincible good-humour, which always secures popularity to his performance. The oddity of Mr. Buckstone, on the other hand, is the antithesis of convention—one never knows what he will do next. His acting is something altogether *per se*; he has his own interpretation of every emotion that stirs the human heart; his love, his jealousy, have symbols that can only be understood in detail by a familiarity with his style, but the *ensemble* is perhaps more broadly comic than the performance of any actor on the stage. If a piece be intrinsically dull and heavy, there is no comedian who can step in to the rescue, and startle a drowsy audience into roars of laughter, with more certainty than Mr. Buckstone. Mr. Wright, in another atmosphere, would probably have been a less grotesque actor than either Mr. Harley or Mr. Buckstone, and he now and then gives touches of a quiet humour, which stand out in strange contrast to the general extravagance. But an Adelphi audience has notions of its own, and one of its peculiarities is to insist on improvisation in the principal comic actor. If a man went through a part, with adequate acting and nothing more, the public would be dissatisfied. It longs to see the new inventions of the actor, to be astonished by some novel introduction, to find that the dialogue of to-night* is not precisely the same as that of the night before.

By the improvisatorial style of acting the late Mr. John Reeve gained his ascendancy over his audience. Mr. Wright is legitimately his successor, and rules his admirers with perhaps more unlimited sway. A nod or a wink from Mr. Wright is the sure signal of good-fellowship; the spectators have their cue, and are prepared to follow their favourite to the end. Mr. Paul Bedford, if we set aside his singing, which gives him a certain independence, is in some sort made by Mr. Wright. If Mr. Compton is elaboration without unction, Mr. Bedford is unction without elaboration, but the good-humoured stolidity which he assumes serves as a target for the drolleries of the more vivacious Wright, and the two actors are so associated with each other, that they become sharers of one popularity.

The progress of Mr. Munyard from insignificance into prominence may be watched with interest. With a tendency to mannerism, he has nevertheless a perception of character, and a carefulness of performance, which promise a continual advance. His *Swidger*, in the dramatised version of Mr. Dickens's "Haunted Man," is not a fair exhibition of his powers, but his *Caliban*, in the burlesque "Tempest," is the work of an actor who may some day be a dangerous rival to those in high places.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE PUNJAUB.

BROUGHT up from the cradle in hostility to the Anglo-Indians, warlike by disposition as well as by education, with manners and habits of thought unsubdued by liberal understanding or a true religion, there was only one way to treat the semi-barbarous natives of the north when driven back into their territories, in return for an unprovoked and almost overwhelming invasion of their neighbour's lands. That step lay in the incorporation of the Punjaub into the other provinces of India. Times are, however, now changed from what they were in the days of Clive, of Arthur Wellesley, and of Lord Lake. Other nations might declaim against a manifest spirit of conquest, nay, they might even have made the occupation of the Punjaub an excuse for some analogous proceedings in which neither reason nor necessity existed as an excuse. Then again there were dissentients at home, the territory which lapsed to our dominion by the misconduct of the Ameers—the valley of the Indus—so inevitably attached to the fortunes of the Peninsula, did not, by some mismanagement, answer at first, there were not wanting those who would have cast it off, as many unnatural parents would a sickly child, forgetting that it might yet become healthy and vigorous. There were still more who, terrified at the occupation of so vast a territory as that watered by the five rivers, saw nothing in the perspective but a new army of employes, civil and military, and a new budget of expenses, with items extending from Thibet to Teheran, and a sum-total of bankruptcy.

Not only was all the consequent toying with the fated kingdom as absurd as it was pernicious, but events have already shown that the natural progress of things cannot be averted by any such short-sighted considerations and policy as have hitherto been acted upon. At the time of the war of retaliation, the kingdom was divided into six provinces, Jumnoo, Cashmere, Peshawur, Deera Ismael Khan, Multan, and Lahore. The hill chieftain, Gholab Singh, was, for various reasons, recognised as independent sovereign of the first, and he purchased the second with the purloined treasures of the old Rajah, Runjit Singh. At Lahore, the metropolitan province, the farce of establishing a firm native government was performed with so much success, that after narrowly escaping several general massacres, every dweller there totters on the brink of a precipice; while where Anglo-Indian rule is not, that is to say, in the three other provinces, there is open and avowed rebellion.

Taking thus the six provinces together, we find that at Lahore we are despised, bearded, and conspired against; at Jumnoo and Cashmere we are disregarded, and opportunity to rise against us is daily anticipated; while Peshawur, Deera Ismael Khan, and Multan are in open rebellion, or in the field against us: It must not be supposed, however, that all these elements are arrayed against us in conjunction, no; they are all agreed on one point, to cast off, if possible, the Anglo-Indian yoke, but the Mohammedan, the Rajpoot, and the Sikh population are at variance amongst themselves as to which shall dominate. The Sikhs, the former dominant party, do not constitute more than one-tenth of the population, and they are chiefly found in the metropolitan province. Their conduct as allies

at Multan has sufficiently intimated what is to be expected from them, and what course it will be necessary to pursue towards them.

Now in respect to the financial capabilities of the country, which we are called upon to rule, for the safety and stability of our Anglo-Indian empire, if not first-rate, they are by no means contemptible. The circumstance of the Sikh treasury having been found to be incompetent to discharge even the inadequate tribute by which we were supposed to be reimbursed for the expense of occupation, has caused great dismay in some quarters. But to any one conversant with Oriental financial systems, existing perhaps in their very worst form in the Punjab, where every one is for himself, and the more powerful the greater the peculator and the plunderer, will readily understand how such a state of things may be brought about with a phantasmagorical native government. But even had such an experiment not have been tried, and there was an Anglo-Indian governor residing at this moment in the city of lions, what possibility would there be to collect the four millions of revenue raised in the time of Runjit Singh, with Jumnoo and Cashmere, which contain nearly one-third of the whole population of the Punjab held by an independent Maharajah at a nominal tribute; with Multan, which, although comprising barely a seventh of the whole population, yet contributed more than one-fourth of the revenue, and all the other provinces in revolt; and the only province (with the exception of the ceded Jullunder Doab) occupied by us in a state of (by the latest news) *active* insurrection?

The remedy for this state of things is at length about to be applied with the energy and determination which experience has now shown to be necessary in treating with the populations of the "united provinces" of the East. At a moment of such great interest, so pregnant with events for the future, a sound and comprehensive work on the history and condition of the country, and on the prospect held out from its subjection by so efficient an authority as Major G. Carmichael Smyth, cannot but be considered as most opportune and welcome.*

With a revenue only exceeded by that of six of the great family of European nations, and when estimated at four millions, only slightly surpassed by Spain, and leaving that of Norway and Sweden, of Denmark, of Bavaria, Hanover, Saxony, and all the petty German states, and all the kingdoms and principalities of Italy far in the background, with the prospect of amelioration held out by peace and civilisation, by improved means and conveyances and more active commercial and industrial operations, it would be a poor-spirited intellect that would not see in such a country, with such a climate, and such remarkable geographical position and features, the nucleus of one of the richest and most powerful of those great eastern satrapies, which have grown up like a gorgeous vision out of a first disembarkation of a few adventurers on the western coast of Hindostan.

SCENES AND THOUGHTS IN FOREIGN LANDS.†

By eschewing the narrative form, and adopting the aphorismal, Mr. Charles Terry provokes criticism. Much that is jejune and common.

* A History of the Belgaing Family of Lahore, with some Account of the Jumnoo Rajahs, the Sikh Soldiers and their Sirdars. Edited by Major G. Carmichael Smyth. Thacker and Co., Calcutta.

† Scenes and Thoughts in Foreign Lands. By Charles Terry. W. Pickering.

place is pardonable in a record of events, but scarcely so in thoughts and scenes which are detached from the incidents which led to them, and which are, to all intents and purposes, paraded like gems of the eye and mind, carefully weeded from all desultory matter and from unworthy accompaniments.

Yet what can be more common-place than the following extract:—

THE ROCK (GIBRALTAR).

A very obliging officer took our party through the stupendous galleries of fortifications, and I need hardly say they astonished me vastly. In my thoughts I did not harbour the possibility of this fortress being taken from us, but dwelt more on the surprising fact that we should have taken it from its former possessors; it looks, as it is, impregnable. June, 1842.

There are many other passages to which the same observations apply. But there are also better things. Here is an account of (if the Protestant reading of the Apocalypse be correct) the last of the temporal Popes:—

My wish to see the Pope was soon gratified. He is a benevolent looking man, with a quick eye, but not so penetrating and intelligent as I expected, with much more of the peculiar aspect of the Romish priest about him than I was prepared or wished to see; but his good deeds, particularly that forgiving mercy which he exhibited to a host of political prisoners, makes me glad to have seen him.

Again:—

By railway we started for Pompeii. Although it was not strange to English ears to hear the guards proclaim the names of stations where we halted, still, to hear them calling out "Ercolano," "Pompeii," did strike us forcibly and strangely—it seemed like proclaiming the resurrection of the entombed.

A journal of a visit to a Benedictine monastery in Sicily is amusing. The first reception scarcely held out promises of what was to follow:—

Our Italian friend still parleyed, and stood at the handsome entrance with the prior, who did not look altogether pleased with the prospect of receiving us. Perhaps the three drab "wide-awake" hats we wore did not recommend us much; however, in a short time we alighted, but we Englishmen fancied we were not welcomed in the manner we expected, and felt rather uncomfortable.

The ice broke, however, at table, and the parties began to be more reconciled to one another—monks to Englishmen and Englishmen to monks. Good wine was in liberal supply, and all sorts of conversation flowed rapidly and seasoned an agreeable repast. After dinner the gardens, with blooming flowers, plants, orange trees, and sombre cypresses, took the travellers by surprise. They felt as if they had entered some enchanted place:—

I was walking with the monks in this delightful cypress walk, when I made bold to ask the prior if he ever ventured to smoke a cigar, and handed him my box. I was glad to find he did, and in a few minutes we made a smoking party; jokes were cracked, and we became very much at home with each other.

A different feeling now came over me and instead of an austere order I began to think we had joined "a Bolton Abbey" sort of fraternity.

Supper-time, at nine o'clock, brought other monks, and more of the excellent wine and rattling conversation made it late ere the parties retired to bed. Next day, capital dinner, promenades, cigars, a musical party, and supper with more monks and still greater joviality. At last it came to toasts, including the Pope, abbot, &c., and these were followed by songs and jokes; the abbot shook his fat sides; practical jokes, such as

assuming the monkish dress, succeeded, with more toasts and more speeches, and nothing, apparently, during the stay of the travellers, rang through the monastic walls but boisterous laughter and merriment.

The quarantine at Odessa is an equally striking picture, precisely the reverse of this, but it is too long for quotation. Of the Sultan of the Osmanlis, our author speaks as follows :

As to the Sultan, who interested me most, he is a miserable specimen of humanity. He is thin, and his countenance is remarkable only for its unmeaning sallowness, and his eyes seemed with difficulty kept open. If any thing could brighten him up, the great event of the day was calculated to do so. The booming of guns on all-sides announced the birth of a second son to him. He is only twenty-four years of age (1846), and although looking as I describe, he is thought in better health than he was a year or two ago.

It is to be hoped that he may continue to govern his empire. I am told he is affable, and learning to improve his government by the advice of councillors, including the ambassadors of the civilised west. This wisdom may not be too late, although there are unmistakable symptoms of the gradual crumbling away of the existence of the empire.

What we have not seen noticed before, but experienced, is the pain in the side produced by travelling in the four-wheeled carts of Hungary, Russia, and Turkey. Mr. Terry justly describes it as "a stitch-like pain, which seemed to be stretching, pinching, biting all the internal machinery of the right side of my body." When on the steppe, he talks by mistake of the great bustard and wild turkeys as the same thing. Residence at Akyab does not appear to be an inviting alternative. First we have the jungle, next a native fight, next the Akyab gaol, where there are between 500 and 600 convicts undergoing "transportation for life across the seas," all sent from the Bengal presidency.

These convicts are chiefly guilty of, or accomplices in, murder, under a variety of forms. There are revengeful murderers, thievish murderers, and murderers by profession, such as Thugs and poisoners. What a company! They often pass my bungalow as they go to their labour. Probably a larger company of horrible criminals is not assembled together on the face of the earth; indeed, the very contemplation of their aggregate crimes forms so dreadful a picture that the mind is appalled, and turns from it horror-stricken.

Next come snakes and alligators, and in their train, fever.

This morning (Nov., 1847) I visited the cemetery, a square-walled enclosure near my bungalow. I walked round it, and fixed upon the spot (if not previously occupied) where I should wish to be buried in case of my decease at this station, and have given directions accordingly.

Mr. Terry relates, while at this place, the following striking example of English generosity and bravery :

Two officers were sent in charge of a detachment to destroy some villages belonging to the hill tribes, who had committed depredations on others under our protection. They came to a stockade, took it, and drove the besieged to their last little stronghold. This stockade is on an acclivity, and the little citadel is connected with it by a flying wooden bridge. The hero of the tale led on a few Sepoys and followers, armed with spears; an affrighted girl came in the way; the spear of an armed follower was uplifted, and, in a moment more, the innocent life of the child would have been sacrificed. The officer caught her up in his arms, held her, still led on, and was on the little bridge, when the men he led entreated him to stop, for they expected a whizzing bullet would have felled him. A moment's pause ensued; he still held the girl; happily bloodshed was stayed, and he had saved the grandchild of a wild mountain chief, who had never seen an European before.

Mr. Terry was spared the occupation of a last resting-place (at all events for the time being) in the East; but the effect of the climate upon European constitutions was attested even after departure. One of his first notes at sea is, "One of our fellow-passengers, two days ago, fell down in a fit, but he was better yesterday morning, and came amongst us. He relapsed in the evening, and died." Again, apparently a few days afterwards: "Yesterday, at the dinner-table, one of our fellow-passengers suddenly dropped forward. He was removed to his cabin; but all that surgical skill could do failed to restore him."

There is something in the contempt entertained by Easterns for the men of the West which we have never seen yet adequately explained. Here is a familiar example:

While at the Quarantine, I was greatly amused with a dandy Greek. He was dressed in his folds of white petticoat, blue vest, and leggings, with a short blue cloak thrown in studied negligé over his shoulders. The way in which he continually strutted about, the various postures he assumed, his pensive moods, and his measured tread up and down the rocks, were all as methodical as though he was positively performing some part in a Greek piece on an English stage.

The kind of disdain with which he looked down upon us, poor foreigners of the degenerate modern West, was not the least amusing part of his idiosyncrasy.

Our fine gentleman lost some of his apparent dignity, when we discovered that he was simply overlooking the landing and warehousing of some bales of Egyptian linen which our ship had brought from Alexandria.

There is a brief and pleasant sketch of the ex-Emperor of Austria, when at Innspruck, and of his faithful Tyrolese guards; also a hard hit at the consistency of French Republicans; but we must finish with a more serious political extract from the far East.

Akyab, March, 1848.

Last night some of our little European circle entered into a political discussion. It was provoked by the home news just arrived, giving early evidences of the decay of those mighty principles which once had possession of our rulers. It was a noisy debate; some of us got so heated, that neither words nor gestures could give vent fast enough to the boiling spirit within. I have often been among similar parties, and seen men, habitually and naturally quiet, stimulated beyond control, and growing furious, when the subject has been that of modern politics; nor can we, on consideration, wonder at it.

To say a word about the change of avowed principles. I have seen men, intelligent men, plan commercial operations thoughtfully, cautiously, and statistically, weighing well the chances of fiscal alterations at home. I have seen them pore over Hansard's volumes to re-assure themselves of the professed principles of every member of the British cabinet; and I have known them utterly confounded, deceived, and ruined by relying on them. Nay! as if the toils and anxieties incident to large operations and their failure were not enough, I have heard them branded as speculators, seen them reduced from the luxuries of Oriental life to the refuge of a London garret. Fortunate is the man whose mental energies may not then be impaired by age, or his health broken down by a foreign clime. There is not, in my opinion, a greater injury that can be inflicted on our foreign merchants than uncertain principles in our home rulers. As regards the new principles of free trade, as they affect commerce, I have heard the Spanish West Indian planter and slave-owner rejoice over the bright prospects held out to him for a market for his sugar; in Russia, I have heard the same for corn; and in almost every European country I have listened to the exultation of the foreigner on the vast advantages England was preparing for their exports; but never have I heard one word about reciprocity, nor do I believe that we shall find other

countries anxious to adopt our new theories. Our rulers appear to have abandoned that natural law; viz., to take care of their own family first; and it may be doubted, whether any nation ever ultimately benefited others while forgetting their natural duty.

Such results of travel, observation, and experience, as are contained in these last observations, require no comment of ours.

MR. JAMES'S FORGERY.*

It must be very hard work for so productive a writer as Mr. G. P. R. James to keep pace with his critics. Having, in this his new novel, kept more closely to his narrative and indulged somewhat less than usual in collateral reflections, one sneeringly observes that his book of aphorisms has been resorted to with parsimony, whilst another, baffled at discovering the plot in the concluding pages, sighs for "the two horsemen overlooking a wide prospect." Had the critic perused the description of young Charles Marston and Mr. Winkworth's (old Marston), stumbling over the poor half-crazed Miss Hayley, he might have found something quite as much in Mr. James's usual style to extract. As to Mr. G. P. R. James's tit-bits, there is one critical journal which appears to have them always stereotyped for its especial use.

But waiving these small shots of criticism, without which the critic seems to think he loses caste, we do not hesitate to say that Mr. G. P. R. James's "Forgery" is one of the most entertaining novels we have ever read from his pen. It is brim full of incident, the characters both rivet the attention and the affections, and the plot is at once complicated and full of interest. Hayley, the father and partner of a Mr. Scriven, being ruined by gambling, commits "the forgery" at the onset. To save himself he lays the burden upon his son, Henry Hayley, who is torn from the pleasant society of Lord and Lady Mellent, and the still more valued society of Maria Monkton, to be hurried off to the continent, to be branded as a forger, and to be pursued, till an affecting scene occurs at a monastery at Ancona, where the officers of justice arrive in time to be shown "a low pallet stripped of its usual coverings, upon which lay a corpse, with a few flowers strewed upon the bosom, all that remained of the once gay, frank, happy boy."

The reader passes on half another generation. A period of twenty years has elapsed, and he thinks he has arrived at a catastrophe at the outset of the work, but Mr. G. P. R. James has quite a different object in view. Young Charles Marston returns from his continental travels with an amusing character, old Mr. Winkworth, and an Anglo-hispano Mexican colonel, very dark, very handsome, and with an interesting sword-cut on his face, who goes by the name of Colonel Middleton. Now to say that this Colonel Middleton is Harry Hayley would appear again to be anticipating the *dénouement*; but it does not do so. Young Hayley, whose father is now dead, is found out; first, very appropriately by his lady love, Maria, now mistress of her actions, next by Lady Ann (and we never know which is most amiable and excellent of the two young ladies),

* The Forgery; or, Best Intentions. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

and last of all by Mr. Scriven, who comes in to mar the more dramatic part of the story and to threaten a tragical conclusion. Harry Hayley has been robbed of his pocket-book, which a pedlar, who plays an important part in the story, makes some endeavours to recover, that lead us into strange company. The thieves find in this pocket-book papers, which at once criminate the young man and attest his innocence; they destroy the latter, and keep the former, "to turn a penny," not "a honest penny," as Mr. Winkworth observed. Mr. Scriven, thieves and all, are, however, baffled in a totally unanticipated manner. Colonel Middleton, alias Henry Hayley, turns out to be neither, but a son of Lord Mellent's, intrusted, as a child to the care of Mr. Hayley, who, before his death, had left proofs of the boy's innocence. There are other characters in the work, such as Lady Fleetwood, always making mischief with the best possible intentions, and old Hargrave, with his steadfast adhesion to old coats and old customs, sketched with Mr. James's usual felicity, and who come in excellent relief to the love-making on one side and plotting on the other. There is also more of Mr. G. P. R. James himself than usual. He tells us in one respect, how he is enabled to get through so much work, for he says that there is not a man in England who has seen the sun rise more frequently than he has, and he describes the effects of wounds, with a detail impossible to one who has not known the thing itself.

THE TRACK OF THE ISRAELITES.

It is extremely gratifying at all times to find truth prevail over long standing error. This is more particularly the case where, from circumstances, there have been difficulties in the way of the facts being made known. In the case of the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites there were old standing prejudices and long received opinions to overcome, and there was super-added to these, the accidental circumstance, that all travellers, both of olden and modern times, down to the Robinson's, the Lepsius's, the Olin's, the Warburton's, and others, have invariably followed the same road, the beaten track between Cairo and the Red Sea, and have by the same, and almost inevitable mental process, confined their observations and reflections upon the retreat of the Israelites to the country through which they were passing, or that which was immediately adjacent to it.

Indeed, between ancient tradition and modern travel, the only diversity of opinion has been as to whether the Israelites, when they arrived at that opening which is met with mid-way in the range, which, at its western extremity is called Jibal Mokattam, and at its eastern Jibal Attaka, pursued the ordinary caravan road, which leads from Cairo to Suez, or went southward through the "Wady al Taih, or the "Valley of Wandering." Sicard, in his "*Ueber der Weg der Israeliten*," and Girard in his "*Description Topographique de la Vallée de l'Egarement*," have imagined that they have traced in this latter valley the actual tracks of the Israelites. Such were the "Jews' cemetery," Majanat Musa "Moses's Station," and the ruins called Miravad Musa, "Moses's Delight."* The same illustrators of the Exodus identified a few small caves (Turayik) with Pi-hahiroth, and the northern extremity of the plain of Baidiyah, to

* So Dr. Olin, also, after Mr. Lieder found similar traces in the names Jibal Attaka, "The Mount of Deliverance," Baidiyah, "The Miraculous," &c., &c.

which the Israelites were supposed to have turned by divine command to cross the sea, with Baalzephon. This view of the deliverance is also adopted by Raumer in his "*Der Zug der Israeliten*." There are another class of commentators from the time of Josephus downwards, who have declared the whole history of the escape of the Israelites to be fabulous. With these we can have nothing to do at the present moment. There are, however, others who see in the deliverance of the Hebrews, the hand of God, and the fulfilment of the divine purposes, and who yet seek to refer this particular miracle, as far as possible, to natural causes. Such are those who, like Niebuhr and Dr. Robinson, finding the sea too wide and too deep at the termination of the Valley of Wandering, endeavour to fix the passage a little to the south of Suez.

The fault of all these systems is, that they are compiled with a view solely to the present condition of the Red Sea and its northerly termination, whereas nothing is more certain than that that condition was not the same, and that in the time of Moses the Gulf of Suez or of Heroopolis extended considerably to the north of its actual termination. If we examine into the state of the country even in the time of the Romans, as indicated in the "*Antonine Itinerary*," we shall find, in the first place, that a canal bearing the name of the Emperor Trajan, traversed the country northwards of the above-mentioned routes; that on this canal, which itself followed the line of the Etham or Pithom branch of the Nile and of Necho's old canal, only on the higher ground, eighteen miles from Heroopolis (in which we recognise Rameses, the two names having the same meaning, "*The City of the Sun*"), was Scenæ, or the "*tents*," a name which is similarly signified in the Hebrew *Succoth*. Beyond this again we have the village called *Vicus Judæorum*, and then Etham, the Thaum of the *Itinerary*, whence the Israelites turned towards Hahiroth, proved to be Heroopolis by the fact that each have given their name to the Gulf of Suez, which in its ancient northerly prolongation was called the Bay of Heroopolis, and by the Hebrew writers *Pi-hahiroth*, or the Bay of Hahiroth. Arrived at this point the Israelites did not go straight forward to Baalzephon, or Serapium, which stands between the upper and lower lakes, and was the natural way out of Egypt, but they turned to the right and encamped by the water-side, between Migdol, "*the tower*," and the sea over against Baalzephon. It was the march in this direction, which seemed the fatal move—which made the Egyptians say, "*They are entangled in the land; the Desert hath shut them in*," and which led the Israelites to murmur against their leader and their God, until after a few days' travel, they reached the spot which now separates the bitter lakes from the Gulf of Suez, where Arsinoe was built in the time of the Ptolemies, Clysma in that of the Romans, and where Suez now stands; each of which has in its turn been left by the waters of the Red Sea; and which spot was apparently for the first time and by Divine interposition, converted temporarily into dry land for the passage of the Israelites, although now by the shifting of the sands of the Desert, the caravan from Cairo to Mecca habitually passes over the same spot, where by the wind falling or the rising of the tide, the next morning of the deliverance witnessed the destruction of Pharaoh's host.

We are indebted for this explanation, so perfect in all its geographical details, without infringing upon that which was miraculous in the deliverance, to Mr. Sharpe, and it has since been ably illustrated by Miss

Fanny Corboux in memoirs upon the subject communicated to the Syro-Egyptian Society. It is, as we started by saying, gratifying to find so manifest an improvement in the geography of the Exodus, adopted in a work calculated for popularity and extensive circulation like Mr. Bartlett's prettily illustrated volume.* We have only one regret, and that is that Mr. Bartlett followed the beaten track, and that while we have illustrations of the Ayun Musa—wells so often depicted by pen and pencil—Heliopolis, Scenæ and Thoum, the latter the residence of the Egyptian God Athom, all places of great interest, and the still more remarkable sites of Heroopolis and of Serapium, have never yet been sketched in their ruinous yet striking desolation. The beautiful and faithful sketches of Mount Sinai and of St. Catherine's, the magnificence of Feiran, the rugged sternness of Mount Hor, and the detailed beauties of Petra, will, however, indemnify many for the loss. There is another important and interesting point connected with Mr. Bartlett's labours, which we would have wished to have availed ourselves of—we mean the Tablets in the Valley of Caves (Wady Maghara), and the Sinaitic writings in the Wady Mokatteb, but that is out of our power for the present.

THE DIAMOND AND THE PEARL.†

THIS is a novel in Mrs. Gore's best style, founded upon topics with which she is most conversant—the follies and the foibles of fashionable life. The struggle of the Smiths, after they have become Downhams by marriage and tenure of estate of the same name, to stand upon a level with the aristocracy of the country, remind us of a previous sketch of the same kind in "The Banker's Wife; or, Court and City," by the same authoress. Sir George Downham's ambition is that his son shall make a high alliance, and with this view he is despatched to town with a liberal allowance, and on the return of the hopeful George from the scene of his labours, the following dialogue occurs between father and son:—

"My dear father,—wish me joy!—I am going to be married!"—said he, as soon as the cloth and servants disappeared, after their *tête-à-tête* dinner.

"Going to be married?"—responded Sir Jeremiah, with an emphasis plainly implying that the consummation of such a project must depend upon himself.

"Even so, sir. You have always wished that I should settle early; and you see me an engaged man."

"I have certainly more than once intimated a desire, George, to see you established in life; with due deference, of course, to the eligibilities of the match," was the formal rejoinder. "I wished you (you must recollect that I told you so at parting) to marry young, if you could marry to my satisfaction."

"In that case, you should have more distinctly informed me, sir, in what consisted your satisfaction."

"No need of that, George! We understand each other sufficiently on most points for you to know, that the chief thing to which I hold, is family connection," replied the old gentleman, drily. "In all treaties of alliance, people and countries seek to strengthen their weak points."

"I flatter myself then, sir, that you will have no fault to find with my selection. The young lady who condescends to honour me with her hand, is the daughter of Lord Glastonbury."

* Forty Days in the Desert, on the Track of the Israelites; or a Journey from Cairo, by Wady Feiran, to Mount Sinai and Petra. By the Author of "Walks around Jerusalem." Arthur Hall & Co.

† The Diamond and the Pearl: a Novel. By Mrs. Gore. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

"Lord what?"—cried the old banker, aghast.

"The Earl of Glastonbury,—the representative of one of the most ancient houses in the kingdom."

"And she has actually accepted you?" demanded Sir Jeremiah, having scarcely yet recovered breath for the question.

"Lady Emily has not only accepted me, but her father has granted his consent to our union," was the unflinching reply.

Sir Jeremiah began to unbutton his waistcoat,—having previously unbuttoned his coat. He who had not contemplated without awe having the daughter of some ancient country baronet seated by his fireside, could not at once compass the overpowering idea of becoming father-in-law to a ladyship!—"Lady Emily Downham!"—What a pity that the Right Honourable name could not be superadded to his own on the copper-plate of his own pound-notes!

True, however, to the instincts of his nature, a mean suspicion damped his rising joy.

"An Earl and a Lady Emily are fine-sounding things," George, said he. "But I take it that neither one nor t'other would have fallen in our way, if able to maintain themselves in their natural sphere."

"Lord Glastonbury enjoys an unencumbered estate of ten thousand a-year, sir," was the cool rejoinder of his son.

"But, of course, entailed. And on such estates, where are daughters to look for their portion?"

"Entailed, as you say, sir—of course. The fifteen hundred per annum of which Lady Emily Hartley is in enjoyment, is derived from her late mother. She and her sister, Lady Mary, are co-heiresses."

"Lady Emily and Lady Mary Hartley!—Co-heiresses!—Fifteen hundred a-year in enjoyment!" reiterated Sir Jeremiah, with a stultified air—for he was becoming almost apoplectic under the excess of his son's good fortune. "God bless my soul, George! I do congratulate you, indeed. Of my consent you did right to entertain no doubt. But what a pity, my dear boy, that female titles of honour are not hereditary! Lady Emily's sons and daughters will be plain Mist'ers and Miss Downhams, after all."

"Let us hope not, sir. The ancient Barony of Hartingham, represented by the late Lady Glastonbury, is in abeyance between her daughters. And as Lady Mary is slightly deformed, there is little chance of her marrying. You may therefore eventually become grandfather to a Lord Hartingham!"

Sir Jeremiah rose from his seat. It was impossible to sit still under such a multiplication of pleasant surprises. With hurried footsteps he began to pace the room. The son whom he had commanded to distinguish himself, had indeed surpassed his expectations. Wealth, rank,—hereditary rank—rank of the highest order!—The achievement was all but fabulous!

A sudden panic darting into his mind, caused him, nevertheless, to stop short, and approach the arm-chair in which his son sat silently enjoying this explosion of paternal exultation.

"But since this lady,—so rich,—so high-born,—so largely endowed,—consents to become the wife of one so much her inferior in station," said he, tremulously, "I am half afraid, George,—sorely afraid,—there must be some terrible drawback on her side.—An old maid, perhaps?"

"Scarcely nineteen, sir."

"Some personal defect then?—Red hair perhaps?—or squints?—or ——"

"Do not waste your time, sir, in devising defects for her!" interrupted George, wanting patience to hear lameness, blindness, or deafness ascribed to the beautiful girl whom, to his credit, he had in the first instance selected only at the instigation of her personal attractions. "Lady Emily is young, beautiful, and good-tempered. I am sorry to find you think so meanly of your son as to hold him unworthy a better match than some wealthy hunchback or titled hag!"

Sir Jeremiah replied by falling on his neck, and all but weeping for joy.

This marriage of worldly ambition naturally turns out badly. The heroines of the story, Blanche and Helen, are its offspring, but their

neglected mother is dead, and George, disgusted with his experiment of a high alliance, has already taken a more humble partner in life ere "the Diamond and the Pearl" come upon the stage. Our extract has, however, been unfortunately of such unusual length, that we can only intimate with regard to the progress of this truly characteristic novel of fashionable life, that it is, if any thing, more bustling than its predecessors. The narrative is as easy and as sparkling as ever; the pictures of fashionable and high society are lively and caustic; and the sketches of character are more than usually clever and effective.

• MRS. SIGOURNEY'S POETICAL WORKS. •

THE splendid editions of Messrs. Carey and Hart of Philadelphia, reflect the highest credit upon the state of typographical art and of engraving in the United States. Truly, if taste on the part of the publishers, and ability on the part of the artists can lend powerful aid to render poetry attractive, it ought, in the case of Mrs. Sigourney, to do so doubly. That lady's writings have long since secured to her an European reputation, and it is pleasant to see them worthily enshrined by her own countrymen—our brethren in language, literature, and art.

DOCTOR BIRCH AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.—*Chapman & Hall.*

THE text without the tableaux would, in the instance of this pretty Christmas book, be almost as uninteresting as a play in the dark. With the illustrations it is an amusing, light, and sketchy performance. When dealing with youth, Mr. Thackeray is humorous without ill-nature, and satirical without personality. His pencil has also been used to great effect, and has produced some nice little pictures for little people who want to laugh, and for grown up people who can afford to unbend.

ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.—*Chapman & Hall.*

THIS work has reached us too late for notice this month. The subject is an abundantly rich one, and, curious enough, that it should be almost unbroken ground. The first volume devotes itself to Lettice Knollys; her marriages and her descendants, and to the earldom of Banbury; the second to family histories in the times of Elizabeth and James; and a third and fourth volume will, it is expected, complete the survey of the seventeenth century. We shall most certainly avail ourselves of such a rich mine of story, in this instance, often, as is not rarely the case, far stranger than any fiction.

COBBOLD'S VOICE FROM THE MOUNT.—*C. Wright.*

THE title of this little book sufficiently explains its objects. The author, the Rev. Richard Cobbold, is Rector of Wortham, Suffolk, and Rural Dean. He is also the well-known author of "Zenon the Martyr," and of other popular works. A deep spirit of piety breathes throughout his writings, and although evidently of an excitable temper of mind, there is nothing injudicious in his tenets, which are throughout characterised by that love of his fellow creatures which is the most ennobling feature of true Christianity.

* Illustrated Poems. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. With Designs by Felix O. C. Darley, engraved by American Artists. Carey & Hart. Philadelphia.

ALTHAM.—*Saunders & Otley.*

A CAPITAL story. The interest never flags from beginning to end, and the incidents are of a novel and unexpected character. Cooper has anticipated the author in some of his descriptions of prairie scenery and Indian warfare, but Colonel Cummins has shown that the "far west" has still much left that is new and interesting. The colonel was indeed evidently at home with his subject, and a more practised pen would have spun out half the material he had at his command into the orthodox three volumes. The work, although published in this country, is a transatlantic production.

JEALOUSY.—*T. C. Newby.*

THERE is a straight-forwardness of purpose and a simplicity of style about this story that removes it from the run of ordinary mediocrity. There is certainly a lack of novelty in making the principal actor in the story, and the *bête noire* of the families of Lord George Grenville and Sir Giles Babington, a Jesuit priest and confessor. Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Trollope, and others have already brought fiction by the side of fact to aid in depicting those grievous evils, to the exposure of which many of the most popular writers on the continent have also devoted their energies. But still, we must say, the author of "Jealousy" has done his spiriting well, even in this beaten track. The correspondence of the father conspirators has the stamp of intimacy, if not of authenticity, about it, and their dark misdoings are well relieved by scenes of simple and effective pathos, and by the perplexities of a good specimen of the open-hearted, honest-minded English tar besieged by a wary widow.

MARRYAT'S "LITTLE SAVAGE."—*H. Hurst.*

A MELANCHOLY interest attaches itself to this delightful little book, the last we shall ever review from one of the best modern writers for the young. It is, alas, a posthumous work! If "Masterman Ready," and that most amusing little book, "The Children of the New Forest," earned by their charming simplicity and picturesque narrative a claim to popularity, what can be said of the "Little Savage?" Merely, that it is Robinson Crusoe revived for the especial entertainment of the young people of 1849. Happy those who can peruse the thrilling pages of Part I. Their patience will be sorely tried in waiting for Part II.

MACKINNON'S HISTORY OF CIVILISATION.—*Charles Ollier.*

WE are truly pleased to have it in our power to announce a third edition of this able and comprehensive work. It is gratifying, inasmuch as it shows that the author's labours have been duly appreciated, and that his work is likely to become classical, and it is also gratifying to find that there is still a large class of the community who take an interest in inquiries of so highly an intellectual character.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

CHAPTER IV.

LAVERICK WELLS.

WE trust our opening chapters will have enabled our readers to embody such a Soapey Sponge in their mind's eye as will assist them in following us through the course of his peregrinations. We do not profess to have drawn such a portrait as will raise the same sort of Sponge in the minds of all, but we trust we have given such a general outline of style, and indication of character, as an ordinary knowledge of the world will enable them to imagine a good, pushing, free and easy sort of fellow, wishing to be a gentleman without knowing how. A sporting, good-looking, rather vulgar-looking man, forward, yet awkward, with an apparent impression that any thing "becomes him," as the country people say; an "O, I'll do it!" "I don't care what anybody says," sort of gentleman.

Far more difficult is the task of conveying to our readers such information as will enable them to form an idea of our hero's ways and means. An accommodating world—especially the female portion of it—generally attribute ruin to the racer, and fortune to the fox-hunter; but though Mr. Soapey Sponge's large losses on the turf, as detailed by him to Mr. Benjamin Buakram on the occasion of their deal, or "job," would bring him in the category of the unfortunates; still, if we are "rightly instructed," as the lawyers say, that representation was nearly, if not altogether, fabulous. That Mr. Sponge might have lost a trifle on the great races of the year, we don't mean to deny, but that he lost such a sum as eighteen hundred on the Derby, and seven on the Leger, we are in a condition to contradict for the best of all possible reasons, that he hadn't it to lose. At the same time we do not mean to attribute falsehood to Mr. Sponge—quite the contrary—it is no uncommon thing for merchants and traders, men who "talk in thousands," to declare that they lost twenty thousand by this, or forty thousand by that, simply meaning that they didn't make it, and if Mr. Sponge, by taking the longest of the long odds against the most wretched of the outsiders, might have won the sums he named, he surely had a right to say he lost them when he didn't get them.

It never does to be indigenously poor, if we may use such a term, and when a man gets to the end of his tether, he must have something or somebody to blame rather than his own extravagance or imprudence, and if there is no "rascally lawyer," who has bolted with his title-deeds, or fraudulent agent who has misappropriated his funds, why then, railroads, or losses on the turf, or joint-stock banks that have shut up at short notices, come in as the scapegoats. Very willing hacks they are too, railways especially, and so frequently ridden, that it is no easy matter to

discriminate between the real and the fictitious loser. At the present day, railroads bear a moral responsibility equal almost in weight to the burden of their debt. They have "let down" no end of people.

But though we are able to contradict Mr. Sponge's losses on the turf, we are sorry we are not able to elevate him to the riches the character of a fox-hunter generally inspires. Still, like many men of whom the common observation is, "nobody knows how they live," Mr. Sponge always seemed well to do in the world. There was no appearance of want about him. He always hunted; sometimes with five horses, sometimes with four, seldom with less than three, though at the period of our introduction he had come down to two. Nevertheless, those two, provided he could but make them "go," were well calculated to do the work of four. And hack horses, of all sorts, it may be observed, generally do double the work of private ones; and if there is one man in the world better calculated to get the work out of them than another, that man most assuredly is Mr. Soapey Sponge. And this reminds us, that we may as well state that his bargain with Buckram was a sort of jobbing deal. He had to pay ten guineas a month for each horse, with a sort of sliding scale of prices if he chose to buy—the price of "Ercules" (the big brown) being fixed at fifty, inclusive of hire at the end of the first month, and gradually rising according to the length of time he kept him beyond that; while "Multum in Pavo," the resolute chesnut, was booked at thirty, with the right of buying at five more, a contingency that Buckram little expected. He, we may add, had got him for ten, and dear he thought him when he got him home.

The world was now all before Mr. Soapey Sponge where to choose; and not being the man to keep hack-horses to look at, we must be setting him a-going.

"Leicestersheer swells," as Mr. Buckram would call them, with their fourteen hunters and four hacks, will smile at the idea of a man going from home to hunt with only a couple of "screws," but Mr. Sponge knew what he was about, and didn't want any one to counsel him. He knew there were places where a man can follow up the effect produced by a red coat in the morning to great advantage in the evening; and if he couldn't hunt every day in the week as he could have wished, he felt he might fill up his time perhaps quite as profitably in other ways. The ladies, to do them justice, are never at all suspicious about men—especially men on the "nibble"—always taking it for granted, they are "all they could wish," and they know each other so well, that any hint to the contrary, acts rather in a man's favour than otherwise. Moreover, hunting men, as we said before, are all supposed to be rich, and as very few ladies are aware that a horse can't hunt every day in the week, they just class the whole "genus," fourteen-horse power men, ten-horse power men, five-horse power men, two-horse power men, together, and tying them in a bunch, label it "*very rich*," and proceed to take measures accordingly.

Let us now visit one of the "strongholds" of fox and fortune-hunting.

A sudden turn of a long, gently-rising, but hitherto uninteresting road, brings the posting traveller suddenly upon the rich, well-wooded, beautifully undulating vale of Fordingford, whose fine green pastures are brightened up with occasional gleams of a meandering river, flowing

through the centre of the vale. In the far distance, looking as though close upon the blue hills, though in reality several miles apart, sundry spires and taller buildings are seen rising above the gray mists towards which a straight, undeviating matter of fact line of railway passing up the right of the vale, directs the eye. This is the famed Laverick Wells, the resort, as indeed all watering-places are, according to the accounts of the papers, of

“Knights and dames,
And all that wealth and lofty lineage claim.”

At the period of which we write, however, “Laverick Wells” was in great feather—it had never known such times. Every house, every lodging, every hole and corner was full, and the great hotels, which more resemble Lancashire cotton-mills than English *hostelries*, were sending away applicants in the most off-hand, indifferent way.

It will perhaps help us on in our story, and assist the comprehension of the reader, if we here avail ourselves of the description of the place as we find it in the “Laverick Wells Guide,” a most elegant production, emanating from the pen of Mr. Caesar Fleury, the fashionable hair-

“Of all the Christian cities,” writes he, “Rome perhaps excepted, whose ancient edifices and recollections have no parallel, Laverick Wells presents the most striking spectacle which a traveller can behold, as he approaches for the first time. Purgem Spa cannot dispute with her the palm of grandeur, though she may that of extent and of beautiful scenery marked by contrast. Viewed in a dark and serene night, Laverick Wells awakens in the spectator feelings of surprise, such as even the ‘Eternal City’ fails to excite. The brilliance of the lights, the Eastern magnificence of its shops, the breadth of its *pavé*, the width and various architecture of its streets, the splendour of its buildings, above all, the noble and lofty bearing of its distinguished visitors, create sensations that the most potent of its waters cannot allay.”

“The waters are of many different sorts, comprising every sort and description of fluid, and containing sulphuric acid, magnesia, oxygen, silica, peroxyde of iron, sulphuretted hydrogen, azote, rotten eggs’ heat, rotten eggs mixed, rotten eggs and rotten cheese, rotten cheese alone, and generally any sort of mixture that a visitor likes to order—and perhaps doesn’t like to take.

“The public buildings are magnificent and unrivalled. The Victoria Spa and Promenade Rooms are of pure white marble, with a colonnade of the Doric order extending the whole length of the building. The large ball-room, capable of holding 1000 moderately-sized persons, is fitted-up in a style of magnificence that puts Willis’s Rooms entirely in the shade.

“The ‘Aristocrat Assembly Rooms,’ at the bottom of Swell Street, must not be forgotten. It is a truly useful and magnificent building, combining the advantages of Tattersall’s Betting-room, the Haymarket Shooting-gallery, the Covent Garden Smoking Divans, the Quadrant Billiard-rooms, and old Parr Mahmoud’s Shampooing Baths at Brighton. Here may be seen unfledged boys, with metallic pencilled books, asking about the odds, daring marksmen firing at old dummy, careless smokers calculating how many more whiffs they can take without being sick. The enormous hotels are of the most imposing order, and fitted up regardless

of expense. There are also numerous private boarding and lodging-houses, at which both married or single people are accommodated at charges almost purely nominal.

"The Public Library and Reading-rooms in Broad Street are also very fine, but not so popular with the rising generation as the Aristocrat Rooms. Here is provided food for the body as well as for the mind, in the shape of very tempting refreshment-rooms, with most convenient little alcoves all around for parties to pair off in, while on the other side of the reading-room is a card-room for the elderlies to occupy themselves.

"Races are here got up at the shortest possible notice, and run round a twenty acre field of fine old grass land, belonging to the spirited landlord of the Fox and Goose. The 'visitors' purse' generally affords a most attractive race, and being capable of constant repetition, at least as often as the purse is replenished, there is one generally every other week during the summer, of which due notice is given by the crier. The number of livery stable-keepers and job masters always insures a good entry, and the riding would do credit to Newmarket or Epsom. As the money is not given unless four horses start, the flymen and others have been known to convert their steeds into racers for the occasion.

"The Laverick Wells hunt is one of the most famous in the kingdom. Belonging to it makes a man a member of the Caledonian Hunt, and gives the right of *entrée* to all the clubs in St. James's Street."

After this copious extract, little remains for us but to elaborate the passage relative to the hunt. The Laverick Wells hounds, at the period the above was written, were under the management of Mr. Thomas Slocdolager, a hard-riding, hard-bitten, hold-harding sort of sportsman, whose whole soul was in the thing, and who would have ridden over his best friend in the ardour of the chase.

In some countries such a creature may be considered an acquisition, and so long as he reigned at the Wells, people made the best they could of him, though it was painfully apparent to the livery stable-keepers, and others, who had the best interest of the place at heart, that such a red-faced, gloveless, drab-breeched, mahogany-topped buffer, who would throw off at the right time, and who resolutely set his great stubbly-cheeked face against all show meets and social intercourse in the field was not exactly the man for a civilised place. Whether time might have enlightened Mr. Slocdolager as to the fact, that continuous killing of foxes, after fatiguingly long runs, was not the way to the hearts of the Laverick Wells sportsmen is unknown, for on attempting to realise as fine a subscription as ever appeared upon paper, it melted so in the process of collection, that what was realised was hardly worth his acceptance; so saying, in his usual blunt way, that if he hunted a country at his own expense he would hunt one that wasn't encumbered with fools, he just stamped his little wardrobe into a pair of old black saddle-bags, and rode out of town without saying "*tar, tar,*" good-bye, carding, or P. P. C.-ing anybody.

This was at the end of a season, a circumstance that considerably mitigated the inconvenience so abrupt a departure might have occasioned, and as one of the great beauties of Laverick Wells is, that it is just as much in vogue in summer as in winter, the inhabitants consoled themselves with the old aphorism, that there is as "good fish in the sea as ever came out of

it," and cast about in search of some one to supply his place it as small cost to themselves as possible. In a place so replete with money and the enterprise of youth, little difficulty was anticipated, especially when the old bait of "a name" being all that was wanted, "an ample subscription" to defray all expenses figuring in the background was held out.

Great watering places, are fortune's peculiar favourites, and are so liable to the sudden descent of splendid meteors, that there is no saying when greatness may alight upon them. Unlike country life in general, there is no long preceding rumour of coming consequence, no mistaking a travelling lace man for a lord, no important bustling of bankrupt house agents domineering over pliant landlords, or anxious shopkeepers speculating who will get the custom,—but a hissing train glides smoothly into the railway station, a quiet, harmless-looking gentleman, dressed, perhaps, in a black coat and waistcoat, with drab trousers, emerges from a first-class carriage on to the platform, and giving up his ticket, proceeds on foot, with an umbrella under his arm, to an hotel, leaving a servant of such limited stature and sober habiliments to follow, as fails to raise an inquiry from even the most inquisitive, as to "who his master is," nor can the bystanders, on reading in the next local paper that the Duke of Broadlands, or the Marquis of Moneybags, is at present sojourning at the "Victoria," recognise in that unpretending individual the owner of such a lofty name.

But wait a little; wait till the great man has made up his mind that the place will "do," and then, after the lapse of a few days, when the duchess or the marchioness cast up, with all the attendant host of lords and ladies, tutors, French, English, and German governesses, Swiss nurses. Parisian maids, valets, butlers, grooms of the chamber, gigantic scale-shouldered footmen, with military chests and flunkeys' legs, all that heterogeneous list of servants that excite our special wonder at the top of our tax papers, then, indeed, the sun of greatness shines out resplendent, and invests the black coat and waistcoat with a lustre not their own. Then, as the noble lord pokes about on his pony, people stop, and stare, and nudge each other, saying, "Do you know who that is?" or, "I say, here comes old Broadlands," or, "old Moneybags," till the farce of incognito is quite overcome. Great is the power of powder, pomatum, and plush shorts!

But we should not have written that. We should not have raised the expectations of our readers, that we are going to indulge them with a holiday excursion into the regions of high life, when the gentleman we are about to introduce is only a plain "Mister." Let us then bring him forward, without any further delay; and to show him proper respect, we will begin a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER V.

MR. WYNDEY WAFFLES.

AMONG a host of most meritorious young men—(any of whom would back a bill for five hundred pounds without looking to see that it wasn't a thousand)—among a host of most meritorious young men, we say, who made their appearance at Laverick Wells towards the close of Mr. Slocdolager's reign, was Mr. Wyndey Waffles; a most enterprising youth, just on the verge of arriving of age, and into the possession of a very considerable amount of charming ready money.

Were it not that a "proud aristocracy," as Sir Robert Peel called them, have shown that they can get over any little deficiency of birth if there is sufficiency of money, we should have thought it necessary to make the best of Mr. Waffles' pedigree, but the tide of opinion evidently setting the other way, we shall just give it as we had it, and let the proud aristocracy reject him if they like. Mr. Waffles' father, then, was either a great grazier or a great brazier—which, we are unable to say, "for a small drop of ink having fallen," not "like dew," but like a black beetle, on the first letter of the word in our correspondent's communication, it may do for either—but in one of which trades he made a "mint of money," and latish on in life married a lady who hitherto had filled the honourable office of dairy-maid in his house; she was a fine handsome woman, and a year or two after the birth of this their only child, he departed this life, nearer eighty than seventy, leaving an "inconsolable," &c., who unfortunately contracted matrimony with a master pork-butcher, before she got the fine flattering white monument up, causing young Waffles to be claimed for dry-nursing by that expert matron the High Court of Chancery; who of course had him properly educated—where, it is immaterial to relate, as we shall step on till we find him at college.

Our friend having proved rather too vivacious for the Oxford Dons, had been recommended to try the effects of the Laverick Wells, or any other waters he liked, and had arrived with a couple of hunters and a hack, much to the satisfaction of the neighbouring master of hounds and his huntsman; for Waffles had ridden over and maimed more hounds to his own share, during the two seasons he had been at Oxford, than that gentleman had been in the habit of appropriating to the use of the whole university. Corresponding with that gentleman's delight at getting rid of him was Mr. Slocdolager's dismay at his appearance, for fully satisfied that Oxford was the seat of fox-hunting as well as of all the other arts and sciences, Mr. Wyndey Waffles undertook to enlighten him and his huntsman on the mysteries of their calling, and "Old Sloc," as he was called, being a very silent man, while Mr. Waffles was a very noisy one, he was nearly talked deaf by him.

Mr. Waffles was just in the height of hot, rash, youthful indiscretion and extravagance. He had not the slightest idea of the value of money, and looked at the fortune he was so closely approaching as perfectly inexhaustible. His rooms, the most spacious and splendid at that most spacious and splendid hotel, the "Imperial," were filled with a profusion of the most useless but costly articles. Jewellery without end, pictures innumerable, pictures that represented all sorts of imaginary sums of money, just as they represented all sorts of imaginary scenes, but whose real worth or genuineness would never be tested till the owner wanted to "convert them." We don't know a more suspicious sign about a tradesman than having a profusion of pictures.

"Sorry, sir, it isn't quite convenient to cash a bill to so large an amount to-day; my correspondent in the city has just looked in for money, and rather reduced my balance below what it ought to be, but if half would do and a picture," opening a door and leading the way into the back shop as he speaks, the walls of which are well studded with "*chef-d'œuvre*," "I dare say we could deal."

Thus it was that Mr. Wyndey Waffles had accumulated the stores of

paintings that stood face to face, and back to back, higgledy-piggledy, amid foils and masks, gloves, pets of the ballet and boxes of cigars in all parts and corners of the room. The jewellery was either got the same way or taken altogether upon credit; and though he had at least thirty sets of studs, rings and chains enough to manacle a convict, a watch for every day in the week and two for a Sunday, dressing-cases innumerable, each vieing with its neighbour in the costliness of its fittings, yet if the dry nurse had sent a "case" to one of her inferior myrmidons, and a jury of Oxford tradesmen had been taken to try it, ten to one but they would have returned a verdict that they were "necessaries" for a young gent in Mr. Waffles' station of life.

His wardrobe was of the same extensive and costly character. He had at least half a hundred weight of great coats, paletots, "Nicolls," "Palliums," "Australian wool over-coats," and wrappers; some all double-back stitched, strapped, bound and lined with horse sheeting, as if to defy the utmost fury of the elements, others again of a milder and more moderate nature, running out into the light airy gossamer for a summer's day. Some had great mother-o'-pearl buttons, as big as cheese plates, exhibiting game birds or foxes, or coaches-and-four, in every variety of situation; others without any buttons at all, looking as though they had been sent home from the tailor's in a hurry. The present age is peculiarly fertile in nondescript garments, and Mr. Waffles was a liberal patron of them all. He was a *real* gentleman! He didn't haggle about price—not he. He never asked the price of anything.

"That's a neat thingumbob," he would say, puffing out a mouthful of smoke from his cigar, and poking at a short cut Tweed with his cane.

"Very neat, sir; would look remarkably well on you, sir," replies the obsequious snip.

"Send me home half-a-dozen of them—(puff);—or, I say—(puff)—Cabbage, old boy—(puff)—I want some summer trousers—(puff)."

Cabbage, whose real name is "Snooks," bows very low, with,

"If you please, sir."

"Ah—(puff)—I can't stay to choose them—(puff)—a dozen pair of ducks—(puff)."

Snooks.—"Say two, sir!"

Waffles.—"Well—(puff)—if you'll put a—(puff)—fi'-pun-note—(puff)—into the pockets of each of the other pair."

So with hats, so with boots, so with spurs, so with gloves, so with everything.

It may be asked how the dry-nurse stood all this? The dry-nurse knew nothing at all about it. Mr. Wyndey Waffles had an allowance, of course, which, with what he raised by way of mortgage, or *doceur*, from the tradesmen, served to keep him in pocket-money, and all the rest was "tick." He seemed to have unlimited tick; and as if tick grew by what it fed upon, the more he got, the more they wished him to take. The time, the honest tradesmen knew was fast coming, when the iron-fisted "accountant-general" would have to *disgorge* a heap of money, and why should they trouble a young gent in want of a dozen shirts with a "reference to the master," to inquire if he needed them, and possibly raise an argument among learned counsel whether they should be painted or white, or have worked fronts or plain ones. Far be it from them to do anything of the sort!

And now having glanced at this extensive wardrobe, it is, perhaps, about time that we were describing the owner of it. This is not quite so easily done, for it must be apparent to every one that a man will look very different, strutting with a cigar 'in his mouth, and his hands thrust in the front pockets of a straight, square-built, up-standing, big-button'd drab coat, lined with flannel, to what he will walking along in a Christian-like cut-a-way, or a plain frock. Mr. Waffles, though he occasionally affected the "tiger," was, in reality, a swell. Indeed, all the trinkets, ornaments, perfume, jewellery, and dressing-cases, show that. Indeed, he was more than a swell; he was a lady-killer—at least, young ladies, or their mamma's, were always considering "that he had used them *extremely ill*." But our readers must not allow that observation to prejudice Mr. Waffles, for we all know upon what extremely slight foundations some young ladies consider themselves "ill-used;" and it is quite misfortune enough for a man to have such a terrible determination of words as Mr. Waffles had, without being called upon to marry all the girls upon whom the words might happen to flow. But to his person.

Mr. Waffles was quite a "pretty man." Tallish, slim, and slight, with long curly light hair, pink and white complexion, visionary whiskers, and a tendency to moustache that could best be seen sideways. He had light blue eyes; indeed, his features generally were good, but expressive of little beyond great good humour. In dress, as we said before, he was both smart and various; indeed, we feel a difficulty in fixing him in any particular costume, so frequent and opposite were his changes. He had coats of every cut and colour. Sometimes he was the racing man with a bright-button'd Newmarket brown cut-away, and white cord-trousers, with drab cloth-boots; anon, he would be the officer, and shine forth in a fancy forage cap, cocked jauntily over a profusion of well-waxed curls, a richly-braided surtout, with military overalls strapped down over highly-varnished boots, whose hypocritical heels would sport a pair of large rowelled, long-necked, ringing, brass spurs. Sometimes he was a Jack tar, with a little glazed hat, a once round tye, a checked shirt, a blue jacket, roomy trousers, and broad-stringed pumps; and before the admiring ladies had well digested him in that dress, he would be seen cantering away on a long-tailed white barb, in a pea-green duck-hunter, with cream-coloured leather and rose-tinted tops. He was

"All things by turns, and nothing long."

Such was the gentleman elected to succeed the silent, matter-of-fact Mr. Sloodolager in the important office of Master of the Laverick Wells Hunt; and whatever may be the merits of either—upon which we pass no opinion—it cannot be denied that they were essentially different. Mr. Sloodolager was a man of few words, and not at all a ladies' man. He could not even talk when he was crammed with wine, and though he could hold a good quantity, people soon found out they might just as well pour it into a jug as down his throat, so gave up asking him out. He was a man of few coats, as well as of few words; one on, and one off, being the extent of his wardrobe. His scarlet was growing plum-colour, and the rest of his hunting-costume has been already glanced at. He lodged above Smallbones, the veterinary-surgeon, in a little back street, where he lived in the quietest way, dining when he came in from

hunting,—dressing, or rather changing, only when he was wet, hunting each fox again over his brandy-and-water, and bundling off to bed long before many of his "field" had left the dining-room. He was little better than a better sort of huntsman.

Wyndey Waffles, as we said before, had made himself conspicuous towards the close of Mr. Sloodolager's reign, chiefly by his dashing costume, his reckless riding, and his off-hand way of blowing up and slanging people.

Indeed, a stranger would have taken him for the master, a delusion that was heightened by his riding with a formidable-looking sherry-case, in the shape of a horn, at his saddle. Save when engaged in sucking this, his tongue was never at fault. It was jabber, jabber, jabber; chatter, chatter, chatter; prattle, prattle, prattle; occasionally about something, oftener about nothing, but in cover or out, stiff country or open, trotting or galloping, wet day or dry, good scenting day or bad, Waffles' clapper never was at rest. Like all noisy chaps, too, he could not bear any one to make a noise but himself. In furtherance of this, he called in the aid of his Oxfordshire rhetoric. He would holloo at people, designating them by some peculiarity that he thought he could wriggle out of, if necessary, instead of attacking them by name. Thus, if a man spoke, or placed himself where Waffles thought he ought not to be (that is to say, any where but where Waffles was himself), he would exclaim, "Pray, sir, hold your tongue!—you, sir!—no, sir, not you—the man that speaks as if he had a brush in his throat!"—or, "Do come away, sir!—you, sir!—the man in the mushroom-looking hat!"—or, "that gentleman in the parsimonious boots!" looking at some one with very narrow tops.

Still he was a rattling, good-natured, harum-scarum fellow; and masterships of hounds, and memberships of Parliament—all expensive anti-money-making concerns, indeed—being things that most men are anxious to foist upon their friends, Mr. Waffles' big talk and interference in the field procured him the honour of the first refusal. Not that he was the man to refuse, for he jumped at the offer, and, as he would be of age before the season came round, and would have got all his money out of Chancery, he disdained to talk about a subscription, and boldly took them as his own. He then became a very important personage at Laverick Wells.

Not but that he had always been a most important personage among the ladies, but as the men couldn't marry him, why, of course, they ran him down. It used to be, "Look at that d——d dandified ass, Waffles, I declare the sight of him makes me sick;" or, "What a barber's apprentice that fellow is, with his ringlets all smeared with Macassar."

Now it was Waffles 'his, Waffles that, "Who dines with Waffles?" "Waffles is the best fellow under the sun! By Jingo, I know no such man as Waffles!" "*Most deserving* young man!"

In arriving at this conclusion, their judgment was greatly assisted by the magnificent way he went to work. Old Tom Towler, the whip, who had toiled at his calling for twenty long years on fifty pounds and what he could "pick up," was advanced to a hundred and fifty, with a couple of men under him. Instead of riding worn-out, tumble-down, twenty-pound screws, he was mounted on hundred-guinea horses, for which the

dealers were to have a couple of hundred, *when they were paid*. Every thing was in the same proportion.

Mr. Waffles' succession to the hunt made a great commotion among the fair—many elegant and interesting young ladies, who had been going on the pious tack against the Reverend Solomon Winkeyes, the popular bachelor-preacher of St. Margaret's, teaching in his schools, distributing his tracts, and collecting the penny subscriptions for his clothing club, now took to riding in fan-tailed habits and feathered hats, and talking about leaping and hunting, and riding over rails. Mr. Waffles had a pound of hat-strings sent him in a week, and muffatees innumerable. Some, we are sorry to say, worked him cigar-cases. He, in return, having expended a vast of toil and ingenuity in inventing a "button," now had several dozen of them worked up into brooches, which he scattered about with a liberal hand. It was not one of your matter-of-fact story-telling buttons—a fox with "TALLY-HO," or a fox's head grinning in grim death—making a red coat look like a miniature butcher's shamble, but it was one of your queer twisting lettered concerns, that may pass either for a military button, or a naval button, or a club button, or even for a livery button. The letters, two W's, were so skilfully entwined, that even a compositor—and compositors are people who can read almost any thing—would have been puzzled to decypher it. The letters were gilt, rivetted on steel, and the wearers of the button-brooches were very soon dubbed by the non-recipients, "Mr. Wyndey Waffles' sheep."

A fine button naturally requires a fine coat to put it on, and many were the consultations and propositions as to what it should be. Mr. Sloodolager had done nothing in the decorative department, and many thought the failure of funds was a good deal attributable to that fact. Mr. Waffles was not the man to lose an opportunity of adding another costume to his wardrobe, and after an infinity of trouble, and trials of almost all the colours of the rainbow, he at length settled the following uniform, which, at least, had the charm of novelty to recommend it. The morning, or hunt coat, was to be scarlet, with a cream-coloured collar and cuffs; and the evening, or dress-coat, was to be cream-colour, with a scarlet collar and cuffs, and scarlet silk facings and linings, looking as if the wearer had turned the morning one inside out. Waistcoats, and other articles of dress, were left to the choice of the wearer, experience having proved that they are articles it is impossible to legislate upon with any effect.

The old ladies, God bless their disinterested hearts, alone looked on the hound freak with other than feelings of approbation.

They thought it a pity he should take them. They wished he mightn't injure himself—hounds were expensive things—led to habits of irregularity—should be sorry to see such a nice young man as Mr. Waffles led astray—not that it would make any difference to them, *but*—(looking significantly at their daughters). No fox had been hunted by more hounds than Wyndey Waffles had been by the ladies; but although he had chatted and prattled with fifty fair maids—any one of whom he might have found difficult to resist, if "pinned" single-handed by, in a country house,—yet the multiplicity of assailants completely neutralised each other, and verified the truth of the adage about "safety in a crowd."

If pretty lying, Miss Wordsworth thought she had shot an arrow home

to his heart over night, a fresh smile and dart from little Mary Ogleby's dark eyes extracted it in the morning, and made him think of her till the commanding figure and noble air of the Honourable Miss Letitia Amelia Susannah Jemimah de Jenkins, in all the elegance of first-rate millinery and dressmakership, drove her completely from his mind, to be in turn displaced by some one more bewitching. Mr. Waffles was reputed to be made of money, and he went at it as though he thought it utterly impossible to get through it. He was greatly aided in his endeavours by the fact of its being all in the funds—a great convenience to the spendthrift. It keeps him constantly in cash, and enables him to “cut and come again” as quick as ever he likes. Land is not half so accommodating; neither money on mortgage. What with time spent in investigating a title, or giving notice to “pay in,” an industrious man wants a second loan by the time, or perhaps before he gets the first. Acres are not easy of conversion, and the mere fact of wanting to sell implies a deficiency somewhere. With money in the funds, a man has nothing to do but lodge a power of sale with his broker, and write up for four or five thousand pounds, just as he would write to his bootmaker for four or five pairs of boots, the only difference being, that in all probability the money would be down long before the boots. Then, with money in the funds, a man keeps up his credit to the far end—the last thousand telling no more tales than the first, and making just as good a show.

We are almost afraid to say, lest we might be supposed to be compromising the credit of this most veracious Magazine, what Mr. Waffles' means were, but we really believe, at the time he came of age, that he had 100,000*l.* in the funds, which were nearly at “par”—a term expressive of each hundred being worth a hundred, and not eighty-nine or ninety pounds as is now the case, which makes a considerable difference in the melting. Now a real *bonâ fide* 100,000*l.* always counts as three in common parlance, which latter sum would yield a larger income than gilds the horizon of the most mercenary mother's mind, say ten thousand a-year, which we believe is generally allowed to be “*v—a—a—ry* handsome.”

No wonder, then, that Mr. Waffles was such a hero. Another great recommendation about him was, that he had not had time to be much plucked. Many of the young men of fortune that appear upon town have lost half their feathers on the race-course or the gaming-table before the ladies get a chance at them; but here was a nice fresh-coloured youth, with all his downy verdure full upon him. It takes a vast of clothes, even at Oxford prices, to come to a thousand pounds, and if we allow four or five thousand for his other extravagancies, he could not have done much harm to a hundred thousand.

Our friend soon finding that he was “cock of the walk,” had no notion of exchanging his greatness for the nothingness of London, and, save going up occasionally to see about opening the flood-gates of his fortune, he spent nearly the whole summer at Laverick Wells. A fine season it was, too—the finest season the Wells had ever known. The continent being closed against all but gentlemen running away from their creditors, a breed that is very difficult to stop, when at length the long London season came to a close, there was a rush of rank and fashion to the English watering-places, quite unparalleled in the “recollection of the

oldest inhabitant" of each place. There were blooming widows in every stage of grief and woe, from the becoming cap to the fashionable corset and ball flounce—widows who would never forget the dear deceased, or think of any other man—*unless he had at least five thousand a year*. Lovely girls, who didn't care a farthing if the man was "only handsome;" and smiling mammas "egging them on," who would look very different when they came to the horrid *f. s. d.* And this mercantile expression leads us to the observation that we know nothing so dissimilar as a trading town and a watering-place. In the one, all is bustle, hurry, and activity; in the other, people don't seem to know what to do to get through the day. The city and west-end present somewhat of the contrast, but not to the extent of manufacturing or sea-port towns and watering-places. Bathing-places are a shade better than watering-places in the way of occupation, for people can sit staring at the sea, counting the ships, or polishing their nails with a shell, whereas at watering-places, they have generally little to do but stare at and talk of each other, and mark the progress of the day, by alternately drinking at the wells, eating at the hotels, and wandering between the library and the railway-station. The ladies get on better, for where there are ladies there are always fine shops, and what between turning over the goods, and sweeping the streets with their trains, making calls, arranging partners for balls, and so on, they get through their time very pleasantly; but what is "life" to them is often death to the men.

CHAPTER VI.

AND NOW, after this long hare-hunting circumbendibus, it is about time that we were returning to our friend Mr. Soapey Sponge. Our readers will recollect that Mr. Sponge took a couple of hack hunters on "sale or return," as the booksellers say, and where he should exercise their agility was the next consideration. The flattering accounts he read in the papers of the distinguished company assembled at Laverick Wells, together with details of the princely magnificence of the wealthy commoner, Mr. Wyndey Waffles, who appeared to entertain all the world at dinner after each day's hunting, made Mr. Soapey Sponge think it would be a very likely place to suit him. Accordingly, thither he despatched Mr. Leather with the redoubtable horses by the road, intending to follow in as many hours by the rail as it took them days to trudge on foot.

Railways have helped hunting as well as other things; and it is but fair to the railway monarch to acknowledge that he has shown himself a friend to this, the noblest of British sports. On many lines he allows sportsmen to go and return with their horses for one fare, and thanks to the rail, a man can glide down into the grass "sheers," as Mr. Buckram calls them, with as little trouble, and in as short a time, as it took him to accomplish a meet at Croydon, or the Magpies at Staines. But to our groom and horses.

Mr. Sponge was too good a judge to disfigure the horses with the miserable, pulpy, weather-bleached job-saddles and bridles of "livery," but had them properly turned out with well-made, slightly-worn London ones of his own, and nice, warm brown woollen rugs, below broadly-

bound, blue-and-white-striped sheeting, with richly-braided lettering, and blue and white cordings. A good saddle and bridle makes a difference of ten pounds in the looks of almost any horse. There is no need because a man rides a hack-horse, to proclaim it to all the world; a fact that few hack-horse letters seem to be aware of. Perhaps, indeed, they think to advertise them by means of their inferior appointments.

Leather, too, did his best to keep up appearances, and turned out in a very stud-groomish-looking, basket-button'd, brown cut-away, with a clean striped vest, ample white cravat, drab breeches and boots, that looked as though they had brushed through a few bullfinches; and so they had, but not with Leather's legs in them, for he had bought them second-hand of a pad groom in distress. His hands were encased in cat's-skin sable gloves, showing that he was a gentleman who liked to be comfortable. Thus accoutred, he rode down Broad Street at Laverick Wells, looking like a fine, faithful old family servant, with a slight scorbutic affection of the nose. He had everything correctly arranged in true sporting marching order. The collar-shanks were neatly coiled under the headstalls, the clothing tightly rolled and balanced above the little saddle-bags on the led horse, "Multum in Pavo's" back, with the story-telling whip sticking through the roller.

Leather arrived at Laverick Wells just as the first shades of a November night were drawing on, and anxious mammas and careful *chaperones* were separating their fair charges from their respective admirers and the dreaded night air, leaving the streets to the gas-light men and youths "who love the moon." The girls having been withdrawn, licentious youths linked arms, and bore down the broad *pavé*, quizzing this person, laughing at that, and staring the pin-stickers and straw-chippers out of countenance.

"Here's an arrival!" exclaimed one. "Dash my buttons, who have we here?" said another, as Leather hove in sight. "That's not a bad like horse," observed a third. "Bid him five pounds for it for me," rejoined a fourth.

"I'll go your halves," observed the first speaker, as Leather came alongside of them with the horses.

"I say, old Bardolph! who do them 'ere quadrupeds belong to?" asked he, taking a scented cigar out of his mouth.

Leather, though as impudent a dog as any of them, and far more than a match for the best of them at a tournament of slang, being on his preferment, thought it best to be civil, and replied, with a touch of his hat, that they were "Mr. Sponge's."

"Ah! old sponge biscuits!—*I know him!*" exclaimed a youth in a Tweed wrapper. "My father married his aunt. Give my love to him, and tell him to breakfast with me at six in the morning—*he! he! he!*"

"I say, old boy, that copper-coloured quadruped hasn't got all his shoes on before," squeaked a childish voice, now raised for the first time.

"*That's intended, governor,*" growled Leather, riding on, indignant at the idea of any one attempting to "sell him" with one of the oldest of the old stable jokes. So Leather passed on through the now splendidly lit up streets, the large plate-glass windowed shops, radiant with gas, exhibiting rich, many-coloured velvets, silver gauzes, ribbons with-

ent end, fancy flowers, elegant shawls labelled "Very chaste," "Patronised by Royalty," "Quite the go!" and white kid-gloves in such profusion that there seemed to be a pair for every person in the place. A perfect flood of gas seemed to revel in the town.

Mr. Leather established himself at the "Eclipse Livery and Bait Stables," in Pegasus Street, or Peg Street as it is generally called, where he enacted the character of stud-groom to perfection, doing nothing himself, but seeing that others did his work, and strutting consequentially with the corn-sieves at feeding time.

After Leather's long London experience, it is natural to suppose that he would not be long in falling in with some old acquaintance at a place like the "Wells," and the first night fortunately brought him in contact with a couple of grooms who had had the honour of his acquaintance when in all the radiance of his glass-blown wigged prosperity as body-coachman to the Duke of Dazzleton, and who knew nothing of the treadmill, or his subsequent career. This introduction served with his own easy assurance, and the deference country servants always pay to London ones, at once to give him standing, and it is creditable to the *etiquette* of servitude to say, that on joining the "Mutton-chop and Mealy-potato Club," at the Cat and Bagpipes, on the second night after his arrival, the whole club rose to receive him on entering, and placed him in the post of honour, on the right of the president.

He was very soon quite at home with the whole of them, and ready to tell any thing he knew of the great families in which he had lived. Of course, he abused the duke's place, and said he had been obliged to give him "hup" at last, "bein' quite an impossible man to live with; indeed, his only wonder was, that he had been able to put hup with him so long." The duchess was a "good cretur," he said, and, indeed, it was mainly on her account that he stayed, but as to the duke, he was—every thing that was bad, in short.

Soapey Sponge, on the other hand, had no reason to complain of the colours in which his stud-groom painted him. Instead of being the shirtless strapper of a couple of vicious hack hunters, Leather made himself out to be the general superintendent of the opulent owner of a large stud. The exact number varied with the number of glasses of grog Leather had taken, but he never had less than a dozen, and sometimes as many as twenty hunters under his care. These, he said, were planted all over the kingdom; some at Melton, to "unt with the Quorn;" some at Northampton, to "unt with the Pytchley;" some at Lincoln, to "unt with Lord Enry;" and some at Louth, to "unt with"—he didn't know who. What a fine, flattering, well-spoken world this is, when the speaker can raise his own consequence by our elevation! One would think that "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," had gone to California. A weak-minded man might have his head turned by hearing the description given of him by his friends. But hark to the same party on what mariners call the running-down tack!—when either his own importance is not involved, or dire offence makes it worth his while, "to cut off his nose to spite his face." No one would recognise the portrait then drawn as one of the same individual.

Mr. Leather, as we said before, was in the laudatory strain, but, like many indiscreet people, he overdid it. Not content with magnifying

the stud to the liberal extent already described, he must needs puff his master's riding, and indulge in insinuations about "showing them all the way," and so on. Now nothing "aggravates" other grooms so much as this sort of threat, and few things travel quicker than these sort of vapourings to their masters' ears. Indeed, we can only excuse the lengths to which Leather went, on the ground of his previous coaching career not having afforded him a due insight into the delicacies of the hunting stable; it being remembered that he was only now acting stud-groom for the first time. However, be that as it may, he brewed up a pretty storm, and the longer it raged the stronger it became.

"Ord d——m 'ee!" exclaimed young Spareneck, the steeple-chase rider, bursting into Scorer's billiard-room in the midst of a full gathering, who were looking on at a grand game of poule, "ord d——m 'ee! there's a fellow coming, Brown Soap or Windsor Soap, or soap of some sort or another, who swears by Jove that he'll take the shine out of us all, 'cut us all down!'"—

"I'll play him for what he likes!" exclaimed the cool, coatless Captain Macer, striking his ball away for a cannon.

"*Hang your play!*" replied Spareneck; "you're always thinking of play,—it's *hunting* I'm talking of," bringing his heavy silver-mounted jockey-whip a crack down his leg.

"*You don't say so!*" exclaimed Sam Shortcut, who had been flattered into riding rather harder than he liked, and feared his pluck might be put to the test.

"What a ruffian!"—(puff)—observed Mr. Waffles, taking his cigar from his mouth as he sat on the bench, dressed as a racket-player, looking on at the game. "What a ruffian!" repeated he, laying the cigar down, as if for an oration; "shouldn't wonder, now," continued he, "if he was such a fellow as old Sloc. By Jove, I remember when I first came into this country, we were getting away from Hatherton Gorse—that's just beyond Old Growler, the miller's,—the man, you know, I bought my bull-terrier of,—not Snap, but Pinch, the wire-haired one with the short tail, a *capital* dog for pinning a badger,—by Jove, if you'd seen the way he tackled with Tom Harrison, the greengrocer's mastiff, and seen Tom with his antiquated silver-buckled shoes and upraised shillaleh,—and by Jove, that reminds me I left a bran new zephyr there the other night,—hope Tom hasn't prigged it, but what I was going to tell you about was old Sloc,—well, old Sloc and I were getting away from the gorse,—he was riding that great yawning, hard-pulling brute of a chesnut, Jack-the-Giant-killer he called him—now doing penance in Bob Brownacre's fly,—well, Jack required a ten-acre field to turn him in, and I was on my little handy, sprig-tailed bay that I could ride round my hat in a snaffle,—I wish I had him now, by Jove, for I've never been so carried since,—and I only gave the matter of fifty pounds for him,—at least, fifty and another old devil that had but three legs; well, old Sloc was up in his stirrups, grinning like grim death, and pulling at this great, tearing brute, whose head was in the air, and legs sprawling all over the country,—by Jove, it's lucky there were no rabbit-holes, or old Sloc's neck wasn't worth five minutes' purchase on that horse, for he seemed to have the knack of putting his feet everywhere but where he ought, and certainly there can't be a worse fault for

a horse than not looking where he's going—at least, not for a hunter; in harness, you know, it don't make so much matter,—and, by Jove, that reminds me of a capital caricature I had in my rooms at Oxford of a fellow driving three 'blind uns and a bolter;' but, however, what I was going to tell you about was old Sloc—a queer, uncouth devil as ever was—rich rogue! two shirts and a rag-sort of fellow, who looked as if he bought his clothes in Monmouth Street, and only shaved on a Saturday; and, by-the-way, that reminds me Miss Jumpheavy's ball 's to-night, and I must get 'trimmed,' running his fingers through his curls; "but, however, what I was going to say was, old Sloc was sailing about the country on this great, raw-boned beast, who he was pulling nearly double to get the way hounds were turning, and I was sailing away at my ease, puffing a cigar just as if I was in an arm-chair, when seeing the extremities the old cock was in, I hallooed out,—

"'I say, old boy, can I lend you a hand?'

"'D—o—o—n't teach year gr—r—r—n—dam to s—s—s—uck eggs!' blurted out he, as his horse rolled him heavily on a headland."

"Well, well, but where's the point," inquired Captain Macer, who had been standing all this time, cue in hand, waiting to let the laugh over before he made another stroke, "where's the point?" repeated he, hastily."

"There is no point," replied Mr. Waffles, drily, looking rather discomfited.

"The point," replied Mr. Spareneck, coming to his assistance, "will be, that this haughty Philistine shalln't ride roughshod over us."

"That he shalln't!" exclaimed Caingey Thornton, Mr. Waffles' premier toady, and constant trencher-man.

"I'll ride him!" rejoined Mr. Spareneck, jockeying his arms, and flourishing his whip as if he was at work.

"His old brandy-nosed, frosty-whiskered trumpeter of a groom, says he's coming down by the five o'clock train. I vote we go and give him a welcome—invite him to a steeple-chase by moonlight."

"I vote we go and see him, 'at all events,'" observed Frank Hoppey, laying down his cue and putting on his coat, adding, "I should like to see a man bold enough to beard a whole hunt—especially such a hunt as *ours*."

"Finish the game first," observed Captain Macer, who had rather the best of it.

"No, leave the balls as they are till we come back," rejoined Ned Stringer; "we shall be late. See, it's only ten to, now," continued he, pointing to the time-piece above the fire; whereupon there was a putting away of cues, hurrying on of coats, seeking of hats, sorting of sticks, and a general rush out of the room in favour of the railway station.

MEN AND THINGS IN THE NEW WORLD OF AUSTRALIA.

PART II.

IN the modish acceptance of the term, "society" has assumed a character very peculiarly its own in this town of Sydney. Consisting almost entirely of native English people, cast together within the last twenty or thirty years, it still has much to distinguish it from the presiding circles of fashion and influence in any town of equal population in Great Britain. The suddenness of its structure, and the specific nature of its parts, require only to be glanced at to explain the resulting phenomena. Though a garrison town, Sydney is not merely the garrison town; nor, though the great entrepôt of the Pacific, is it merely the commercial town. It is the *seat of a Government*; and in an Australian colony "government" means a great deal more than it does with us in England, or even with our centralising neighbours on the other side of the channel, as may be understood when it is known that the functions of "His Excellency the Governor" range from the duties of royalty to the direction of the merest parish details. Thus Sydney is the residence of a small species of court; and the headquarters of extensive civil, legal, and ecclesiastical administrations. As I have said on a former occasion, it is also the seat of the colonial legislature.

Here then are elements in the composition of society not to be found in any English town of 50,000 inhabitants. A governor dispensing patronage and personal favour; an extensive bureaucracy; an unusual proportion of professional men—clerical and legal more especially; a large number of persons engaged in commercial pursuits, and accredited to the world as merchants; together with a sprinkling of naval and military men;—the majority brought into a position relatively to the rest of the population, greatly superior to any which they could have previously occupied;—the characteristics of a society thus constituted would probably suggest themselves to those who are but moderately skilled in social anatomy.

One finds in it a very unusual degree of intelligence—a somewhat Yankee "smartness" on every conceivable topic, political, religious, or financial—but also an unusual amount of gossiping and political malice. Nor, amidst a very respectable average of good breeding, is one at much pains to detect the pretensions and the sensitive gentility of the upstart, or the servile zeal of the tuft-hunter.

The head of this social system is, indeed, placed in "a peculiar position;" and generally, I may say, that I know of no English gentleman more to be pitied than he whose friends or whose merits have succeeded in obtaining for him the government of a colony. In nine cases out of ten he is a spoilt gentleman for life. The position in which he is placed is wholly unnatural. Extracted from a regiment, or a frigate, or an amiable circle of private friends, he is made for a few years the "myth" of a small court—he is approached with unaccustomed form and reverence; and the wholesome freedom of his equals, the best corrective of public and private foibles, he is suddenly deprived of. But not merely is he the symbol of power, he is the actual administrator of his government. He is a sovereign and minister in one; and though both be in a small way, his relative dimensions are lost sight of, from his remoteness from the standard of real greatness. If he has to encounter a dangerous amount of servile flattery, he is also exposed to the full fury of colonial vituperation, whenever his policy, or the policy of the minister under whom he

serves, shall happen to be of an unpopular character. And who does not know that precisely in an inverse ratio to the numbers and importance of a community its press and its patriots are most keen at detecting a grievance, and most clamorous in denouncing it? Then our good governor feels called upon to steel himself against these attacks, encouraging all that is contemptuous and disdainful in his disposition ; so that altogether a man with good natural qualities runs a fair chance of becoming thoroughly unbearable for the rest of his days. If he quarrels with his superiors in Downing-street (for superiors they are in fact, if not in strict constitutional etiquette), he returns home with his grievance, and becomes the button-holding bore we have the authority of Sir Francis Bond Head for saying, is the condition to which he is ever after condemned. These remarks, I should say, have here taken a wider reference, and are not to be limited to Australian governors alone.

Apart, however, from the tone of Sydney society, matters are, in externals, much the same as you find them among the middle classes of England. Perhaps somewhat more of personal luxury is affected; but twelve months after the polka was invented in Europe, it was the rage in the colony, and Monsieur Jullien is as popular there as he is in the United Kingdom.

The Queen's birth-day is a great occasion in this antipodean city. It is truly a "gaudy" day. The governor holds a levee in the morning, as her Majesty's representative, and invites every presentable person living within a day's journey of the capital to a monster ball in the evening. Both ball and levee are worth seeing, and, perhaps, worth a cursory description.

The ceremonies of the day are generally commenced by a review of all the troops in garrison, which over, the first symptom of preparation for the levee is seen, in the march of a guard of honour to the government house. As the appointed hour draws near, the streets become thronged with gentlemen in full dress, looking conscious of their strange appearance. Soon after, every carriage and cab is in requisition, and is seen cutting away for the scene of ceremony. Loyal old settlers come up to town from their distant homes, encouraged in this yearly homage by their wives and daughters, who would be scandalised not to assist at the ball and supper in the evening.

You enter Government-house, and there you are in a crush of many hundreds. In good time, and after exercising (*se defendendo*) some of that activity which secures a man an entrance into the pit of a London theatre, you work your way into the presence-chamber. There you have a galaxy of colonial splendour. The Queen's representative stands confessed, supported by generals, colonels, bishops, judges, executive councillors, secretaries, and the blue-robed Mayor of Sydney aforesaid. His excellency, like a man of sense, has bespoken all his blandness for the occasion, and is ready to receive all very graciously. Then pass by long files of the colonial gentry and clergy, and military and naval officers, each making his obeisance to the great man as he passes, until the whole crowd is exhausted: and the ceremony is ended. Next morning the daily newspaper of the colony chronicles with alphabetical regularity the name of every person present on the occasion. We promise you it is rather *mauvais ton* not to appear in this register of loyalty and courtliness. Even gentlemen, who deem it proper to be bitterly opposed to the personal governor, esteem it a paramount duty to bow to the abstract royalty of which he is the temporary representative.

The ball in the evening is a very gay and crowded affair. It has

been the talk of all the budding young ladies for the month before, and its incidents form the topic for the month thereafter. The outlay it occasions enters regularly into the calculations of the Sydney trades-folk, and probably tends to derange the general "balance of trade;" and certainly strangers are not a little struck with the costliness of the attire in which the ladies are wont to appear. That knot of French naval officers whom you may observe, are in a state of respectful wonderment. Two years have gone by since they left Brest harbour, and since then they have been cruising in the South Seas, cultivating friendly relations with the cannibals; and suddenly the scene is changed into this glittering gala of European civilisation. And if the fair colonists do not exhibit the *toilette irréprochable* of Parisian life, they may still, under the circumstances, be objects of special admiration to the chivalric gentlemen of the French marine. See with what enthusiasm, grave withal in its manifestation, after the manner of their nation, those aiguilleted *aspirants* rush into the waltz. They are bringing up arrears, evidently; and also laying in a stock of dancing for the next twelve months. They have lost not an atom of their politeness by their intercourse with Tahitians, Owheans, and Tongataboos, and listen with profound respect to the Anglo-Australian French, and only laugh at their own English. It was on some such occasion that I tried to draw out Monsieur le Commandant, a broad-beamed elderly capitaine-de-corvette, who appeared to have given up dancing himself, but to contemplate with serene pleasure the enjoyment which it afforded to his young officers. He was eloquent in praise of the gay scene before him, and ended his encomium with—"But you English do understand colonisation!" And Monsieur le Commandant had reason; for a better proof of successful colonisation was not to be had. It argued money made as well as money expended.

These birth-day affairs are not widely dissimilar to the extinct Lord Mayor's balls of London; though the rush for the custards is more decorous, and a man has no chance of losing the tails of his coat, as nearly happened to a friend of mine at the civic entertainment. But the very *élite* of society affect to condemn this annual re-union, and ridicule the "mixed" character of the company. So much, however, is this birth-day ball regarded as forming part of the political system of the colony, that there is a popular, and therefore, no doubt, very incorrect notion, that its expense is defrayed out of the British treasury. I suspect no such item as this can now-a-days be smuggled through, under any head of public expenditure; but probably, if this should be fortunate enough to meet the economic eyes of Mr. Cobden, he may make a note of the matter, and in due season demand explanation.

I should have noted, as forming a remarkable feature in society in Sydney, as throughout the colonial population, the religious divisions of its members—by which I mean its marked separation into different religious communities. Settled as the country has been by English, Irish, and Scotch, what may be regarded as the three national religions of the United Kingdom have all taken root there, and flourish with an equality of rights and privileges; or perhaps, more correctly speaking, with an equal absence of any. Nevertheless, the three Churches have not yet agreed to differ on doctrinal points. There is usually a standing controversy between Rome and Geneva; and occasionally the conflict is varied by each taking a turn with the Anglican. I am not aware that any fruit results from these theological exercises but ill-will.

It is worthy of remark, that the only personages in the colony in whose favour the lordly style has been conceded, are the prelates of the Churches of England and Rome. I am not among those who would deny to the notables of a large and important ecclesiastical body, the personal distinctions bestowed upon laymen of high station, according to the usages of their common country. What becomes, in the sentiment of modern times, a mere verbal token of respect, may be applied to the bishop as well as the peer or the chief justice. But to transplant the seignorial style from Europe to the Antipodes in favour of the Christian prelate *alone*, I must venture to regard both as an inconsistency and an impolicy. The concession as respects the Romish prelate is but of recent date, having been only made in the course of the past year by Lord Grey. But the English bishop of Sydney has from the first been "My Lord" by royal license.

I remember noting, and I have heard others make the same remark, how frequently the Sydney gentry, and especially the clerical portion of it, took occasion to belord his lordship, as though determined to make the best of their sole opportunity to attune their voices to sounds so aristocratic. It is this sort of thing which goes to make the colonial prelate less of the Christian pastor than the great man—less the missionary bishop, which he ought to be, than a kind of *extra* member of our own lordly bench.

Very lately the number of bishops in both Churches has been increased in the Australian colonies. The Anglican bishop at Sydney has been elevated to the rank of metropolitan, and three suffragan bishops appointed under him. And I believe three Catholic bishops have also been named to the different colonies of Port Phillip, South Australia, and Van Diemen's Land, all subordinate to the archbishop at Sydney.

There is little about Sydney of the present day that bespeaks its penal origin. It was very different, I learn, twenty years ago; when large gangs of convicts were seen marching through the streets, to and from their daily toil, and every domestic servant, male and female, was a transported offender. At that time, too, the "Emancipist" class, as they were gently termed, were yet a powerful interest, looking at the free-settlers as invaders of the territory to which they had acquired a prescription. Some time before that, they had been quite in the ascendant; and it required a stern, but honest, governor to put them in their right place. These folks are now either dead, or swamped into comparative insignificance by the free people.

At present, indeed, it is a common observation, that the New South Wales capital is more orderly than most garrison or sea-port towns. It has, however, a very efficient "Force," formed somewhat upon the London model; and some doughty magistrates to dispense the summary justice of the police court with great intrepidity and discretion.

Here, then, we have Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, with its constitutional government, its law courts, its bishops, its fashionable society, its municipality, its mob, its politics, its commerce, its press, its theatres—where sixty years ago was the wild forest, and its only inhabitant the wildest of the sons of men. It is still a singular contemplation that this flourishing city occupies four months of constant voyaging from the civilised world to arrive at; and that an hour's brisk walk from the Australian senate-house will take you to a hundred scenes where Nature still exists as she has done from the days of the deluge.

The juxtaposition between the rudeness of aboriginal nature, and the transplanted civilisation of old Europe, was never so remarkably seen as

in New South Wales at this moment. The surprising commercial energies of Great Britain at the present day, coupled with her immense maritime resources, have enabled her to give to her colonisation in these regions almost the magical effect of creation. But there is a singular feature with respect to that particular field of colonial enterprise now comprised in the Australian settlements, which I take to be the great cause of their prosperity; though I say this with a due sense of my own temerity in hazarding an opinion on such a subject. I allude to the circumstance that there never before was a colony which so systematically *took advantage of what Nature has done* towards the creation of wealth. None other, indeed, has had the like opportunities. Here are boundless plains, in a serene climate—no costly process of clearing and cultivation is needed to render them productive. A few thousands are originally expended in the importation of sheep, which, increasing in rapid geometrical progression, in half a generation spread over these Australian steppes. And then come the necessities and the wealth of an old densely populated and manufacturing country like England to give immediate value to this great amount of production. May we not set it down as a corollary that to insure marked success to our new colonies, their inhabitants must be able to produce raw products *cheaply* to the great Mother Country? This seems the way to intermingle the interests of Parent State and Colony, and to impart to the latter the succouring wealth of the former. The small colonisation, which consists in grubbing patches of cultivation, may consist with the comfort of small settlements, and the rude happiness of a few families. It neither makes new nations, nor adds to the wealth or prosperity of old ones.

Before quitting the metropolis of Australia I must advert to a scene, belonging to another phase of human existence, which I witnessed in its neighbourhood shortly before I left that part of the world. I had heard of the tribe of aboriginal natives, known as "the Sydney tribe;" and that it was now reduced (though at no time, I believe, very numerous) to four or five families—perhaps not twenty persons in the whole. But accounts were various; and the existence of the tribe at all was a matter about which few people cared to give a second thought. I had, however, wished to see this relic of the old occupants of the locality, of the present aspect and appropriation of which I have here attempted a sketch; and I accidentally fell upon them after this manner. I had been out boating with some friends, and we had a fancy, as the evening was still and hot, and what slight air there was being against us, as well as the tide, to land in a quiet bay, and fish from the rocks. The spot thus selected had not a vestige of the civilised world which was within five miles of us. It was as it might have been thousands of years ago, when Egyptian mummies were living men. We had not been very long with our lines in the water, intent upon unsuccessful sport, when a flicker of light shot up on the other side of the Bay, and drew our attention to that quarter. A fire we saw was kindling, which soon grew large enough to reveal a party of natives, apparently just returned for the night to their huts, which, we could now see, were in the rear of the fire. While dividing attention between our uncaught fish and the native huts, we suddenly heard a woman's voice raised to the highest pitch, and continuing to exercise itself with a volubility so sustained and emphatic that no manner of doubt was left on the minds of our party that a matrimonial squabble

was presently taking place among the savages. We immediately voted her an aboriginal Mrs. Caudle, and waited the issue with some curiosity. For ten minutes the vociferation continued unabated in vigour and vivacity, bespeaking a keen sense of unmerited wrong, and, no doubt, increased aggravation from the taciturnity of the party to whom these upbraidings were addressed.

We were admiring the fortitude of the patient under this domestic infliction, when we heard distinctly the noise as of several smart blows—the man's ire was at length roused! Never before was such a noise heard proceeding from lips of woman, civilised or savage. Her vociferations grew more rapid than ever, louder than ever; in fact a shriek, yet still of distinctly articulated sounds. And at this rate she kept wagging her tongue for another five minutes. Then the bangs again, and the screams grew phrenzied.

We at length thought ourselves bound to walk round the bay, to attempt a mediation between the contending parties. When we presented ourselves we found the pair both hard at it, the man with a thick grass-tree stick, belabouring his "gin" in a way which would have killed any white woman, and she continuing her abuse with unrelaxed energy. The man on seeing us suspended his exercise; when we held it judicious to attempt a little *bounce*, making some references to "the police," a word well understood by the blacks. This had the desired effect on the man, who sulkily threw himself down by the embers of the fire; but our intervention had scarcely produced this happy result, when her ladyship began a volley of abuse against us! It was plainly a living example of Molière's *Madame Sganarelle*—an illustration of that profound insight into human nature which has truly made Molière (in the critical formula) "a man for all ages and all nations."

Monsieur Robert.—* * * Peste soit le coquin, de battre ainsi sa femme!

Martine.—Et je veux qu'il me batte, moi!

M. Robert.—Ah; j'y consens de tout mon cœur.

* * *

Martine.—Mêlez vous de vos affaires.

M. Robert.—Je ne dis plus mot.

Martine.—Il me plaît d'être battue.

M. Robert.—D'accord, &c., &c.

We had nothing to do but with *Monsieur Robert* to say "*d'accord*;" and laughing heartily at this unexpected turn of affairs, to walk away as quickly as consisted with our proper dignity.

The best of it was that the woman seemed in no wise incommoded with the terrible drubbing inflicted on her, beyond the momentary pain it had occasioned. As we got round to our "fishing-ground," her tongue ceased to wag, and the native broil was at an end. We remarked that a dozen other blacks were there, quite quiet and unmoved. They were wiser than *Monsieur Robert*.

This was, I was told by one of our party who had some knowledge of their haunts, and was able to identify one or two of the men, the last of the Sydney tribe. The best of the Australian aboriginals whom I have seen—and they have been those who, living in the far interior, have had little intercourse with Europeans—have always been wretched people, taken as a whole; but these were such deplorable objects that one's commiseration was unavoidably mixed with a sense of humiliation that they were human beings! The reader has now, it is hoped, some notion of Sydney and its inhabitants—here, also, is the last relic of the "olden time," when Sydney was not.

MR. GRAB'S ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF GOLD DUST IN CALIFORNIA.

There lies your way, due west. — *Twelfth Night.*

AFTER all it is no fable. *El Dorado* exists !

This is not a mere newspaper announcement, respectable as that source of information may be, but a positive, downright fact, which we have derived the assurance of from an authority that admits of no contradiction, nothing more nor less, in short, than a letter from a very enterprising young gentleman who was one of the earliest to take advantage of an opportunity, which, in his case, actually proved a golden one. That our readers may believe, as readily as ourselves, we shall suppress nothing,—not even names or private affairs, being perfectly certain that the individuals most concerned in the matter, will rather thank than reprove us for giving publicity to the accompanying statement.

The writer of the letter in question, is Mr. Baldwin Grab, the youngest son of Mr. Marmaduke Grab, of the respectable firm of Snatcher, Grab and Sharper, of Bedford Row, one of the very highest eminence in the profession of the law. For reasons which it is not necessary here to enter into, the elder Mr. Grab was induced, about two or three years back, to send his boy Baldwin to complete his education in the United States ; all we need say on the subject is, that in doing so, that worthy attorney believed he was adopting the course best calculated to advance his son's interests and qualify him, in the most appropriate manner, for representing the house in which he was himself an active and efficient partner. It was whispered—but they were censorious people who said so—that a violent personal disreputement, which ended in what is vulgarly called "being kicked out of doors," was the immediate cause of Mr. Baldwin Grab's expatriation ; but when we consider that, after his arrival in New York, he wrote home for money (which his prudent sire refused to send him), and subsequently maintained a correspondence, which has ended in a manner so satisfactory to all parties, we need not hesitate to set down the story of the quarrel as a weak invention of the enemies of Mr. Grab senior, for (such is the turpitude of human nature) even that worthy man has encountered enmity in the course of his mild and amiable career. Besides, we are inclined to think more highly of Mr. Marmaduke Grab's intellect than to suppose him capable of being swayed by personal resentment, self interest being the only weakness his most malicious friends could ever accuse him of. Be this as it may, Mr. Baldwin Grab continued, somehow or other, to make his way among the Down Easters ; but as the history of his earlier proceedings in the *New World* is foreign to the present subject, we shall confine ourselves to his most recent adventures. They are described in the following letter to his father.

San Francisco, November 1, 1848.

Dear Governor,—You will open your eyes rather wider than usual when you know where this comes from, and what it's all about ; but the fact is, I've been to the "diggins" and made a man of myself. When you

gave me the sack three year ago,* you little thought how soon I should fill it, or what with. But that's neither here nor there; I've done the trick, no thanks to anybody but myself, and if I don't come it strong from this time forth, why, as Brother Jonathan says, "it's a pity!"

You heard of the fire that cleared me out of my dry-goods' store in Broad Way, New York, when I wrote to you to set me up again (which you never did, nor did I ever expect you would); and I sent you another letter to say how I'd flitted to Lexington, in Virginny, where I was trying my hand at the profession; but further than that you know no more of my matters than I do of those of your last client; not so much, for I can pretty well guess what has happened to him by this time. Well,—the law was no go to Lexington,† for every man is his own lawyer there—no fools, though, for all that—so I absquatulated into Old Kentuck, where I had more than one location, and brought up at last to Hopkinsville, in some clearings about a hundred miles from the Mississippi. Here I started a newspaper, the *Hopkinsville Banner of Freedom*, a free and independent journal, supported by public subscription and private contributions, and consequently the representative of every man's opinions who chose to pay for making them known.

This was rather a flourishing concern as long as it lasted, though in the course of my editorship of three months my life was five times attempted, in spite of my printed notice to correspondents that I kept a revolver in my office-desk; but at last, having ventured to speak out on my own account—that is to say, to call in a few overdue subscriptions by name—I was set upon by the delinquent subscribers, tarred and feathered, and once more obliged to walk my chalks. I then went down Arkansaw way, and fixed myself to Arkopolis, where I had a call. You may laugh, governor, but I had. 'Twasn't one of your soapey, sneaking, Methody calls, but a regular Mormon screamer, Joe Smith raal grit. Mr. Peleg S. Lyman was my converter, from the state of Ohio; he traded in a general way in rum, blankets, gunpowder, tobacco fixin's, and dry goods of all sorts, mostly with the Osages, and did a pretty considerable stroke of business in the peltry line. A pious man was Peleg S. Lyman, and first opened my eyes to the sinful way in which I was living.

"Where's the use," said he to me, one evening, as he was sitting smoking on a table in front of his store, and whittling, with a penknife, all the while he was talking, "where's the use of your wastin' of your time and perilin' of your precious soul a tryin' to enlighten these here 'tarnal natives with newspaper notions of liberty? What's the freedom of this world in comparison of the onboundedness of the next? What's the j'yes of this here sublunary sphere to the j'yes of the New Jerusalem? I convene, stranger, that you're a swappin' away your everlastin' existence agin a wooden nutmeg."

"What would you have me do, Mr. Peleg," asked I. "I don't see

* We trust this phrase will not be misinterpreted. The writer, in a truly filial spirit, simply alludes in figurative language to the blessing which Mr. Grab, like an ancient patriarch, bestowed on his son when he quitted the paternal mansion.

† It will be perceived that Mr. Baldwin's style is occasionally slightly tinged with Americanisms; but we have thought it better not to attempt to improve or tamper with the original.

any opening. I was bred to the law, and the law isn't of much value where every man takes it into his own hands."

"The law," returned Peleg, "is a pretty foundation for most things. With a proper knowledge of law a critter may whip his weight in wild cats, grin a 'coen into fits, cow-hide the univarse, and stare creation out of face; but there's no 'call for him to practice it in the courts; let him take it into the buzzom of private life, and, mark my words, stranger, he'll make his account of it. Let the principles of law, *as a lawyer understands 'em*, govern his conduct day and night, and he'll soon make a clearin' of his own. As for a openin', there's openins everywhere. We're not so far west here to Arkopolis that we mayn't find more westerner parts yet. Now listen to me, stranger. I've taken a kinder fancy to you. I commiserate your poor soul, and am resolved to take it under my protection. You ain't got much money I reckon. Well, I'm pretty spry that way; though 'tain't altogether a fortin' as lines this here store; but I calkilate there's a way to make one out of it, kinder faster than drivin' bargains with the Cherokees and Osages, and that is to camp out further away across the prairie. I've heard tell of astonishin' doins to the Great Salt Lake, among my people the Mormons. If your feelings has a heavenward turn, and you don't object to the journey, I convene it will be for your spiritual welfare as well as for your airtly good to jine my little spekilation."

I need not trouble you, governor, with any more of Peleg's arguments. I could see as plainly as he that he wanted some one to make the venture with him, though what that venture was he was too close to tell me.

"If I was to let on all at once," said he, when I questioned him rather narrowly on the subject, "you'd be scarified out of your believable fakilities; you'd think some everlastin' water power was a sweepin' you away along of it." So he left me to exercise my imagination, and make preparations for the journey.

"Cash," said Mr. Peleg S. Lyman, "ain't of no use in them parts; what's wanted is dry goods for barter and hardwares for use. Now, I can supply you with both from my stores: what dollars you have you can hand over to me, and I'll trade with you to the full amount in blankets and sperrit fixins, bread and pork doins in barrels,—spades, picks, and iron saucepans. Not a cent, stranger, will you be the wuss, as I hope for Pisgah."

I was not over anxious to part with all the coin I had managed to scrape together and get clear off with from Hopkinsville, but when I came to consider the nature of the country we were going to travel through, and what sort of a place we were bound for—Peleg S. Lyman having on one occasion partly let the cat out of the bag, when a little flushed with rum—I thought I couldn't do better than deal with him; and I was the more readily induced to do so from being aware that if the store-keepers of Arkopolis prided themselves upon one thing more than another, it was in what they called fixin' a stranger. As well, thought I, dance with a bear as dine with a wolf, so I gave Peleg the dollars and he supplied the goods. Of course I was taking care of my soul all the while, but as the subject had novelty to recommend it, I let Peleg talk on.

Some other time time, perhaps, I may tell you the sort of journey we had across the desert,—how we worked up to Jefferson, where we found a caravan of traders bound to Oregon, how we struck the old Missouri

track, following the course of the Platte River, and keeping between the forks, till we got to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, how we contrived to cross them, and how we finally got to the Mormon settlement, It wasn't the easiest life in the world, and I found when I got into the desert that I was little more my own master than if I had regularly taken service with Peleg as his help; for, having the stores under his control, and being, moreover, something of the "half-horse, half-alligator" breed, with a touch of the prairie buffalo in his composition, and a strongly-made raw-boned fellow withal, for whom I was no match in personal strength, I was obliged to knock under, and do his bidding without grumbling. All the property I had, except the beast I rode on, was under his charge; there was no chance of getting away: a fellow might just as well have cast himself adrift, like a marine on a grating, in the middle of the Atlantic. Peleg S. Lyman always slept with one eye open, and could hit a trail as cleverly as a Pawnee Loup, so I put the best face on it I could and carried on, as the sailors say.

When we parted company with the caravan at Biddle Lake, we turned our heads south, while the traders stood northward, inviting us at the same time not to go and bury ourselves in the salt desert, but come and pick up a living on the Columbia River, I could not but remark with an inward sense of satisfaction, the gleam of triumph that shone in the eyes of Peleg, as he pointed in the direction of the Mormon settlement, and said that his spirit yearned not for the flesh-pots of Egypt.

"Ride on, brethren!" exclaimed Peleg—"ride on to the pleasant water-courses, where much fat and gladness abound. The vessels that are chosen must be filled—yea, with the fulness of plenty. The saints shall inherit the earth; they shall show a light to the nations, and much people shall flock to behold it. From the bowels of the earth shall come forth praise!"

The peltry-men shrugged their shoulders, and set down Peleg for "an everlastin' crack-brained gonney;" and with mutual contempt for each other's prospects, the Mormon and the traders separated.

"Them critters," said Peleg, as we rode together along the banks of the White Mud River, which discharges itself into the Great Salt Lake—"them critters ain't got no more sense than 'possums. They think they're goin' to make their fortins, at the very time they're turning their backs on the only way to 'em." And he laughed in his quiet, dry way, as if he greatly enjoyed his own joke.

The time was come, however, for him to speak out, for we were drawing near the district where the nature of our pursuits must speak for themselves; and though Peleg had made himself a hard master instead of a companion, he was not, I began to find, so bad a fellow after all. He had, probably, learnt to appreciate my character; and you, governor, know what that is, for I flatter myself it's not very unlike your own? You are not much in the habit of consulting your mental looking-glass, but when you do, you see a face that's not easily forgotten—ugly, but remarkable.

"Mister Baldwin," said Peleg, as we moved gently on—a shambling walk—being the best pace our beasts could muster—"what are your notions concernin' of this here spekilation as you've jined in?"

"Before I tell you that," I replied, "I must first of all know what the speculation itself is."

Peleg grinned.

"You hear them iron sarcepanes a rattlin' agin each other in the packs, don't yer?"

"I think I do," answered I. "I've had to tighten the cords round them pretty often."

"Well," continued Peleg, "I suppose they wants to git right out now."

"What for?" said I; "is there much to cook in these parts?"

Peleg grinned again.

"There's that to cook as you Britishers makes toothpicks on, as I've heerd tell; we free-born Americans uses the prongs of forks for that purpose, a whittling-knife, or the first thing handy."

"I can't guess what you mean," said I; "you must speak a little plainer."

"Then, squire," said the Mormon, "what do you think of *gold*?"

"Gold!" I exclaimed—"cook gold—you must have lost your wits!"

"If I have," said he, "'taint you that's found 'em. What I tell you is a fact—it's as true as everlastin' natur. Did you think I was a-goin' to hunt on this trail without knowin' what sort of game was at the t'other end of it? I'm not such a 'coon. Few knows it yet, though many will afore long; but there's an Almighty power of gold in this country to be had for the trouble of stoopin'. I won't say whether it was re-vealed at Nauvoo, or whether it wasn't; but the Mormons has got the secret, they and the Ingines, who don't know the valley of it. We're a people what's blest, and our handyworks prospers."

Though I had had reason for suspecting that the *cutie* backwoodsman had not come on a fool's errand, I was far from entertaining any idea of the real nature of his object; and it was some time before I could bring myself to believe that he was not poking fun into me. But what he said, with more particulars than there's any need for me to repeat, was fully confirmed when we got to the settlement. There we saw the gold itself—"gold, yellow, glittering, precious gold," as the man says in the play—not glittering exactly, but dull, lumpish, and heavy, just the colour of sister Jane's skin when she had the black jaundice, a kind of yellow, overlaid with dirt.

I promise you it wasn't long we staid in New Nauvoo, but as soon as we had swapped away a few tools for pretty nigh their weight in gold, off we set for the "diggins"—you'll have heard tell of them by this time. A blessed scramble we had till we got to the river Sacramento, 400 miles across a desert, salt enough, as Peleg said, to corn creation. Whenever any of the number dropped off, and died on the journey, Peleg consoled the rest by telling them they would serve as land-marks on the road back, in case any returned that way; that their bodies were cured as well as their souls, with other remarks, which were, of course, extremely gratifying. Well, at last we got to the "diggins," and wouldn't the firm have liked to have been there too! I think I see old Snatchem, with his hawk-nose, and long thin claws, jealous of the very dirt that sticks to his nails; I fancy I behold Sharper, that cross between a London rat and a country fox, with the quick eye and astute smellers of the one, and the red hair and stealthy pace of the other. I fancy him up to his knees in the Sacramento, diving into every dark hole, and grinding his face against

every stone, in search of gold dust; and, sight most pleasing, most gratifying of all, I picture to myself you, Governor, grimed with mud, lanky, unshaven, worn and wasted; your black knee-breeches torn to tatters—your blue worsted stockings worn to shreds—your spectacles clouded with dust and perspiration, with your elbows squared, your shirt-sleeves tucked up to your shoulders, and no end to the bend in your back, laying down to the work as if you'd been born to the task of grubbing up gold—as, indeed, you were, though in a different way. You couldn't work harder than you do now, and you'd all be less mischievous.

Much the sort of thing that I've described in fancy's sketch of the operations of the firm, has been the daily business of Peleg S. Lyman and your son Baldwin Grab, since located in the diggins, about three months back. We're partners now in real earnest; I'm no longer his help, as I was coming over the prairie; but all we get we store in a *cache*, as the Canadians call an out-of-door savings-bank. The hardest thing to get is belly-timber; but that we manage to pick up without paying for it, just waiting till the early birds have gone abroad to the diggins, and then making free with all we can lay our hands on. Sometimes we don't go to the stream ourselves, but hunt in couples in the mountains, and if we meet a stranger with a well-lined blanket, as will sometimes happen, why Peleg's bowie-knife, or my revolver, save him the trouble of carrying a useless weight of uncoined bullion about him.

Peleg and I were calculating last night, in a rough way, how much we had made since we came to the diggins, and we settled that it wasn't far short of 80,000 dollars a-piece. I have one lump of gold as big as an apple, with a nail driven through a hole in the middle, and I wear it for a breast-pin of an evening, when we smoke and drink swizzle, for mint-juleps or sherry-cobbler are not to be had.

But we want hands; and that's the reason of my writing. Do what you will, the firm can't make in ten years as much as may be gathered here in ten days, to say nothing of casualties, *which are sure to fall in the way of those who look out for them*. Therefore, I recommend you to ship yourselves off, the whole lot, to this place; nobody will miss you except your clients, and they won't grieve over-much. As I'm a rich man now, you've only to mention my name when you land, and every attention will be paid you. Mind you bring me out that six-bladed knife that you took from me when I came home from Birmingham that time. Give my love to my brothers and sisters, and remember me to the firm. Peleg desires "kinder compliments."

Your dutiful son,

BALDWIN GRAB.

P.S. November 2.—That eternal scoundrel, Peleg S. Lyman, has robbed the *cache*—hasn't left the worth of a cent. They say he's gone up the San Joaquin. I'm after him.

The *Galveston Gazette* of the 3rd of January, which has just reached us, contains, as we imagine, the sequel to the above narrative. In an article detailing the latest proceedings in California, we find that "an

Englishman, named Grab, underwent the extreme penalty of Lynch law, for setting fire to a hut and suffocating the inmate, an eminent Mormon preacher, named Peleg S. Lyman. Grab was caught in the ruins, which he revisited the next day for the sake of plunder, the unfortunate Mormon being supposed by the incendiary to possess a small quantity of gold. We have it from a quarter on which we can confidently rely, that not a grain of dust was discovered among M. Peleg S. Lyman's remains."

We have ourselves read an advertisement in the *Times*, announcing that the good-will (if there be such a thing) of an eminent legal firm in Bedford Row, is to be disposed of, the members of it intending to "operate in another sphere." We sincerely hope that the firm alluded to is not that of Messrs. Snatchem, Grab and Sharper, for if their operations are intended for California, we fear they will arrive too late.

I CHARGE THEE TO REMEMBER.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

I.

By the rushing of the waters
Of our native mountain streams,
Whose music long shall mingle
With thy haunted midnight dreams—
By the purple of those mountains—
By the azure of that sky—
By the everlasting shadows,
Round the forest-trees that lie—
By the paths we trod together,
By the glade where first we met,
Do I charge thee to remember
All thou wouldst most forget.

II.

By the softness of the morning,
The glory of the noon—
By the shining of the silver stars,
The radiance of the moon—
By the calm and tender twilight,
The dropping summer showers—
By the songs that glad the greenwood
In the merry time of flowers—
By the freshness of the greensward,
With evening dew-drops wet,
Do I charge thee to remember
All thou wouldst most forget.

I Charge Thee to Remember.

III.

By the wild and wintry tempest,
 The fierce autumnal breeze—
 By the howling of the storm-blast
 O'er those frozen northern seas—
 By wind, and frost, and darkness—
 By fragrance, light, and bloom—
 By summer's wreath of beauty—
 By winter's brow of gloom—
 By Earth, where flowers are springing—
 By Heaven, where stars are set,
 Do I bind thee to remember
 All thou wouldst most forget.

IV.

By all those happy moments
 Whose memories thrill thee now—
 Memories which dim thy downcast eyes,
 And flush thy drooping brow ;
 Which quiver on thy false, false lip,
 And heave thy faithless breast,
 And long in that frail heart of thine
 Shall live in deep unrest—
 Memories beneath whose silent might
 Thy cheeks with tears are wet ;
 Do I bind thee to remember
 All thou wouldst most forget.

V.

• By love, with all its rapture,
 By love, with all its tears
 Its bliss so mixed with sorrow,
 Its hope so full of fears,
 Its passion and its anguish,
 Its wildness and its woe—
 By all that thou so well hast known,
 And never more mayst know—
 By the joys for ever past away,
 The dreams that linger yet,
 Do I charge thee to remember
 All thou wouldst most forget.

VI.

Oh! false as thou hast been to me,
 False to thine own weak heart,
 Too deep a sadness thrills me now
 While thus, while *thus* we part.
 Oh! by the love which outraged,
 Doth its own vengeance bring,
 By thine own guilt and my deep wrong
 And all our suffering,
 By weary life and welcome death, . .
 By shame, despair, regret,
 Do I bind thee to remember
 All thou wouldst most forget.

SUPERNATURAL BEINGS.

From essences unseen, celestial names,
 Enlight'ning spirits, and ministerial flames,
 Lift we our reason to that sovereign Cause,
 Who blessed the whole with life.

PRIOR.

COMMON as is the opinion that the laws of Nature are immutable, a very superstitious inquiry will prove that the axiom must be received with large exceptions and restrictions. We may presume the stars to have been formed and fixed in accordance with some general law; yet several, even in modern times, have followed the lost Pleiad, while new ones have appeared; and as to the earth we inhabit, it seems to have been governed by no rule but that of incessant change, though these mutations may, probably, be in accordance with some comprehensive and final scheme, the tendency of which we cannot even conjecture. Judging, however, by what we see and know, we should be justified in affirming that the distinguishing characteristic of Nature is her constant inconstancy, her endless transformations, her almost capricious abandonment of old forms, and her substitution of novelties in inexhaustible and infinite variety. Geological investigations and the exhumation of tropical products in polar regions lead to the conclusion that there must have been a change in the position of the earth with reference to the sun; we know that sea and land have been, and still are, constantly changing places; while numerous fossil remains, those God-written revelations of an earlier world, incontestably prove that the whole Fauna and Flora of that period, with all their boundless and marvellous varieties, have passed away to be succeeded by new organisations equal in the diversity though not in the stupendous magnitude of their forms. It would seem, in fact, as if the process of creation had never ceased, and that the gradual extinction of Nature's old offspring became necessary, in order to, afford room for the new families which the prolific mother is constantly bringing forth. Even in our own days the Dodo and the Apteryx Australis are said to have become extinct: is it irrational to conclude that other beings have been called into existence to supply their place and participate in the enjoyment of life? Why may not every day be the birthday of a new animal or vegetable? For my part, whenever I contemplate a flower or a quadruped recently imported from the antipodes, and affirmed to be a fresh discovery, the suggestion that it may in fact be a fresh creation, that it may have just been consecrated by the touch of Nature's plastic hand, that it may be a new present from heaven to earth, exalts and hallows my admiration by infusing into it a feeling of reverence. The remark, that an undevout astronomer must be mad, is equally applicable to an irreligious naturalist.

Of the formative power and infinite inventiveness displayed in the fossil Flora a faint notion may be formed, when we state that 300 species of plants have already been discovered in the coal formations of Great Britain alone, extraordinary in their configurations, and exceeding the luxuriance of the present equatorial climes. Several of these, engraved in the 124th Number of the "Art-Journal," show that the plants and

flowers of the by-gone world, and whose orders are now extinct, must have rivalled in elegance and variety the most beautiful existing products of our forests, fields, and gardens!

Still more signally do recent discoveries attest the prodigality of Nature in the ancient insect world. "Recent microscopical investigations," writes the celebrated Dr. Mantell, "have shown that a large proportion of our rocks and strata are composed of animalcules, millions of which are contained in a cubic inch of stone." And it has been ascertained by the same accurate observer, that the chalk formation which constitutes so large a portion of the earth's crust, is an enormous aggregation of shells, so minute as to be singly invisible to the unassisted eye, though his microscope empowered him to trace, classify, and delineate them with perfect accuracy. Of these once-living atoms many varieties are detected, and nothing can be more graceful and diversified than the outlines and markings which they present. As we know that every thing living is doomed to die, so may we now affirm that the whole superficies of the inanimate earth has once been alive, and that its different strata are a succession of countless catacombs. Yes—this fair globe with its over-arching sky is but a vast sepulchral vault. We live, and move, and have our being in a burial-ground, whose walls are the horizon, and the depths of whose crowded graves have not yet been fathomed; and this world-cemetery is made beautiful and glorious, and its dust and ashes revived by the fertilising processes of decay and death. From generation to generation we

See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again.

Nor does nature, in more recent æras, appear to have experienced the least exhaustion from the incessant exertion of her plastic inventions and undiminished fecundity. The hydro-oxygen microscope has revealed to us a crowd of animalcules in a drop of ditch-water; as many, but of totally different genera, have been detected in an equal quantity of seawater; earth is not less lavish of her vitality now than in the vigour of her younger cycles. Who can see the mysterious and magnificent boon of life conferred upon such myriads of animalcules, for unquestionable purposes of enjoyment, and not feel as deeply impressed by the beneficence as by the power of the Creator?

Blind and benighted as we are, how can we duly appreciate the infinite range and inventiveness of the divine mind, when it is probable that we know not a moiety, perhaps not a tithe of the creation, the bounds of which are undergoing a constant enlargement in every direction with the improvement of our optical instruments? Astronomers find reason to conjecture that our solar system occupies a very subordinate station in the stupendous scheme of the universe, and that the unpenetrated vastitudes of space may be illumined by other suns, surrounded by planets of greater magnitude, and teeming with more profuse vitality than our own. One more advance in telescopic art, and a revelation of new celestial worlds may burst upon our astonished vision; while a correspondent improvement of our microscopes may disclose to us myriads of fresh animalcules still more minute and various than any from which we have uplifted the veil that rendered them previously invisible. The imagination loses itself until "function is smothered in surmise," as we attempt to follow out the results involved in these bewildering conceptions.

To account for the miraculous precision with which such stupendous creations are regulated, it has been suggested that the infinitudes of time and space may constitute the sensorium of the Deity, whose omnipresence, combined with omnipotence and omniscience, will afford some clue to a mystery avowedly inscrutable, but the solution of which we may reverently attempt to guess. A grand idea—so grand, indeed, that in the difficulty of bringing it down to the level of human apprehension, it has found only a very limited acceptance. From the paramount, the inconceivable magnitude and importance of the operations constantly claiming the exercise of the divine mind, men hesitated to believe that its powers required to be simultaneously exerted upon all the petty details of each inhabited planet, upon the minute distinctions in the genera of an animalcule, or the varieties in the form and colouring of a weed. Reasoning from the analogy of human governments, they imagined, that while the supreme autocratic authority directed and upheld the grander arrangements of the universe, the management of its inferior processes was delegated to subordinate ministers, whose various natures and attributes were adapted to the different duties with which they were intrusted. This notion, in the abstract, presents nothing irrational, nothing inconsistent with the divine power and supremacy. Remarkable is the fact, that all nations, in ancient as well as modern times, have believed in the existence of supernatural beings, who exercised a direct influence upon mundane affairs, and whose functions rendered them the coadjutors, or, to speak more reverently, the agents of the Deity.

Though there is nothing irreligious in this creed, it has led to a variety of fantastical and even impious superstitions. That the stars, those bright sentinels stationed around the throne of the Supreme, were also, though in a subordinate degree, administrators of his decrees, and exercised a direct influence upon human affairs, found wide credence in a very early age of the world, until it assumed a regular form, under the designation of Astrology. This science of knaves for the deception of fools was divided into two branches, natural and judicial, the former regulating the physical effects of nature, the latter having reference to moral events, and enduing its possessors, as they pretended, with a prophetic power. Superstitions have a marvellous tenacity of life, and simpletons are still found who believe that the stars of their nativity are the inexorable Fates, who decide their whole future destiny, a comfortable doctrine in one respect, since it enables them to plead, in extenuation of their own follies and vices, that "Their stars are more in fault than they."

At a very early age, however, the spirit of Fatalism descended from the sky, and received incarnation either in an animal or human form. From a supposed analogy between certain productions of nature and some of their subordinate deities, the ancient Egyptian priests consecrated these objects, and such types were addressed by the vulgar as symbolised divinities, just as in other countries pictures and statues receive the homage which should be reserved for the originals whom they represent. From this pregnant fount of idolatry sprang the twenty thousand deities of Greece and Rome, who were, nevertheless, supposed to be the representatives of one supreme authority, by which they were deputed to superintend the various departments of nature, animate and inanimate, human, animal, and vegetable. So numerous an army of celestials could not only afford tutelary and administrative guardians for hills and dales,

fountains, woods, and seas, but could supply a supernatural resident, under the title of the *Genius Loci*, for each individual locality.

Northern nations, borrowing their mythology mostly from the Orientals, can lay little claim to originality ; but the invention of those fanciful beings, the sylphs and gnomes, which supplied the beautiful machinery for Pope's "*Rape of the Lock*," is attributed to the Rosicrucian philosophers,* who spread themselves over Germany towards the close of the sixteenth century. They maintained the existence of various ranks of supernaturals, divided into the two orders we have named, to whom separate and specific duties were assigned, the former executing their pleasant and beneficent offices as they hover in the air, while the latter often discharge their less amiable functions in mines and other depths of the subterranean world. In such abodes the "*Swart Fairy of the Mine*" is still believed to exercise a favouring or malign influence in the revelation or secretion of the ore.

From the *Peri* of the Arabs, and other Orientals, has sprung the fantastical creation of our fairies, to whom we are indebted for the charming and exquisitely romantic machinery of Shakspeare's "*Midsummer Night's Dream*." Even these imaginary sprites are supposed to be ministers of a higher power, and to perform a duty somewhat analogous to that of the Grecian nymphs who presided over woods, mountains, and springs. Fairy genealogies are difficult to trace, but we cannot help suspecting that the *Puck*, or *Robin Goodfellow*, who still haunts our villages, may be a dwarfed descendant from the Agatho-demon of Socrates. The tiny elves, whose dances were supposed to make magic circles in the grass, were generally considered subservient to a superior authority, and to perform duties similar to those rendered to Prospero by Ariel, whose office it was, when so commanded, "to tread the ooze of the salt deep,—to run upon the sharp wind of the north,—to do business in the veins of the earth,—to dive into the fire,—to ride on the curled clouds,—to fetch dew from the still vexed Bermoothes."

Though we may reject the forms, the qualities, and functions of these various existences, as the vain phantasy of poets, dreamers, and visionaries, there is nothing irrational in the supposition that intelligent and invisible beings, ancillary to the subordinate purposes of the Divinity, are perpetually hovering around us. We have scriptural authority, indeed, for the existence of millions of angels, whose names of thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers, suggest an order among them, though we know not its nature ; and of whose interference in human affairs very numerous instances are supplied by the pages of holy writ. Some have thought that every kingdom, every element, every individual is under the ministration of a guardian angel,—a salutary and hallowing belief, which cannot be disproved, though it may not have sacred warrant for its support. Sterne's beautiful fancy about Uncle Toby's oath may have been more than a pious conjecture ; it may have been literally true, that "when the Accusing Angel flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, let fall a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever." Traditions of the Rabbis, assigning very undignified occupations to some of the fallen angels, who are allowed to infest the earth, relate that Asael, having

* A name said to be derived from the arms of Luther, which were a cross placed upon a rose.

engaged in an amour with Naamah, the wife of Ham, and continuing impenitent, is condemned still to preside over the women's toilets; a manifest prefiguration of the sylphs, who performed a similar office for Pope's Belinda.

Well would it be if we could persuade ourselves that spiritual emissaries and invisible agents encompassed us round about, that we stood in the constant presence of unseen witnesses, specially commissioned to follow us like living shadows, to take note of all our truant wanderings, to be planted as sentinels at the portals of our lips, and commit all that passes them to their indelible tablets! Gentle, but, perchance, not altogether impeccable, Reader! you start at the thought of having all your unguarded utterances registered and perpetuated, for "conscience doth make cowards of us all;" but presently recovering your self-possession, you dismiss the thought as a mere bugbear of the imagination. Be it so: away with the fear of these supernatural eaves-droppers; let the earth hide them! But are you sure that nature, by one of her laws, has not subjected you to a tell-tale apparatus, giving an unlimited and irrepressible echo to every syllable you utter? Plunge your hand into the English channel, and you raise the level of the sea, however imperceptibly, at the Cape of Good Hope. Plunge an exclamation into silence, and you disturb silence at the extremities of the universe, if there be any truth in the theory of Dr. Babbage, that as sound is communicated and renewed by perpetual undulations of the air, it never dies, becoming gradually audible in the distances of space, as it ceases to be heard at the point of its original emission. Oh! if all our oaths and imprecations, all our angry and uncharitable outbursts, all our expressions of falsehood, folly, and ribaldry, have been constantly carried on the wings of air, in all their unabated sinfulness and loudness, to the throne of heaven, I know not how we could evince a proper sense of our past utterances, except by the future and constant reiteration of the word—"pardon!"

YOUTH—MANHOOD—AGE.

WHAT is thy glory and thy triumph—youth?

A crown'd untruth!

What bubble bright! thine evanescent, crude

Beatitude?

The victory of wild corporeal sense

Over the godlike spirit's pure intelligence.

A child no more, thou deem'st thy freedom's state

Inviolate,

And proudly sayst—"I am master of myself."—

Deluded elf!

O'er thine imprison'd mind thy body reigns;

The worst of slaves is he who weareth Pleasure's chains.

Thro' life's entangled maze of rocky steeps,

And yawning deeps,

Thou let'st thy wild-horse passions, free from rein,

Gallop amain.—

Blind Phaëton! to what dost thou aspire?

To fall, a ruin'd wreck, thy moral world on fire.

Years roll, youth wanes—reform is the result.

The sage adult
Doffs Folly's cap and bells ;—no more beguiled
By licence wild,
He dedicates his faculties and time
To the proud hopes and duties high of manhood's prime.

What are they? mark !—not freedom, but renew'd
World-servitude.—

As Merchant—toss'd upon a sea of chance
And circumstance,
He doubts the smile of Fortune that he woos,
And gains with toil and fear what, gain'd, he fears to lose.

As son of Mars, the hireling homicide
With abject pride
Struts on parade, a shoulder-knotted slave,
Or, blindly brave,
Breaking God's law to execute man's will,
Cause, foe, and fate unknown, goes forth to die or kill.

As Barrister—he shields the rich and strong
In every wrong,
Stifles his conscience, holds a willing Brief
For rogue or thief,
Prisons the righteous, sets the felon free,
Truth, justice, honour, law, sold for a paltry fee.

As Senator—the factious partisan,
Self-seeking man!
Courts a mob-master, breaks the pledge he gave,
Becomes the slave
Of every Premier who hath gold to shower,
And sells his country's cause for hope of place and power.

Oft in extinct volcanoes may be seen
A lake serene,
From the once flaming crater breathing round
A peace profound ;
Such is man's bosom when his fiery prime
Hath been allay'd and cool'd by tranquillising time.

As the worn sailor, all his perils past,
Hails port at last,
So may the tosser on the waves of life,
That sea of strife,
Delight to close his stormy pilgrimage
In thy calm haven's refuge, beatific Age!

The Passions, self-dethroned, no more maintain
Their tyrant reign,
While all the pleasures unalloyed with sense
Grow more intense ;
Home, music, books, friends, kindred, nature, art,
Making life's winter spring, still bloom for head and heart.

While past vicissitudes and storms increase
His present peace,
The calm and well-prepared old man when death
Claims his last breath,
With radiant visions of the future bless'd,
Sins his cradle-coffin happily to rest.

THE PERILS OF THE POOR; OR, THE LOST SNUFF-BOX.

BY JAMES WILLIAMS GRYLLS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE "OUT-STATION; OR, JAUNTS IN THE JUNGLE."

IT WAS a lovely morning in June—

The air, exulting in its freshness and perfume, as if just loosed from Heaven's portals, played joyously around the hills of the Lowlands, entrancing all who felt its influence, from the noble invalid in his pillowed chariot, to the sunburnt goat-herd reclining on the heather, into a deeper love of nature than their physical compositions were apparently adapted to imbibe.

And have you never felt the influence, most amiable reader, of such a morning? whose very buoyant freshness has found a way into your currency-cased soul in spite of yourself, making you oblivious of all your earthly troubles, and filling you with a deeper love for your neighbour than you ever felt yourself capable of being guilty of indulging in?

Yes! *that* you have! and so vividly does it now re-appear to your imagination, that you are full of kind thanks to me for conjuring it up; and, in return, make up your mind to "wade through the article" (as you are contemptuously pleased to style it), instead of indulging in your usual characteristic of "skimming" and "skipping"—

("Skimming and skipping," indeed! Heigh-ho!

O! fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint
Lectores!

Who *would* be an author, after all? to enjoy, perhaps, the gratification of hearing your most intimate friend (who cannot himself string two words grammatically together) talk of having "skimmed through, or skipped over," and possibly pronounced "not so bad," the article you flatter yourself to be about the best thing you have ever produced in all your born days, as if you were but a bee (*sic vos non vobis*), created but to mellificate for such drones! For instance, there was that bullet-headed Chubb, an Ensign of ours (he is on the Mess committee, and spells "claret" with two "r"s), criticised my last production in a manner that I need not wound my vanity by a repetition of; suffice it to say, I registered a vow to be influenced no more by the "*cacoëthes scribendi*" for a clear twelvemonth; and it is yourself, worthy Reader, not I, that have been the sufferer in consequence.)

It was indeed a glorious, heavenly morning. The fleecy clouds seemed loth to glide across the blue infinity above, and joyously did the sun illumine the little enclosure (yclept "the garden") that lay before a white-washed cot at the foot of one of the Lowland mountains.

It was the only habitation in sight, and so clean and white it looked, as if it had been built only to make its appearance on such a day as this.

Within the garden, binding in rope-yarn bonds a wayward sweet-pea, was a delicate girl who had numbered some twenty summers or thereabouts; but however much care her present foster-child might demand at

her hands, it took no very experienced eye to prophesy the duration of its existence to be at least as long as that of its fair instructress.

The two upper lattices of the cottage, thrown open to their utmost extent, let in the passing zephyr to fan the fever-stricken temples of two beautiful sisters, who were passing from the world ere their sun had reached its meridian, and who, drinking in the balmy air, prayed that Heaven might be as sweet, and turned to pain and misery again!

But to her who watched by her dying children's pillows, the sunniest day had no charms nor brightness!

Oh! how gladly would she have exchanged the gifts of Fortune that had raised her above her sphere, to see those children like what she herself once was!

But it is time to introduce the principal character of our tale.

On an old arm-chair, outside the cottage-door, an old man sat—not that years had made him old as much as toil and hardship;—but his hair was grey, although he had scarcely numbered fifty summers, and as he doffed the forage-cap of the gallant —th Regiment—saying that they were white—his locks flowed thick as ever. On his knees rested a Volume that even the reckless and dissolute atmosphere of a barrack-room had never separated him from. It was closed, for the morning's ne'er-forgotten task of devotion was over, and every attention of the veteran seemed to be riveted on an urchin some eight or nine years' old, who, having made himself master of his father's walking-stick, was going through the Manual and Platoon exercises under the old man's instructions; a duty that, at intervals, was sadly interrupted, to the utter extinction of all discipline, by some huge drone that intruded upon the "parade-ground;" whereupon the juvenile musketeer, exclaiming, "*Oh! Daddy! there's Boney!*" would forthwith make a grand charge at the encroaching foe, beating the air with his wooden weapon, until some chance and lucky blow sent the miserable interloper, humming, and buzzing, and kicking, on his back upon the ground.

It was during one of these charging exploits that the incipient hero, happening to look through the garden-gate, had his gaze attracted by an object that made him exclaim, with more alarm than pluck, "*Oh! pa! here's Boney come, sure 'nough!*" and, alas! for poor puerile self-conceit, the old stick was suddenly dropped, and Master Bobby might, the moment after, have been espied standing very still (and very white) behind the cottage-door, with his thumb in his mouth.

Scarcely less astonished was the father of the boy, when he saw the splendid livery of the Castle approach his humble dwelling (he had been there but a week), and, mentioning his name, deliver a letter sealed with such a profusion of wax as he had only witnessed once before; namely, on his being the bearer of a despatch on the occasion of the meeting of the Allied Armies in France.

The contents of the missive were an invitation to the veteran to take a seat that evening at dinner at the table of the Castle, where its munificent owner—himself a Waterloo man—was giving a feast, in humble imitation of the great Captain of the age, on the anniversary of the day that sealed the destiny of Europe, and witnessed the downthrow of the greatest curse incarnate ever let loose on the world and man.

A verbal reply, humbly and thankfully accepting the honour, was the only means at hand of responding to the important document; for to

have obtained writing materials would have entailed a three-miles walk to the nearest town, and a greater expenditure of capital than could with any propriety at the present time be afforded.

But who shall scrutinise the old man's dreams of happiness and grandeur as he read and re-read the flattering missive to the partner of his existence?

He had heard and read in fairy tales of beggars who had become Princes—of Cinderellas, who had, in a night, been transformed to Queens; but this was bringing the romance home, to his own fireside in stern reality.

"*How would it all end?*" was a self-proposed question that made him giddy to contemplate.

The old regimentals of the —th Regiment were slightly astonished, I promise you, on that day, at being so rubbed, and scrubbed, and brushed, and mended, after they had quietly lapsed into the thought that, like their old master, they were worn out, and, after a long "tour of duty," had been laid on the shelf for ever. In many places they even disdained the stitches of the busy wife, and mutinously broke out as soon as attempted to be set into any thing like wearing order.

Master Bobby was discovered, after an hour's hard search, sharpening the sword-blade on the homely knife-board, to the utter destruction of that useful household article.

At last all was in readiness—and having imprinted a kiss on the lips of each of his loved and only earthly treasures, the old Adjutant set forth on his journey to the "Castle."

He had just attained the summit of the nearest hill, when the strokes of the town clock came booming over the plain upon his ear.—After all, it was but five! and he was an hour, at the very least, too early.

But what a change had come over the scene! Cheerless, dark, and dismally the wind now whistled past, rudely tearing aside the blue cloak that he had wrapped around him ere his departure; and—strange contrast to the black heather—revealing beneath it the British scarlet Uniform, on the top of that bleak mountain!

Clouds—dense, lowering, and thunder-charged, were boiling up around the horizon, and in one short hour a melancholy Desolation had usurped the place of all that just before was bright and beautiful!

Thus is there a time in Life, when, among all our imminent and promised happiness and prosperity, we feel the barometer of the mind descend to Zero; leaving us that were the moment before all joy, anticipation, and delight, a living monument of indescribable distress!

But how beautifully has Thomas Haines Bailey described this feeling, in his plaintive ballad—

There's a time when all that grieves us
Is felt with a deeper gloom—
There's a time when Hope deceives us,
And we dream of bright days to come!—

Poor fellow! may those bright days he dreamt of have reached him in a brighter world, that never reached him in this!

But let us listen to the old man's mental soliloquy, as he watches the gathering gloom, and feels the same shadow fall over his spirit with an unaccountable influence,

"To the day now passing to its end in storm and darkness, how different has been my life!—Born—ah! where was I born?—In a gaol or a poor-house?—I know not, and little reck it now.—Enlisted at scarcely manhood, to save life itself from starvation and crime!—Favoured by Fortune,—praised, promoted,—the Queen's Commission conferred on me for deeds of daring!—uplifted from my low estate, to rank with the high-born of my country—and now about to sit at table with the noblest, the fairest, the bravest of the land!—My day, begun in obscurity and darkness, is setting in sunshine and glory!—Gather on, thou threatening storm!—darker and fiercer!—and let me read, in thee, the picture of my life reversed!"

(Old man! old man! *your* eve has not yet come.)

And now, whilst our hero threads his solitary way over the mountains, wrapt in his joyous thoughts, let me, dear Reader, indulge myself with a growl (in spite of the Horse Guards) on the subject of raising men from the ranks to a station in society it was never intended that they should occupy.

I once belonged to a regiment in which we had eight officers so promoted (an experimental corps, I believe, they called us), therefore I consider that I have a right to have my "bark;" and, not being under military control at the present moment, and consequently having no fear of a Commanding officer's letter before my eyes on the subject, by way of a sequel, I shall indulge myself this once.

Excellent Reader! *You*, perhaps, are a plain black-coated Civilian as I now am, and not altogether dependent on scarlet and gold to work your way in society and the world; and very likely you are, moreover, better acquainted with agricultural than with pipe-clay pursuits. Now, suppose, one fine morning, after an ample and wholesome breakfast, you issue forth (brimful of the cream of human kindness which so distinguishes your disposition generally) to your farm-yard, and, throwing wide open the door or window of your finest porker's habitation, thus apostrophise the humble dweller therein:—"Beloved Pig!" for a period of so many years have you been in my service, and a more meritorious animal it has never been my good fortune to educate than your amiable self. You have ever been attentive and punctual to your duties—particularly at meal times—and, notwithstanding the ring in your nose—an unnecessary precaution (in your case) taken to prevent predatory exploits—you have been a pattern "piggy" to the whole yard. Henceforth, dear quadruped, leave this vulgar sty, and abide in my drawing-room, where you shall find a Brussels carpet instead of humble straw, and where your potato-parings shall be served up in a manner worthy of you."

Poor Pig is incontinently driven away from his happy home by one whom he considers to be a greater "bore" than himself; and after searching every corner in hopes of finding a stray cabbage-leaf, the chances are that the first moment he finds himself alone he eats a hole through the door, and returns with grunts of sincere delight and gladness to his wallowing in the mire.

Now it is very much the same sort of thing in promoting men from the ranks to hold Commissions; except that in this case the greater punishment rests on the gentlemen of the corps who are inflicted with the society of those promoted, for unless the Mess sherry be as potent as brandy, and great hulking joints day after day adorn the table, your parvenu is

continually grumbling and growling at such "French stuffs" and "trumpety hashes," as he styles every thing except half-raw roast beef and brandied sherry.

In the next place, do you promote the happiness of the man whose rank you promote? Mark him when introduced to society, how he creeps into any corner to avoid observation, and say "yes" with truth, if you can. Even his hands are put out of sight, and, for the first time in his life, he feels ashamed of them, though they are honest—aye, far *honester*, may be,—than many of those about him.

The "genus" does sometimes, however, furnish a source of amusement at table; but this is not the object I should imagine that they are promoted for.

I remember, in Calcutta, one fellow bawling out at mess on the arrival of some of his family from England—

"Oh! Mr. So-and-so! you must come to-morrow, and see my dorter!—she's comed from school a perfect scymetar."

This, in my ignorance, I certainly fancied was an original idea, allegorical of sharpness, or, as we called it at school, "*cuteness*," and it was not until after a vast deal of cross-examination that I discovered that the man meant "*symmetry*."

I maintain that the same man that is respected and esteemed as a serjeant-major (the highest non-commissioned rank), is uniformly ridiculed, and invariably enjoys a far different reputation, when he is placed cheek by jowl at table with the born and bred gentlemen of England who officer his corps.

Why, powers of Humbug! (but I'm getting savage) do you, Sir, promote your valet, or your coachman, or your cook, to your society, and to your table, after a long and faithful service? And where is the cook, or groom, or valet, that is not ten thousand times as well educated as your man from the ranks? who probably went into them from the hulks, or the Parish Poorhouse.

The whole system is an injury to the one party, and an insult to the other, gainsay it who will.

I'm not proud—but if a man is a gentleman, he has no business to be in the ranks—if he is not, he has no business to be above them.

There! I have said my say now, sympathising Reader; but I fear it is a vast deal of virtuous indignation thrown away, that will have no more effect on the Horse Guards, than D'Israeli on Sir Robert.

Alone in the drawing-room of the Castle—for the heavy drops of the coming storm had driven him onwards before the appointed time—stood the hero of our story, lost in wonder of the wealth and luxuries that lay around him; the only feeling, save wonder, elicited by the display, being simply that the most trifling article there would keep his family in plenty for probably half their life.

Oh! it's a bitter thing to stand surrounded by another's wealth, when you know not where to get a crust for your own starving home-ful on the morrow! when even in your daily sacrifice of prayer, the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," tremble on your lips as you breathe them upwards!—for you think how vain they are.

But Joy! Joy! why think of sorrow?—the rooms are blazing in countless lights!—glittering trappings!—snowy plumes!—happy voices!

—clear-ringing tones of woman's laughter!—(down, down, thoughts of the morrow!)—congratulations, happy and heartfelt!—all these are seen and heard around!—and is the old man left alone?—Oh, no! bright eyes beam sweetly on him; noble lips pour forth praises on his head. He, the almost sole survivor of his regiment on the Field of Waterloo, may nearly be considered the Hero of the Feast.

“Oh! but for one—the least—of the jewels that lavishly bedeck that fair and most enthusiastic interrogator of the veteran, to save my darlings from starvation!”

He cannot curb his thoughts; but this is all he thinks of.

The dinner, so unusual to English dinners in general, soon thawed into conviviality. How surely we always find, that the more inhospitable the appearance of a country, the more hospitable the dwellers therein; as if to compensate by a profusion of the one for a delinquency of the other.

The dinner ended, and the toasts began. The ladies had retired to the drawing-room, and reminiscences of the eventful day were eagerly canvassed around. Pass round the ruby wine! Not less red nor less profusely—lavish as you will—flowed another crimson stream, that day five years ago!—

It was getting late.

“Pass the snuff-box, if you please,” exclaimed the host, who at an early period after the removal of the dinner had produced an article of elaborate workmanship, studded with brilliants, presented to him by Marshal Blucher in person, as a token of admiration for his valour, and esteem for his friendship.

“The snuff-box!” “The snuff-box!” echoed the guests, passing the word one to the other; but no snuff-box appeared.

In vain were the dessert dishes pushed aside; in vain was search made under the table and under the chairs; the snuff-box had vanished, as if by magic! The attendants protested having brought it in at the beginning of the evening, and having left it on the table.

“It is quite ridiculous,” exclaimed one of the company, after a while; “some one must have pocketed it in error, and I’ll be the first to try my own pockets.”

But no one had done so.

Matters were looking most unpleasantly serious, and each one at table was feeling as uncomfortable under the circumstances as men can be supposed to feel, when the noble host, rising, addressed the company as follows:—

“Brother-soldiers and gentlemen, I have missed an article of unsurpassable value to me. It strikes me that some one having got hold of the article, has, in error, put it into his pocket instead of his own box, and has not now the moral courage to produce it; so I will order in a box filled with sawdust, into which each of you can in turn place his hand; and the one having the box in his possession, may thereby return it without its being known by whom it was deposited. Does any one object to this?”

No one did, of course,—so the box was brought, and each guest in turn left his seat and walked up to it—the others looking away—and thrust in his hand. All had completed the ordeal, and the sawdust was emptied; but still no box appeared.

"There is no doubt but some one present has the box," said a noble general, the highest in rank at table; "and under the circumstances I propose that we each in turn submit to undergo a personal investigation of pockets, and I will set the example by being the first to submit to it."

"And I—and I—and I!" flew round the table.

The news had now flown to the drawing-room; and the party, that one hour before promised to be a reunion of deep and noble feelings of cordiality and good will, became a scene of general disorder, suspicion, and confusion.

"I wished the earl had not asked people nobody knows any thing of!" exclaimed one fair guest.

"Yes, indeed!" echoed another; "people may be officers—but honesty is never tested till a man is a beggar."

(TRUE! noble lady! true!—affluence can afford to be honest.)

"Aye! search us!—search us all!" eagerly exclaimed all in turn.

ALL? no;—not ALL!

One lip grew pallid, and one cheek blanched white as the damask cloth before it, when the word "*search*" was uttered; but no one remarked it; a brimming bumper of wine, taken at a gulp, alone prevented one guest there from sinking sick and faint beneath the board.

One by one each guest underwent the self-imposed ordeal, until but one remained to undergo the investigation—it was the old Adjutant.

"The Adjutant! the Adjutant!—where is he?"

Aye, call away! obsequious guests!—search for him from room to room! and condemn him unfound.—He's o'er the mountain, and awa'—and little hears your calling.

Change we the scene.

Cold—aye, shivering cold; not from the chilling atmosphere of the climate, but of the heart—the old man wandered homewards. Thought, feeling, life almost, all but motion, had deserted him.

"THIEF?" at last burst from his pent-up bosom, as he strode homewards—"I A THIEF?"

"Thief!" exclaimed a voice at his side, that made him involuntarily turn round, and lay his hand on his sword. He looked around in the darkness, but perceived no one; he was but passing a cavern in the Lowland hills, long since renowned for the clearness of its echoes.

Oh! who can describe the feeling, when sudden and fatal calamity comes over us as a thunder-cloud upon a summer's day, annihilating at one blow all our built-up fortunes, all our sanguine hopes, all our treasured views of gladness?

It is indeed a gracious attribute of such misery that it crushes at the time all our human feelings—as the severest wound causes, at its infliction, the slightest pain, and rather causes a deadness of all the parts surrounding—and is it not the retaining the whole sensitive system of our natures under such dilemmas, that drives men on to madness?

Well might the old man, 'mid his woe, exclaim,

The Engineer

That lays the last stone of his rock-built tower
That cost him years on years of toil to raise!
And smiling, bids the winds and surging waves

Go roar and whistle now—but in a night
Beholds the tempest sporting in its place,
May stand aghast as I do!"

But time flies fast to the wretched.—Eh! you think the reverse, good Reader, do you?—Then lie a night watching for the morn to dawn that will bring you joy or wretchedness—marriage or death—and mark which wings itself the speediest out of being.

Thus, ere the veteran had scarce begun to recover his senses, he found himself at the threshold of his cottage.

That night at least there was an ample meal for all within those walls that had the power of partaking of it.

The following morning brought numerous messages and messengers from the "Castle," in hopes of recovering the lost bijou.

Entreaties first, then threats, were had recourse to; but each in turn were met by a steady and firm avowal of innocence by the owner of the cottage. In compassion to the veteran, he was not at once handed over to the civil power; but in a few days afterwards he received a letter from the Horse Guards, to whom the matter had been fully communicated, and the half-pay of the old man's rank, upon which he had retired, was immediately suspended, leaving him a beggar, and powerless in the world!

True, he might have claimed the alternative of a Court-martial; but were not all the circumstances of the case arrayed against him—bearing on their face a moral certainty of conviction, in spite of his honour or his oath.

Nothing was now left him but starvation or the workhouse, and he chose the latter.

In a huge whitewashed building in the nearest town he found himself separated for the first time in life from his only solace in the world—his wife and children!—from her who had shared his troubles as a private soldier, and his honour as an officer. Those whom God had joined together, man at last had put asunder.

Sharp and agonising was the anguish at first; but ere a week had elapsed, another blow more stunning than this was doomed to descend upon the martyr's head.

He heard the church-bell tolling, and saw—but at a distance—all that was mortal of his two darling daughters borne from out that whitewashed world of sorrow to the grave!

A settled melancholy, bordering on idiocy, now came over the old man's spirits. His daily task was gone through mechanically; but his wife still lived, and he might yet one day meet her again alive, and *that* was indeed a consolation in his sorrow; but, alas! how faint even that poor ray of hope!

Faint—faint indeed—poor Outcast! You have looked your last, and breathed your last farewell, ere you entered within the walls that now enclose you!

* In justice to the incomparable author of the "Hunchback," I must here be allowed to state that I quote entirely from memory, and consequently, I have no doubt have half murdered, at least, the original lines, the last time I read them being when selected to play the part of *Julia*, having then no whiskers, and being favoured with rather a girlish look, even for an Ensign.

The intelligence of his wife's death was soon after communicated to him, accompanied by a permission for him to have access to all that remained of one once dearer to him than life itself, and the further boon was conceded of following her to her long last home.

How willingly would he have availed himself of this kindness!—but as the first boom of the bell tolled out, he fell back insensible, and so remained till all was over.

His son was now all that was left to him, and he had been bound as apprentice in a town several miles distant.

Yet at some wakeful moment of the night would a thrilling sense of his desolation come over him, and involuntarily was breathed the prayer that the wind might be tempered to the shorn lamb ; but like all soldiers he was a strict fatalist, and rather bowed in obedience to the rod, than strived to relieve his sufferings by self-energy or by prayer.

Days, weeks, months, a year had elapsed, and his routine of life remained unaltered and unvaried. Nothing seemed to have any effect on him, save when a casual visitor remarked, in an undertone (but what tone is too soft for sensitive ears to comprehend ?),

“That is the old officer who stole the snuff-box at the Castle.”

But what most astonished every one was, that no trace of the box had been, or could be, discovered. It was not found concealed in the old man's cottage, neither buried in his garden, for even that had been turned up in hopes of recovering the lost treasure,—neither had it been pawned in the town.

* * * * *

A heavy rolling sound breaks on the dreamer's ears as he starts at midnight from his thin-clad stretcher, and feels the cold damp walls of his tiny cell around him !

He had been dreaming happily.—He dreamt that an angel—it was like his dear lost wife, but yet it was not her—had brought the lost jewel to his bedside—had told him it was sent from Heaven to restore him to his own again, who were all at home awaiting his return ; and that his trial on Earth was over.

Louder and louder swelled the roar without ! * * *

“Fire !” “Fire !” “Fire !” roared a thousand voices in chorus !—“A fire at the Castle !” and the rolling of the engines and the clashing tread of the horses succeeded one another in rapid succession.

At length nature was exhausted, and he sunk once more to sleep until the morning.

What means that thundering knocking at the gate ? A pauper would not knock so loud.

Even the old Adjutant looked up from his daily task, but soon looked down again as he saw the hated livery of the Castle standing at the portal !

He heard his name pronounced, and the pallor of death fell over his brow and cheek. In another minute he found himself ushered into the governor's room, and confronted face to face with the noble giver of the banquet at which his misery had begun.

He had scarce time to gaze steadfastly on the face of his visitor, ere the latter seized him by the hand ; but before a word could be uttered, a flood of tears—tears of repentance for a bitter and irreparable injury

done to an innocent man, and coming from the noble and contrite breast of a soldier, broke from the long pent-up channels of the General's heart, and he wept aloud on the old man's shoulder. So totally was he overcome, that it was with the greatest difficulty that he prevented the official authorities from introducing immediate medical assistance, and like a flash of lightning through the gloom of night, the pauper's dream flashed o'er his recollection.

"To-morrow!—to-morrow!—come to the Castle—at any hour—but come. I am ill! I must go now," exclaimed the General, and thrusting a purse full of notes and gold into the wonder-stricken old man's hand, he allowed his valet to lead him to his carriage.

There *had* indeed been a fire at the castle, which being simply occasioned by the overheating of the flues, had done no material injury; but the first place that was attended to was the *plate-closet*; and there, in a cupboard high above the others, where the usual plate for household purposes was kept, was discovered THE GOLD SNUFF-BOX.

It had no doubt been removed from the table by one of the servants, who, oblivious of the circumstance, or fearing after all that had occurred to produce it, had placed it where it had so long remained unseen.

The following morning broke again bright and joyously, as if in welcome of the scene it was to witness. The old soldier had at once been discharged at the departure of the general, and was soon provided with comfortable lodgings in the town.

His first thought was to seek his boy; but the news quickly reached him, that, tired of the monotonous life his son was obliged to lead as an apprentice, he had gone on board her Majesty's ship —, at Plymouth; so he was left alone and childless in the world.

That the snuff-box had been found ran like wild-fire through the place, and had reached the old man's ears before he had left the workhouse; therefore why need he fear to meet the inmates of the Castle? In justice to himself, moreover, although he would rather have avoided the interview, he made up his mind to go, and again setting out on foot, he traversed the same path that he had passed just eighteen months ago, when the storm arose around him.

He had scarcely knocked at the Castle ere the doors were thrown open, and every servant seemed to vie in being most attentive to the lately reputed criminal. He was at once ushered into the dining-room, where, seated round the table as he had seen them on that memorable day, were the self-same guests that then surrounded the board, and had since concurred in his condemnation.

His place alone was changed, and now a chair was placed for him by the side of his host, at the head of the table; but the veteran refused to take advantage of it, remaining erect, and gazing with a fixed, half-vacant stare on the scene before him, as if it were all a dream.

The General, however, as soon as he recovered his self-possession—for he saw—and deeply felt—what a change was wrought in the old man's appearance—broke the subject, by saying,

"Deep, irreparable, and undeserved, as is the injury that has been inflicted on you, and for which no amends on my part can atone, you must allow that in a great measure you have been the cause of it, by not at the time submitting to the ordeal which every one else present readily

underwent. Had I requested to search you *alone*, you might justly have felt indignant; but the measure was not even proposed by me, but by one higher in rank, both military and noble, to myself; and you would have proved as innocent as he or I, without having entailed on me the lasting misery of remembering that I have inflicted such a punishment on an innocent man as you have undergone—a recollection that will haunt me on my death-bed—and on yourself, the anguish of the past.”

“Sire!” returned the veteran, but his voice faltered audibly, “I did not take the snuff-box, as you and all around are now fully aware, but nevertheless I was a THIEF.”

“Yes, God forgive me! and I trust he has, as I believe you all will. In the midst of the dinner, when the mirth was at the highest, and when every one’s attention seemed to be engaged, I took advantage of the moment to slip a part of the contents of my plate between some bread beside me, and when no eyes were upon me, I secreted it in my pocket. None of my family nor myself had tasted meat for days, aye, *long* days past! and I had more that day before me than would have saved my darling children from the grave! *I was a thief!* My whole pittance had for months been swallowed up by the illness of my family, and what was given to me, I had secretly purloined for them. My days on earth are short. I care not to confess all. My gray hairs have come in sorrow to the grave, and little reckes it what befalls me *now*. This is the reason I stole away like a thief rather than be searched, and dearly have I paid the penalty attending THE PERILS OF THE POOR.”

The old man ceased;—but the sobs that burst forth around told how deeply his tale had entered the hearts of his hearers.

Spontaneously the whole host arose, and thronged around him. Kind words—noble promises—sweet condolences—from the noble, the brave, the fair, were showered on the veteran’s head, but, alas!—like a soft song in the tempest,—they fell unheard—unheeded.

A cottage on the estate, fitted with every luxury, was urged on his acceptance—the arrears of pay made up—all that wealth could offer, or contrition devise, was placed at his disposal—*but it came too late!*

The silver chord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken!—aye, shattered past redemption!—

The old church trees were budding forth in spring, and glad birds carolled on their new-leaved branches, and a crowd had gathered round the church-yard gate, dressed in their best habiliments.

“HUSH!—’tis the Old Man’s Funeral!”

Toll on! thou mournful Herald to Eternity!—thou hast carried anguish to his soul ere this—but *now* he hears thee not!

His old sword rests upon the coffin-lid.—Ah!—bear him gently to his grave, in life so roughly handled!

The bell has ceased—the earth is closed again—the tearful crowd has gone.

Peace! peace to him who sleeps beneath the turf!

His character re-established among men,—he has gone to meet his God!

THE BRASS-BOUND BOX.

A CORNISH LEGEND.

BY FATHER POODLES, P. P.

HOW THE LITTLE OLD MAN INTRODUCED HIMSELF.

I WAS sitting in my study the other evening, after a long stroll "by the sad sea-waves." By-the-bye, I ought to say that I am "down west," in the land of legends, ghost-stories, of mines, and fisheries, and old wives' tales—Cornwall. I was sitting, as I said before, in my study, having just finished the last article in the last number of —.

"Why," said I to myself, "why shouldn't I write some of the many legends which I daily hear? why shouldn't I enlighten the readers of the *New Monthly*, as well as any body else? why shouldn't I, as the fat boy in 'Pickwick' observes, 'make yer flesh creep.' I will," said I, giving the fire a vigorous poke. "I'll write to Colburn."

"No, you won't," said a voice.

I started, looked about; not a soul could I see. The cannel coal flashed gaily up, and lighted all the room. No, no one was there.

"I will," said I.

"No, you won't," said the voice.

There could be no mistake this time; it wasn't a man's voice, it wasn't a child's voice. It was a little, strong voice, and seemed to come from the fire-place. I looked about, but in vain.

"Who are you?—where are you?" said I, looking about. "Ah, I see you!"

"No, you don't," said the voice.

"Where are you?" repeated I.

"Here," said the voice; "don't you see me now?"

I put my hand to my eyes to shade them from the glare of the fire, and espied, on one of the brass knobs of the fender, a queer, little creature. I thought at once of the little fellow in the gray coat, but this individual had no such thing. I then thought of *L'Homme Rouge* of Napoleon, but I could trace no resemblance. My little unknown was attired in a quaint kind of fisherman's dress, something like what one sees in old paintings: a little, rough, blue jacket of long dimensions; breeches of most capacious size, blue stockings, shoes with buckles, and a high-crowned hat; and with a very diminutive pipe in his mouth, which the old fellow seemed to enjoy with much relish: but, although the smoke was "gracefully curling," I could not perceive any odour of tobacco.

"Ah!" said he, with a malicious grin, "you see me now." Then he gave himself a twirl on the knob: "So, you're going to write to Colburn, eh?" another twirl on the knob.

"And why not?" said I, in no very good humour at the fellow's impertinence (I should have, as most people would have done, ran away upon seeing this strange little fellow, but having been thoroughly introduced to many of his brethren by the kindness of Mr. Lover, and other persons equally polite, I began to look upon them as visitors very likely to be met with, and was, therefore, not at all surprised at beholding my

little friend, but rather wondered at not having had a visit before).
 "And why not?" said I.

"Because you don't know what you are going to write about."

I stared with astonishment. I, the writer in —, the contributor to —, I who had studied law, physic, and divinity, for half a century, to be told by a little hop-e'-my-thumb of a fellow, who could do nothing but spin upon the brass knob of my fender, that I did not know what I was going to write about.

"Ah! of course, you are in a fuss," said the little wretch, with a grin. "Did you ever know a lawyer who couldn't plead? Did you ever know a doctor who couldn't cure? Did you ever know a parson who couldn't write a sermon? or," said the little fellow, winking his eye, "did you ever know any body who thought he couldn't write in a magazine?"

I was completely taken aback, as the sailors say, for I well recollected the time in my younger days when I was perfectly astonished to find my articles returned, and could not imagine how the editors could be so stupid.

"Now, do you know who I am, and why I am here?" said the little man.

"No," I replied; "and I don't care."

"Yes, but you do," said he; "for, as you must needs write, you'd like to know the real old stories of the place, and not the rubbish one hears now a-day. I know you of old," continued the little old fellow, taking off his queer-looking hat, and fanning himself, for I dare say he found the fire rather warm. "If you thought you'd a chance, you'd go rummaging through all the old musty parchments you could find. But it's no use, I'm the only one who can tell you, and that's why I'm here."

"And who are you, sir?" said I, for I thought I'd better be civil to so important a person.

"Ah! that's just like all the world," said the little man; "you can be civil enough when you think you are going to get any thing."

"Oh! I didn't at all," I began by way of apology.

"Oh! rubbish," said the little wretch, "I wasn't born yesterday." When he was born it was rather a difficult matter to tell. "Now, I'll tell you who I am. I am the GENIUS OF THE PLACE," and with this the little man put his sugar-loaf hat perpendicularly on his head, and sat bolt upright on the brass-knob.

I bowed low to so distinguished a person.

"Perhaps you thought there was no Genius in the place?" said he, with a sly look. "Now listen, and I'll tell you what happened here years ago."

"Ah! I've read," I broke in.

"Read! yes, read in the guide books," said he, with a most contemptuous sneer, and giving his hat a thump that fairly flattened down the peak. "Ha! ha! ha!" and his laugh was unearthly. "If the dolts who write those books only knew what I know, they'd eat them for veraxation."

I saw he was about to begin, and took my pen and paper, and having always kept up my short-hand, which I had learnt when a young man, I was enabled to take down with great ease what he said, and I've no doubt that your readers will be more amused and edified by the stories of the little old man than by any thing I could have written.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN'S STORY.—GARRACK-GLADDEN.

CHAPTER I.

THE wind was howling over the bleak Towands (as they are called) of Lelant, a small parish in a remote part of Cornwall, and the sand and snow—a rare thing in these parts is snow—however, snow there was, and it dashed and shook the old casement of the Trevetha Arms as though it thought it, being a stranger, had a right to go where it pleased; and stuck with spiteful determination on the old lattice-windows of the little inn, within which, before the comfortable blazing fire, that crackled and roared up the wide hospitable-looking chimney, in which hung a huge pot, sending forth its savoury steam, making everybody within its reach feel dreadfully hungry, sat several village gossips, the blacksmith, the barber—what is company without the barber?—the chronicle of the place, who can always tell what has happened and what hasn't, and what is going to happen—the old clerk, of course, was there, he was always the great authority upon all doubtful questions—in fact, was regarded with a sort of superstitious awe by his neighbours; he was the next man to his reverence the vicar, and some went so far as to say that in some things he knew more than his reverence, but this was always hinted in a low, mysterious tone, accompanied with an elevation of the eyebrows by some of the old cronies of the place, and Peter Polwheal—strange names these Cornish names—was always regarded with a sort of superstitious awe, as I have said before, and children did not like to offend him, and never passed without making their bow to him, which he generally acknowledged, it must be said, with a good-natured smile, and “that’s a good chield,” which, nevertheless, had always a kind of parochial dignity about it. Well, then there was Pilchard Hodge—ah! he was a strange man, nobody knew where he came from—Pilchard Hodge was the sexton. It was on a stormy night—so they say—it thundered and lightened awfully, and the old people say a fireball fell in the churchyard on that night. But be that as it may, sure enough a stranger entered the Trevetha Arms on that dreadful night, wet, soaking wet; he had a curious looking box with him, bound with brass, and fastened with three locks; this he took great care of, in fact, he used it as a seat, and although the best seat by the fire was offered to him he refused it, and sat on his box. He lodged there for the night, laughed at the storm, said he liked to see the blue lightning flash, and as for the fireball, “Ha! ha!” he said, “how could it hurt dead men’s bones?” The people were shocked at such impiety, as they thought it. However, time passed on, and Pilchard remained in the village, and very shortly after his arrival—“two days,” they said, but I can’t be certain—the old sexton died, and Pilchard, or as he was more generally called, Pilchar Hodge, offered himself as candidate for the office, when, to the surprise of the whole parish, somehow he was elected. Some say that when he asked them to vote for him, there was something about him that they could not say “No.” He was elected sexton, but everybody had a dread of Pilchard Hodge; he was so mysterious, so strange—he wasn’t like any other man—and the box, too. It

was whispered he had been heard talking to it, and the old woman who used to clean his house, which was very seldom, told her particular friend who kept the chandler's shop, that he always slept with it in his bed. A dreadful man was Pilchar Hodge. He never looked so cheerful as when he heard the bell toll, and used to laugh and chuckle as he digged the graves. Well, Pilchar Hodge was sitting by the fire, looking quite cheerful and merry—for it was a fearful night—it was a night that Hodge delighted in.

"Dear me," said the landlord, "what a night to be out in—d'y'e hear that?" And, at the same time, a terrific clap of thunder shook the house, and a vivid flash of lightning made the very fire burn pale.

"Hear it!" laughed Pilchar Hodge, "do you think we are deaf? This is what Norway men call a storm of the devil's own brewing."

"Oh, oh, o—o—o!" was echoed all around.

"I'll tell you what it is, Master Hodge," said the bluff old landlord—"I go to church twice every Sunday, and always pay my dues to his reverence, and I don't see why I should be afraid to speak my mind; and it's my opinion, that unless you alter your ways you may have something more to do with the person you mention than is good for a Christian man's soul."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the grim-looking sexton, "I don't care a skull for the——"

A clank of horses' feet interrupted the sexton in his speech. Presently it stopped, and a tap was heard at the door. The tough landlord opened it, and a stranger, giving his horse to the boy, entered the room. He was tall, rather thin, with dark eyes, and long ringlets—it was the fashion in those days—his hat and plume were black, his clothes cut after the most approved taste; but, what was very singular, his riding-whip was bright scarlet, with something in the handle which glittered like a diamond. He was followed by a most strange-looking dog. Nobody had ever seen such a dog. He wasn't black, he wasn't brown, and yet he had black and brown hair all mingled together; he was long with very short legs—such legs, covered all over with long hair—his eyes were bright and gleamed by the light of the fire like hot coals, and his face covered with long shaggy hair, and such a tail! All stared at the stranger and his dog. They involuntarily arose, they couldn't tell why, but as the barber said, "It seemed as if they must."

"A stormy night," said the stranger, taking off his hat, and shaking it.

"Very," replied the landlord; to which everybody responded "Very."

The dog approached the fire-place, and every one shrunk away. There was something about the dog and his master strange; but what was more strange was, that the dog, having eyed every body and warmed his nose, wagged his tail, and put his paws on the knees of Pilchar Hodge. The blacksmith, the barber, the clerk looked at each other, then at the dog, then at the sexton, then at the stranger; the landlord was too much engaged in preparing supper to observe what was going on. The sexton patted the dog—the dog wagged his tail—the stranger frowned.

"You are the barber," said the stranger, suddenly, to the little man, who hardly knew whether he were on his head or his heels, and who, at last, stammered out, "Y-e-s, s-i-r."

"Ah," said the stranger, with a strange laugh; "I thought so."

"Ho, ho!" chimed in the clerk, plucking up courage; "ye-es, sir, yes; we all know the barber—ha! ha!"

"Or the clerk either," rejoined the stranger, with that strange laugh again. Peter was ready to sink with fear. "Ha, ha!" again roared the stranger, "everybody knows the parish clerk."

"Now then, gentlemen," said the jovial landlord, setting on a smoking dish consisting of all sorts of savoury compounds. "Now then, gentlemen, a good appetite to ye. You're not going, surely?" said he, in surprise, as he perceived the barber sidling away towards the door.

"I'm not very well to-night," said the barber, in a small thin voice.

"And you, too, Peter," said the landlord, in surprise, to the clerk.

Peter made no answer, but fairly bolted.

"You'll not go," continued the landlord to the sexton.

"I go, I should think the devil himself wouldn't drive me away from a good supper."

"I don't think he would," said the blacksmith, "but I've no wish to sup with him, so I'm off." Saying which he followed the rest.

The stranger and the sexton set up a most unearthly laugh.

How the gossips got to their homes is not very well known; but it was told in the village the next morning, that all night long two figures were seen walking up and down the room where the stranger supped, and every now and then, between the claps of thunder, the most unearthly laughter was heard, and a dog howling dismally.

CHAPTER II.

AGAIN the fire crackled, and the huge pot sent forth its savoury smell—and again the gossips of the village were assembled at the Trevetha Arms, and the blacksmith, the barber, and the clerk, were gathered together in solemn conclave, and all three looking very solemn and smoking very furiously.

"I tell you what it is," said the clerk.

"Well, that's my opinion, too," said the blacksmith.

"Ah, that's it," said the barber, "I thought it all along."

"Well, gentlemen," said the clerk, in a grave tone, "I hav'n't told you yet; but I was going to say that I think that Pilchar Hodge has—"

"Some dealings with the—" said the barber.

"Hush, hush," whispered the blacksmith and the clerk, in great alarm.

"There's something very strange," said the clerk.

"That box," said the barber, "what is it, how did it come; nobody saw it under his arm."

"And what's in it?" said the blacksmith, "I never saw such hinges."

"Not Christian figures on 'em," replied the clerk, "the cherabums on the tombstones ar'n't a bit like 'em."

"Then 'course," replied the barber, "they must be—I don't like to say, for nobody knows who's listening."

"I wonder who that stranger was," said the blacksmith, "what a queer way he had with him."

"Did you see the dog?" said the clerk,—"how his eyes shone."

"Just like my coals," said the blacksmith.

"It's an awful world," solemnly remarked the clerk, taking a long steady pull at his pipe, and sending out the smoke in a long solemn curl, in accordance to his words.

There's an Italian playing just under my window one of those splendid airs of Carl Von Weber. Hang the fellow! I can't write. "There, my good boy, there's a penny for you—not to go away, however, your music is too good." Ah, yes. Tum, tiddle liddle tum, tiddle liddle tum, tiddle tiddle tum, tum, tum tum tum tum tiddle liddle liddle tum.

"Get away, you boys, what do you mean by teasing the poor fellow?"—"He's a Frenchy."—"No, he isn't a Frenchy, and if he were, is that any reason you should tease and insult a poor destitute boy? Be off with you, and never let me see you do that again, or my cane shall be about your shoulders." Yes, there's Fanny Elssler's pet. Tul lul, tul lul tul lul tul lul.

Oh, it's no use, I can't write.

"Well, I wish you'd go on with your story."

I will, reader; but I get quite in a rage to see how ill-behaved we are. I've seen a poor Italian driven from a rich man's lawn by a pompous livery-covered rascal, with anathemas which I should foul my paper by writing. I could have gone and kicked him. My dinner, I know, would have digested better, but I am afraid the company would have said I wasn't "used to genteel society," so that instead, I took wine with a very pretty young lady—but the fellow deserved it, I maintain that.

But I beg pardon, I'll go on.

"How ar'e to-night, friends?" exclaimed the jolly landlord, entering with various viands for supper. "Ah! Mr. Polwheal, how ar'e—Eh! how's the parish getting on? prime mess I've got here—how's yer appetite,—good?"

"Sharp as a pauper's, Master Landlord."

"Sharp as a pauper's, why how's that—our paupers are well taken care of, I'm sure. Why how shouldn't they be, we know um all—knows where they live and all about 'em, and what's more, feels for 'em."

"Why," rejoined the clerk, with a very grave face, and sending forth another long, solemn puff, "yes, they are taken care of, but—I'm afraid they imposes at times upon us, and I don't see how it's to be prevented."

"Well, perhaps some of the bad ones do, and may God forgive 'em but it's better in God's sight, so I think, to relieve three rogues than let one honest man starve, what say you?"

"Why, his reverence says that the Bible tells us, 'if thy brother hunger, feed him, if he thirst, give him drink.' And I think it sounds Christian like."

"I don't like that dog," said the barber, "and didn't you all see how he knew the sexton and the sexton knew him. Now how they should know one another puzzles me. Where could they have met, where did they come from?"

"Do you know," said the landlord, in a mysterious tone, looking very suspiciously round, "do you know that the next morning—you remember the evening you were here when the thunder rolled so?"

"I should think I did," said the barber.

"I should hope I do," solemnly rejoined the clerk.

The blacksmith sent forth huge volumes of smoke to intimate that he remembered it well.

"Well," said the landlord, "do you know, that next morning no one

was to be seen, and I'll take my Bible oath that I heard two men walking, that is, if so be they are men, God forbid they should be otherwise."

"Ah—yes—dreadful thing—supping with the devil," said the barber.

"Hush!" said the clerk, "and could you hear two walking?"

"Two, as sure as you're sitting in that chair."

The clerk looked at himself and then at the chair, and having satisfied himself that he really was there, looked at the landlord.

"And what's more, I could see the shadows of two people, and I could see one shadow holding something like that box that Pilchar Hodge carries, and the other figure took the box, if it was the box, from the other figure, looked at it, turned it round, and seemed to breathe upon it, and directly the lid flew open, the shadow looked into it, seemed to breathe again, and the lid shut, and then the other figure took it, and the dog howled dreadfully, and just then an awful flash of lightning came, and I could hear Pilchar Hodge's laugh above the thunder. I went to bed, hardly knowing what I did, and my wife asked me what I'd been doing with the matches. I said, 'Nothing.' 'You must,' said my wife, 'how you smell of sulphur,'—my hair stood an end—I couldn't sleep, I tried, but it was no use—I couldn't forget my wife's words, 'how you smell of sulphur.'"

"And the next morning?" inquired the clerk.

"Not a soul to be seen—neither the stranger, nor Pilchar Hodge, nor the dog."

"Well, while I was thinking over the matter, who should come walking in but Pilchar Hodge, as if nothing had happened, with the box, as usual, under his arm. I asked him where he had slept, but he talked most awfully, and said it was no business of mine, and wanted to know what there was to pay. I said nothing; at which he gave one of those awful laughs, and went away. Ah, and he said what was it to me if he chose to sleep in my grandmother's grave. It's dreadful to think of it."

"Why, didn't you," said the blacksmith, "some time ago buy a horse of Pilchar Hodge?"

"So I did, it's the same one that ran away with a gentleman the other day—yes, so I did—dear me, if—"

"And don't you recollect that you'd cut your finger, and there was no ink, and he said, with one of his laughs, that one ink was as good as another?"

"Yes—yes—I do—I do," said the landlord, in an agony; "yes—yes. O Lord!"

"Ah!" said the clerk; "bad business, I'm afraid; I'll speak to his reverence."

"Yes," said the barber, "I've read of such things."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said the landlord, "do I smell of sulphur, do I? Oh, I'm a living match, I shall burn blue. Oh, that ever I should buy that horse."

"Landlord," shouted one of the customers, "landlord, a pint of your best—"

"Sulphur!" exclaimed the landlord, abstractedly.

"Sulphur!" said the guest, "who on earth takes pints of sulphur? Didn't know you sold sulphur before; when did you begin that trade; made a contract with the old gentleman to supply it cheap, I s'pose? Beer, man, beer! Why your wits have gone wool-gathering! This sulphur trade has turned your head."

"Oh Lord, oh Lord! what will become of me?" exclaimed the bewildered landlord, as he went to fetch the beer.

While the landlord was gone, the guests saw on a sudden two shining eyes gleam through the window. The blacksmith, the barber, and the clerk had hardly time to look at each other when the door opened, and in walked the stranger, followed by his dog and Pilchar Hodge. They nodded to the guests, the stranger laying his hat on the table where the blacksmith, the barber, and the clerk were sitting, said, in a very civil tone,

"Good evening, gentlemen."

They all three rose and tried to speak, but somehow their words wouldn't come.

"Sit down, friends, sit down," said the stranger; "pray don't let me disturb you."

"Well, Master Clerk," said the sexton, "how are you to-night, and how is his reverence, cheating the devil of his due, as usual, eh? Ha! ha! ha!" putting down his box with a clank, and sitting upon it.

The landlord presently entered with the beer, and did not perceive the addition to his guests. Having set down the jug, he advanced towards the fire to continue his conversation with his three cronies, when his eye caught sight of Pilchar Hodge, the stranger, and the dog. He stood transfixed to the spot, his mouth open, his eyes distended till the whites were fearfully visible.

"Now you see, Master Landlord," said the sexton, "this gentleman and I are going to stay here to-night."

"Here!" said the landlord, in a fright, and if possible turning paler than ever, "I haven't —"

"Got a bed, you were going to say," said the sexton. "We sleep here to-night, or you know where I'll sleep, ha! ha! ha!"

"We merely want lodging for the night," politely remarked the stranger, and as he spoke he lifted his scarlet riding-whip, and the light of its mysterious handle fell on the landlord's face. He stammered,

"Yes, sir, ye—es, sir; of course, any thing you please."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the sexton. The dog wagged his tail, and gave a dismal howl.

There was something so unearthly about that dog—you couldn't tell what it was—it was a dog, sure enough, and any one to look at him at first would merely remark that he was a strange-looking animal; but still you couldn't bring yourself to think you had ever in all your travels seen such another.

(When the little man came to this part of his story, I naturally thought of the dog in "Faust.")

"Don't make a fool of yourself," said the little man, in a pet; "you're just like all the rest, when you've heard part of a story you think you know the whole."

(I begged pardon, and said I only was thinking.)

"Thinking," said the little man, getting into a rage, and giving himself a most furious twirl on the nob; "thinking, yes, that's just what all you writers do now-a-days; you're always copying other people's ideas; there's none of you hardly can write a play without you go to France, and dish up some miserable adaption and give it a new name. Out upon you! Call yourselves writers—haugh!" said the little man, giving another twirl.

(I mildly suggested that the managers would not pay sufficiently for original pieces.)

"Trash! Don't talk such rubbish," said the little man, getting fearfully red in the face; "didn't Webster the other day offer a premium, and a handsome one, too, for the best play? And what were sent to him? Trash, trash—disgraceful! What would 'honest Will' have said to such stuff? And what was the best they could pick out but 'Quid pro Quo'? A pretty thing that to set before the 'British public,' as you call yourselves, as the best thing you authors could write. Hold your tongue; I know what you're going to say; you were going to say, that every body didn't write who could—precious happy thing for the examiners. You think you ought to have written. Oh! of course, I suppose you've the impudence to imagine you'd have got the prize." (I must own my temper, which is none of the most irascible, was beginning to give way, and I dare say I showed it.) "In a pet again, because I choose to tell you the truth, and don't choose to puff you up, and make you fancy you're a cleverer fellow than you are. Now I'll just tell you." The little man swelled himself out, perched his hat on one side of his head, stuck his arms akimbo, and gave a most powerful pull at his pipe. "There's a stupid, hypocritical, puritanical feeling going about, neither true in itself, nor healthy to the people, that it's sinful either to go to a play, or to write one. Now," said the little man, "I'll just tell you a bit of my opinion."

(I suggested that perhaps, if he pleased, I'd rather hear the story, and his opinion afterwards.)

"Oh, very well," said the little old fellow, more civil than I expected. "Oh, very well; for once you may have your own way; for it may be, people wouldn't much relish my old honest opinion now-a-days, when scum is preferred, and the 'good liquor' thrown aside."

The landlord busied himself in getting the supper ready. The stranger and Pilchar Hodge, however, had theirs at a separate table; for, although the stranger very politely requested their company, they declined.

During the repast, the stranger and the sexton held a conversation in a low tone. The clerk, the barber, and the blacksmith, looked on, but can hardly be said to have eaten their supper.

"I say," observed the barber, in an under tone, "what's the matter with the landlord? What a change; why I never——"

"There's something very wrong about all this," said the clerk.

"Did you see," said the blacksmith, "how Tom Jinks seemed to know the stranger; did ye see him put his finger to his mouth?"

"I should think so," said the barber, "but still somehow Pilchar and Tom were never any great friends that I ever heard of; Pilchar never noticed him."

"Why you see," said the blacksmith, "Tom has only just come, as one may say; he has only been here a month or so; but how he should know the stranger is a thing I can't understand. I'd give a trifle to know what's in the wind."

"What if the three should be ——"

"Don't say," said the clerk, "don't say; no one knows what may be the consequence. I shall speak to his reverence to-morrow about it."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the sexton; "much good may that do you, master clerk!" who, to their surprise, had caught the last sentence. "Speak to his reverence; ha! ha!"

"Mine host," said the stranger, politely, "do you know Major Blakesly?"

"I know very little of him, sir," answered the landlord, with extreme civility.

"No good in him," said one of the guests, a coarse-looking man, in a miner's dress. "No good in him, I b'lieve."

"How so?" asked the stranger, leaving off eating, and turning round so as to face the speaker. "How so?"

"I don't know what you can have to say against the major," said the landlord. "We none of us know much about him, and I don't think you know more than we do."

"Don't I?" said Will Richards, the miner, who had been speaking. "Don't I?—wasn't it only last winter when the mine was 'knacked,'* and I was out of work, and my poor wife was just confined, and, as you know, I have three little ones, too; didn't I go to Major Blakesly's, and ask him to give me something. I thought I ought to go to him, for he has the largest share in the mine, and wasn't it nat'ral to think that the man who had got most by the sweat of my brow should be the first to relieve me when I was in distress, and no fault of mine neither; wasn't it nat'ral, that he who had made so much money out of that mine should feel a little for the poor fellows who had nearly ruined themselves in working her; for just look at me," said Will, turning up his sleeve, and showing a thin white arm, "you all recollect how, two years ago, I won the prize at wrestling, how stout and strong I was then." The stranger seemed to pay marked attention to what Will was saying. "Well, I went to his great house, and asked him for something. I told him my wife was ill, that the parish wouldn't give me any thing; and what was his answer, 'Why don't you go to the overseers?' I who had always worked hard, had done all I could to keep my family in decency, who would scorn to be a pauper, was told to go to the overseers. I told him civilly that I thought it was a disgrace for any but the old and sick to be paupers, and, if it pleased God, I never would be a pauper while I had strength to work. I prided myself on not being a pauper, and, what's more, I prided myself on having kept my poor old father from being one; but he said, 'What was that to him; hadn't I been paid for my work?' Well, of course I had been, I couldn't deny that; but then you know how we are paid; it's a speculation; if the set turns out well, why you know, we get a deal of money sometimes, and if it doesn't turn out well, why, we have to run in debt, and then, when we do get money, what we owe is stopped; so then, perhaps, we have little enough to go on with; and one gets in the agent's, or captain's, or any body else's debt, who makes us buy candles, and powder, and any thing else they can manage to make us buy of them, you are not very likely to get out of it again. If they'd pay us regular wages, it would be a sight better for we and they too."

"Well, well," said the stranger, somewhat impatiently, "what did the major say?—didn't he give you something?"

"No," said Will; "he told me I was an idle vagabond, and if I came to him any more, he'd send me to gaol."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the sexton, "there's nothing like gold—gold's the thing to send a man to the devil; only give him plenty of gold—

* A mine is said to be knacked (probably meaning knocked up) when she ceases to be worked.

plenty of it—let him hug it close—let him get more, that's all—what does he want to know of poor folks? ha! ha! ha! I shall have to lay his bones down yonder, ha! ha! What fun, and some young fellow'll be spending his gold while I shall be turning over his bones, ha! ha! ha!—tossing his bones about to make room for another, perhaps, and somebody spending his money, ha! ha! ha! My masters, here's health to gold, ha! ha! ha! Nothing like gold." Saying which, the sexton took a long pull at the flagon, while the company seemed rather shocked at the speech. The stranger appeared not to hear it, but seemed in deep thought.

"It's to be hoped," said the clerk, "that whoever gets a bad man's gold, will make a good use of it, and remember the poor."

The stranger seemed about to make a reply, when the sexton broke in.

"Ha! ha! master clerk, the devil isn't to be cheated in that way."

"Well," said Will Richards, "if the devil is at the major's, there's an angel there too."

"What do you mean?" said the stranger, hastily.

"Why, do you see, just as I was agoing away all nohow like, a beautiful creature dressed all so—I never saw any thing like it afore—came out and gave me some meat, and put some money into my hand, and said, in such a voice, it didn't hardly sound nat'ral, so soft, so gentle, 'Never mind, Will, take this, and come to the shrubbery-gate to-morrow evening, and let me know how your wife is;' and away she went. Well, I stood maszled-like, didn't say nothing, but turned and walked home; when I got to the door, I met my old woman.

"Well, Bill," says she, 'what did the major say?'

"I said nothing, but puts the meat and the money on the table, and stares at her; well, she stares at me, and I stares at her, and there we two were a-staring at each other like a couple of chuckies.

"Well," says she, at last, 'it's a burning shame, and so a'es to go to 'buse the major so; I niver thoft him so bad as folks said he was; there's some good in him now.'

"Not a bit," says I.

"What do you mean?" says she.

"I can't fnake it out," says I.

"Make what out?" says she.

"And dressed all in white," says I, speaking to myself, like.

"Why thee'st a fool," says she.

"And such boutifle curls," says I.

"Why thee'st maased," says she.

"What a soft voice," says I.

"Soft voice!" says she. "Why what's the man talking about? the major with a soft voice!"

"I ain't a-talking about the major; hang him!"

"What's thee talking about, then?" says she.

"Why, the finest cretur I ever seed," says I; 'an angel like, and no mistake; a cherabum, I b'lieve; I can't make it out nohow, unless—a cherabum—es—a must be a cherabum.'

"Why, what's the fool talking about, then?"

"Well, I'll tell ee, wife, now, all about it;" so I told her, and when I'd finished she said,

"Why, the fool o' thee, it's the young lady."

"Young lady!" said I, 'why, what young lady?'

" 'Why, do'n't thee know that when the major come down, that there was a young lady too?'

" 'I'd forgotten all about it,' says I; 'sure enough it was she. Well, now; only to think of that.' "

" Oh, yes," says the stranger, " did you go? "

" Eh, sir? When? " said Will.

" Why the next night," said the stranger.

" Oh, yes, I forgot, sir. Yes, I went, and have gone every evening since. "

The stranger fidgeted in his chair, the clerk looked solemn, the barber grinned and rubbed his hands, the blacksmith smoked furiously, the dog gave a howl, wagged his tail, and went up to Pilchar Hodge; a knock was heard; everybody gave a start, except the stranger and the sexton. A small boy entered, dressed all in red—red jacket, red trousers, or knee-breeches rather, red stockings, red shoes, and a red peaked hat, with a peacock's feather in it. He walked straight to the stranger, and gave him a red letter. The clerk, the barber, and the blacksmith looked at each other.

" You're wanted," said the Red Boy, in an unearthly voice.

" Can't I do instead? " said the sexton.

" Will you do for your *muster*? " was the Red Boy's reply.

The clerk groaned, the poor little barber turned as pale as a sheet, his teeth chattered against the mug as he tried to drink, to show his coolness, and that he didn't care a fig about what was going on. The blacksmith put down his pipe and walked out, the rest of the guests looked on in amazement, and one by one began to leave the room.

" Friends, friends, don't go," cried the landlord; " don't go, supper is ready. "

" Your supper smells too much of sulphur," said Tom Jinks, " for me, " And away they all went, leaving the stranger and the sexton.

CHAPTER III.

IN a small, well-furnished room in Major Blakesly's house, one evening, very shortly after the occurrences related in the last chapter, sat a young lady. She might be about twenty, but the uncertain light which the fire gave, as it slowly glimmered in the old-fashioned fireplace, afforded no means of determining with any exactness; and the fitful gleams of moonlight which now and then stole through the narrow windows, just as the wayward clouds would allow, now permitting our old friend, most unpoetically called " the parish lantern," to shed its silvery-white unpaintable rays in all their cool glorious splendour, and then, with most unwarrantable capriciousness, shutting it out all together.

By-the-by, I don't see why Nature's parish lantern is always to be spoken of in such terms as now shining in " its cool glorious splendour " (the little man said this very slowly, evidently thinking it was rather good, and not at all to be missed), and then being shut up all together. I know many other parish lanterns that are equally changeable. Who is there in the last enlightened gas-making, railroad-constructing, corn-speculating, Bank-charter-blundering-Gazette-filling year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight—who, I say, does not know what it is to have a fickle " parish lantern? " I could tell, ah! yes, pages about a parish

lantern. Well, yes, reader, I'll go on, but if you alter your mind—readers do as well as other people—so if you should want to know any thing about it you've only to drop a note to Mr. Colburn—very plainly written and postage paid, mind,—directed to Father Poodles, when, as country editors say to “a respected correspondent,” “it shall receive our immediate attention.”

The room had altogether a gloomy aspect, nor was its gloom relieved by the attitude of its inmate ; she sat in an old-fashioned arm-chair, leaning her head upon her hand, gazing abstractly upon the dusky burningembers, and as the little flickering flame rose and fell, and the transient moonbeams glanced, one could see that her hair was dark, and hung in ringlets, somewhat neglected, down her shoulders, and as a partial light would break forth, could be perceived something that glistened on her cheek, it might have been a tear—it was very like one, for when the next gleam came it was lower down, and when the next came it was gone ; and again, when a fourth had come, there was another something that came and glistened and went—yes, poor Bertha was weeping, and weeping bitterly, too.

She was in a handsome house : servants to do her bidding ; she had only to ask what she wished to have it ; no expense was spared ; and with all this Bertha was weeping. “What, weeping with all this splendour around !” I hear my pretty readers say : “how could she be unhappy ?” Ah ! take an old man's advice. Do not think that rich dresses, unbounded expense, and glittering jewels, by themselves bring happiness. Think you, could you read the hearts of the gay beauties at Almack's, that all is happiness there ? How often have we heard, when God's temple has been unfrequented on Sunday, the excuse offered, “We were so late at such a one's ball or party !” Can good come of that ; is happiness and ease of mind produced by disregarding God's commands ? And so it is sometimes, oftentimes I fear, that splendour and magnificence hide an aching heart. “Oh ! we are going to have a sermon now, are we ? what next ?” I've done. So now to the little old man's tale.

In the major's household there was a most kind, good-hearted housekeeper—housekeepers, I uphold, should always be fat : not exactly that oleagenous fat which cooks possess generally in such an eminent degree, but still they should be fat—in truth, I consider that a thin housekeeper is a sort of walking advertisement of her stingy management. Major Blakesly's housekeeper was what a housekeeper should be—she was fat, tolerably good-looking, not handsome—I don't recommend to majors handsome housekeepers (that's the old man's remark, ladies and gentlemen, I've nothing to do with it) ; she was somewhat advanced in years, neatly dressed, knew her business and her station, never allowed any one to cheat her master, and never did it herself : she was always very partial to “Miss Bertha.” And how shouldn't she be ? Wasn't she with her when she was an infant ? and wasn't she with her until Bertha's mother and her father had died soon after she was born ; and when Major Blakesly, having been left the sole executor, said that Bertha was to go and live with him, didn't Dorothy beg and entreat that she might go too, and take care of Miss Bertha ? and it was only because the child clung to her old friend's neck, and said she “would not leave poor Dothy,” that Major Blakesly relented, and allowed Dorothy to go too, who, in course of time, was made housekeeper. Poor Dorothy, how

glad she was. Dorothy, in her heart, greatly disliked the major: he was such a stern man; he never spoke kindly to the servants or to any one else; he thought that the poor were sent merely to wait upon the rich, and that it was the greatest presumption possible for a poor man to dare to have a will of his own; and as the major had much land, he looked down with the greatest scorn upon any one who had not; he associated with no one, and was altogether not unlike many we meet with in the present day. Poor Bertha never liked him—for any one to love him was quite out of the question; she used always to get out of the way whenever he came: in short, she was afraid of him, and that was what he liked; he liked that people should dread him. "That's the way to manage people," he would say; "I make 'em fear me. Love! regard! esteem!—trash—that's the way fools talk. I make the scoundrels fear me: don't ye see how they tremble, and daren't look me in the face? I should like to see the fellow that would dare look me in the face." So, this was the guardian of poor Bertha. It was no wonder, then, that poor Bertha was weeping beside the gloomy fire. She had unwittingly offended the major, who had ordered her to her room, with orders not to leave it till he gave her permission. "I'll break her obstinacy," he said to himself; "I'll see if I'm to be thwarted by a chit like that! she shall obey my bidding, or she shall dearly repent it. She's in my power, that's one thing: there's no one to control me. Control *me*! who ever did? Control John Blakesly, indeed—psha! And she must be meddling in my affairs, too—begging of me to do something for that lazy scoundrel Will Richards" (the offence for which she had been ordered, with stern and harsh words, to go to her room). "I must tame her before she comes of age. It's lucky I don't allow her ever to go out of these grounds, or I should soon have a pack of fortune-hunting rascals after her."

The door of the room where poor Bertha was sitting gently opened, and good old Dorothy appeared, with a light and some refreshment.

"Now, Miss Bertha, don't take on so," said the kind old soul. "Never mind what the major says; words can't break bones; and you'll be your own mistress some day."

"Oh! I fear that will never come," mournfully exclaimed poor Bertha. "I do all I can to please my guardian. I never contradict him; and when he speaks so harshly, I never answer him; but he seems to hate me, I think: he never forgives my having loved the young cavalier I met in London when we were at the court."

"Oh! Sir Francis Ulwyn," said Dorothy, "I don't see why he should hate you for that; he's a brave young gentleman, and as good as brave. I'm sure your poor mother would have no objection, and I can't see why the major should. Isn't he your guardian? and isn't he bound to do everything that can make you happy? and didn't he promise it to your poor mother, on her dying bed, that he'd be a father to you? and didn't the poor lady say that if he didn't, her spirit couldn't rest in the grave? But where is Sir Francis all this time; hasn't he written to you?"

"Oh! yes," cried Bertha, "that's the thing I dread; I fancy my guardian knows it, for he insists upon seeing every letter I write and every one I receive; and I never have any letters that I care about; I don't know any one who would write to me but he. I often think I'd rather be the poor girls that work in the fields; they are happy; but,

oh! when shall I be happy? Never! never!" and poor Bertha hid her face in her hands, and wept bitterly.

"Now miss, now miss, don't talk so," said the good Dorothy. "I don't mind the major; I'm as cheerful as possible;" the tears rolling down the poor creature's cheeks sadly belied her words. "There, Miss Bertha, do eat a little; here's a nice little manchet that Will Richards, you was so kind to, gave me for you; he said his wife sent her duty, and hoped you would eat it yourself, and not let any body have a bit of it. I don't see why she should be so particular neither; it's very good bread, but I don't see any thing so very fine about it; I think mine's better: however, it was kind of her, too; so do eat a bit, miss; eat a little bit; it'll do ye good, and cheer your heart."

Bertha took the little loaf (called in the old dialect, and even sometimes now, a "manchet"), and mechanically cut off the top, when a piece of paper concealed within struck her attention. She drew it out, looked at it, gave a shriek, and fell into Dorothy's arms.

"Oh dear! oh dear! what is the matter?" cried Dorothy, in great alarm. "Goodness me! how came that in the manchet? Oh dear! oh dear! Miss—Miss Bertha—don't make a noise—oh! do be quiet. if the major should come, we should be murdered if he should see that loaf;" saying which, the good soul stuffed the loaf into her pocket and the piece into her mouth.

"Give me the paper, miss, let me see," cried Dorothy.

"No, no," said Bertha, exerting herself; "it's from *him*, let me read, let me read," and with trembling hands she opened the note, and putting her arms round Dorothy's neck, exclaimed,

"I may be happy yet: he's here, but ah! if he should meet the major—I dread it—he will certainly quarrel with him."

"Will you let me read it, miss, and then I can tell what to do better?"

"Yes, dear Dorothy; yes, there," giving it to her.

Dorothy read it.

"A good gentleman! I said he was a good gentleman. He says, 'Remember me to Dorothy; a good gentleman, I'd do any thing for him, I'd —'"

A violent ringing of the housekeeper's bell caused Dorothy hastily to give back the note to Bertha, and muttering, "There's that old brute again," quickly left the room, telling Bertha to make a good supper, forgetting, poor soul, that she had marched off with all the bread in her pocket.

Poor Bertha sat trembling; presently the door opened, and in marched the major, with his usual stern stateliness. Bertha arose.

"Did you want me?" she timidly said.

"Yes," was the stern reply.

"Can I do any thing for you, uncle?" she said, in a hardly audible voice.

"No; listen to me; I don't choose that you shall make so much of that doating old hypocrite Dorothy, who sha'n't stay here much longer—do you hear?"

"Yes, uncle, but—but poor Dorothy——"

"Poor Dorothy! what do you mean by that? Poor! Hasn't she

This is a great proof of the antiquity of the celebrated song.

always had her wages—and good ones, too, and no doubt she's been plundering me all along. Poor, indeed! you've an idea of poverty, certainly. Where did you learn to know any thing of poverty? Haven't you been brought up in the lap of luxury? Have you ever known what it was to want? You talk of poverty, too—poor Dorothy! humph!”

“I—I—I—indeed, uncle, I didn't mean—hu—hu—to say that she was poor, uncle, indeed I didn't, you've been so very kind to her.” The poor girl, like many others, told an untruth through fear.

“Now,” said the old man, “do you see the force of that?”

(I was obliged to confess I didn't.)

“Humph!” said the little fellow. “Did you never tell a lie through fear.

“Nev—” I began.

“Stop,” said the wretch, looking through me as it were; “recollect a little. Now don't you remember your stealing some gooseberries out of your father's garden, and your father, being a very stern man, you were afraid to confess; you would not have told a lie willingly, but you were afraid.”

(Well, I did begin to remember such a thing.)

“Ha! and you'll remember many other things which you did which you wouldn't have done had it not been from fear. Now,” said he, sitting bolt upright—how he could do it on that hot nob puzzled me—“did masters and mistresses know how many lies they make their servants tell from being so violent and speaking so crossly, or, as the phrase is, ‘blowing them up,’ if they were really, what they pretend to the world to be, ‘Christians,’ they would not do it. How often do you hear a mistress say to a poor servant-girl who has accidentally broken something, ‘You good-for-nothing thing, you—’

“‘Please, mum,’ says the poor girl, who never *meant* to break it, ‘I couldn't help it.’

“‘Couldn't help it, indeed! Don't tell me such falsehoods—couldn't help it!’

“‘No, indeed, mum,’ says the girl, crying; ‘indeed, I couldn't.’

“‘Ha! you hussy, get along with you; I'll stop it out of *yer* wages.’

“The poor thing has only, perhaps, ten pounds a-year, and what she can have to pay out of that after she has bought the various things which she requires (for these sort of people always insist on their servants appearing ‘fit to answer the door’), let Dr. Kitchener tell in the preface to his ‘Art of Cookery,’ which all masters and mistresses would do well to read, and follow the advice there given—so the next time the poor thing happens to break any thing, and is accused of it, rather than own it and get ‘blown up,’ she tells what, perhaps, she never did before—a lie, and one lie told, another soon follows.”

(I was obliged to own the little old fellow was right, and many of my readers, perhaps, will think so too.)

“Now listen to me, young lady,” said the major. “I have come to the determination, that if that old meddling creature dares again to outstep her duty, off she goes; and you—you'll, if you please, give up your evening walks in the shrubbery—do you hear me?”

“Yes, uncle,” said the poor girl.

“Well, then, mind you obey.” And away stalked the surly major, muttering, as he shut the door, “I'll see if I'm not obeyed.”

The major had hardly reached his room, when one of the servants came in, pale as death, and trembling so as hardly to be able to speak.

"Well, you fool, what's the matter with you?"

"Oh! Sir, I—I've seen a—a—"

"What, you fool—a ghost?"

"Ye—ye's, sir!"

"Come here, you idiot," shouted the major, "come here; what do you mean, you gaping fool?—Do you know what a ghost is?"

"N—n—no, sir—but—but—oh! oh!"

"Why, the fool's going into hysterics." The major violently rang the bell.

"Here, take this woman away—she shall have her wages to-morrow. I'll keep no such fools in my house."

The servants obeyed, not daring to say a word in their master's presence. However, there was a rumour amongst the servants that something very strange had happened. Some said that the devil had been seen walking up and down the shrubbery, and that strange noises had been heard. Every one in the kitchen, so they all said, heard a most piercing shriek and the mournful howling of a dog—and long and long at night the major was heard walking in his room.

CHAPTER IV.

AGAIN the fire crackled, and the huge pot sent forth its savoury smell, and again the village gossips were assembled at the Trevetha Arms; the blacksmith, the barber, and the clerk were there.

"I say, master landlord," said the clerk, "it's now five years—yes, this very night five years—since, if you recollect, we were all here just as we are now. Do you recollect that night?"

"Ah, indeed, I do," said the landlord, gravely; "and well I may."

"How?" said the barber.

"Ah," again ejaculated the landlord, as he shook his head.

"What on earth became of Pilchar Hodge?"

"Ah! it's an awful world," ejaculated the landlord.

"Why, what became of him?" asked the blacksmith.

"Yes, sir, coming," said the landlord to a customer.

"I never could find out the rights of it," said the clerk; "I spoke to his reverence several times, but his answer was always, 'Peter, may God have mercy on the souls of the wicked.'"

"And what became of the stranger and his dog?" said the blacksmith.

"There's something in the whole affair," said the barber, "that we don't understand; and it's my belief that the landlord knows more about it than he chooses to tell. You recollect how he changed on that night?"

"Yes," said the clerk; "and we never saw any thing of the sexton, nor the stranger, nor the dog since."

"No, nor Tom Jinks either."

"And Will Richards was said to have died of a fright, if you recollect," said the barber; "and his wife and children were taken to the union."

"Yes, poor fellow," said the blacksmith; "his wife said that he lost his mind the night after he was here."

"A stormy night, I'm afraid, we shall have of it," said the landlord; "the wind is beginning to rise. Hark! wasn't that thunder in the distance?"

They all listened, and could distinctly hear the low rumble; and a sudden gust rushed over the house, and fled away in the distance with a dismal howl.

They looked at one another; again the thunder was heard, but it was nearer.

"It was just such a night as this," said the clerk, "that Pilchar Hodge came."

"He'll never come again," said the landlord.

"God forbid," said the clerk.

Crash! came the thunder, that shook the house to its foundation; and you could hear crack, crack, crack, till it ended in a dull low roll in the distance; and now the rain came down in torrents, the lightning seemed one stream of living light; the stoutest of the company turned pale; the door flew open, and a figure, strongly reflected by the lightning, stood on the threshold.

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"It is *he*!" cried the landlord, and fell on his face.

The door shut, the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed. They went to the landlord, and picked him up. He was dead. All was consternation and dismay; the blacksmith was the only one who seemed to have any presence of mind; the clerk began to repeat part of the service; the poor little barber rushed frantically about, muttering most extraordinary things.

Some ran for the doctor, some for his reverence, and some ran away nobody knew where. The doctor and his reverence came; but all to no purpose; the landlord was dead. Strange were the tales told next day in the village of Lelant; some declared they had seen Pilchar Hodge carrying away the landlord in a flame of fire. However, one thing was certain, that Pilchar Hodge was nowhere to be seen. The next day every inquiry was made, and his reverence took every pains to find if he had been seen by any one else save the guests at the Trevetha Arms, but no one had; all seemed wrapped in mystery.

Soon after there was a report that strange noises were heard at the major's; the servants gave warning, fresh ones were had, but they did not stay long, and all the village was in a complete stir. It was well known that the vicar had called, but was refused an audience; he had written, but had received no reply; and the people said that it looked very bad when a man refused to see the parson, and some went so far as to say, "if he wouldn't see the parson he must see *somebody else*!"

Things went on like this for some time, and by degrees the alarm subsided; another landlord took the Trevetha Arms, and the village gossips assembled to enjoy the blazing fire and eat the savoury supper as formerly. But still there was something about the major's place that no one liked to go near, and for all the money in the world you would not persuade any one to go through the grounds after night-fall.

One evening, while the guests were all assembled as usual, the clerk

came in in a great hurry and very pale; he sat himself down on a stool.

"What's the matter, Mr. Polwheal?" said the landlord.

"It's all out," groaned the clerk.

"What's all out?" exclaimed every one.

"Murder!" said the clerk.

"Murder!" exclaimed the barber, "do tell us; I love to hear about murder."

"Well," said the clerk, "may I never love money. Pilchar Hodge, or whoever he was, never said a truer thing, 'there's nothing like money to send people to the devil'—and I hope he didn't hear me."

"But, but," continued the little anxious barber; "but the murder—how did it happen? who did it? where was it done?"

"Why," said the clerk, "it happened this how. There was talk that there was a good lode discovered in Carrackgladden Cliff, and some miners went down and began to work, and when they had gone a little way they came to what seemed to them a wall. Well, they broke through the wall, and what should they see but a small dungeon like, and at the bottom they seed something they couldn't tell what. One wanted another to go down, and he wanted him, but nobody would go, they were so afeered, and I don't wonder at it—I wouldn't have gone for a thousand pounds."

"Nor I neither," said the barber.

"Hold thee tongue," said the blacksmith, "thee'st a fool of a barber."

"Well," continued the clerk, "at last they sent to his reverence. He came, and after rebuking them for their folly, but commending them for sending for him—for you know his reverence is a magistrate—he got two men of them to go with him into the dungeon, and then they saw a skeleton. And what do you think it was? Only a woman's. There were rings on her fingers and a gold chain about her neck. His reverence said nothing; he ordered the men to go to the—the—the—"

"Crowner," said the landlord.

"Yes, yes; well, in the meantime, his reverence looks about him, and sees some steps leading up, as it were. Well, up he goes, and finds a sort of a door, which he orders the men to break open. And where do you think they found themselves? Why, in the major's grotto."

"Dear me, who'd h've thought it," said the landlord.

The barber looked sagaciously, as though he had thought it all along.

"Well, his reverence writes something on a paper, and gives it to one of the men, and very soon after I learned that the major had been taken up on the charge of murder."

"Murder!" exclaimed every one.

"I thought how it would happen," said the barber; "I always said so."

"Hold yer tongue you little pitiful chin-scraping animal, and let's know the end of it," roared the blacksmith.

The barber was ready to shrink into his shoes.

"Well, that's all I know," said the clerk. "I came here to tell you the news."

"Thankee, thankee," said the landlord, "it was kind of 'ee to come, so it was."

The news soon flew about the village that the major had been taken up for murder. Very shortly the coroner arrived with some persons to visit the cave of Carrackgladden. They surveyed the remains of the unfortunate individual, whoever she might be, and some fragments of dress, which time and the damp had not destroyed, were taken care of. A verdict of "murder" was pronounced against some person or persons unknown. The major still remained under custody in his own house, for gaols and prisons were not so plentiful as they are now. However, there being no proof against the major, he was released, and very soon after he left, discharged all his servants, and offered to let the place, but no one would take it, and it gradually fell into decay.

Time wore on, the blacksmith grew old at his anvil, the barber became a little shrivelled old man, but still chattering as ever, and always talking about the old house, and was never known to pass it at dark; but the Trevetha Arms still flourished, and piece by piece the old house was taken away by the people, and thistles and briars grew where the proud mysterious major used to live. But years, years after, an old man came to the village, attended by an old serving-man. They seemed to know the place, but no one knew them; and it was remarked that the old man used to wander down by Carrackgladden sands, and his old serving-man seemed to try to cheer him up, for he seemed like one stricken with grief; but the old man got worse and worse, and one evening they found him dead in the old cave, where the body was found. His serving-man said his master wished to be buried there, and so he was; and when they buried him his servant-man put a brass-bound box under him, and said that whoever should try to disturb his master would be a corpse before the sun should rise. And the next morning, when the neighbours went to see the cave, it was dropping with water clear as crystal, and next spring curious plants, that none had seen before, had grown there.

But somehow a rumour had spread that there were treasures in that box, and the old blacksmith and the barber agreed that that must be the box they remembered so well, and then they wondered that they'd never found out that the old man was Sir Ulwyn, and his serving-man was Pilchar Hodge, the old sexton.

"But it would be a sin," said the blacksmith, "to disturb the dead."

"But what good can the treasure do him?" said the barber.

"There's nothing to do with that," said the blacksmith; "it's ill touching a dead man's grave."

The barber said nothing, but the next day he was missing. They searched all about. At last they went to the cave, and there they found the barber, cold and dead. Beside him lay a shovel and pickaxe and a lantern. The people shook their heads, took him home and buried him, and ever since that time no one has ventured to disturb the bones of him who lies buried in the cave of Carrackgladden; and the water still falls, and the people say they are the tears of Sir Ulwyn, and that rare old plant, the Alpine fern, grows there, and weeps over Sir Ulwyn's grave, and people come from far to gather it.

(The little old man ceased speaking. I looked, but he was gone; I called, but no one answered.)

HOME THROUGH THE VALLEY OF HELL.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO, ESQ.

THE homeward-bound English traveller from Munich has three routes open to him.

The first and most direct, taking Augsburg as the starting-point (which is reached by railway in two hours), is by way of Ulm and Stuttgart, and, if pressed for time, from thence in a straight line to the Bruchsal station on the Baden railway; or, if there be no necessity for so much rapidity of motion as can be elicited from German post horses—(five English miles to the hour)—the traveller may diverge from Stuttgart to Heilbronn, and, taking the steamer, descend to Heidelberg by the beautiful valley of the Neckar. In the latter case, he should time his departure from Augsburg so as to sleep the first night at Ulm, and as the Eilwagen leaves four times a day—one of the hours being a little before noon—this may be easily managed. He will then be able, on leaving Ulm, to take daylight with him through the magnificent gorge of the Suabian mountains, which leads so abruptly down to Geisslingen, and enjoy the picturesque scenery of the Fils till it falls into the Upper Neckar; unless, indeed, his thoughts be wholly engrossed by the recollection of the captivating maidens—their beauty quite sets one's teeth on edge—who have extracted all his superfluous coin by their clamorous entreaties to purchase the toys for which Geisslingen is celebrated. If such be his fate, then the castles of Helfenstein and Hohenstauffen will be passed by unregarded, and the rich vineyards which cover the slopes from Plochingen to Stuttgart will display their charms in vain.

But, if his love for the picturesque be still a living sensation, he may hasten from the capital of Württemberg to Heilbronn, and from the waters of the Neckar gaze upon the lovely shores between which he glides, enchanted with all that meets his glance.

That his faculties of taste and smell be not offended, I would recommend the adventurous voyager, when in Stuttgart, neither to put up at the Hotel de Russie, nor walk in the Palace Gardens. The proprietor of the hotel, M. Albisser, is a very civil, good-humoured fellow, and speaks very good English, but the fare that awaits one is as indifferent—not to say bad—as can anywhere be met with. The merry host either is—or seems to be—wholly unconscious of the wretched state of his cuisine, and when last I was there carried his impenetrability so far as to inquire, when he accidentally encountered me on the staircase, if I had not had “a very good breakfast!” It cost me no effort to return a most decided negative, on which M. Albisser suddenly wheeled about and rushed into the kitchen, as if for the purpose of uttering an indignant remonstrance,—but—I saw him no more! As this was not the first time that I had found the cookery of the Hotel de Russie at a discount, I think I may presume that there is a radical defect in the purveyor's department of that establishment. Murray recommends—and, in nine times out of ten, it is best to follow his recommendation—Marcquardt's hotel, in the Königs Strasse, which, though dear, is a good one. The Palace Gardens are very prettily laid out; the foliage is luxuriant, the walks shady, the orange-trees bloom in

spite of the three centuries which have gnarled their trunks, and the sandstone nymphs of Dannecker stand in the most bewitching attitudes; but there is one thing there that neutralises all these attractions—the intolerable smell from the narrow, dark, dirty sewer, called by courtesy a stream, which courses through the gardens, and in one place actually performs a disgusting summerset, as if it were a fall of living, sparkling water, instead of the base, nameless current, which taints the surrounding air.

So much for the first route: the second continues the railway from Augsburg to Donauwerth—where, by-the-by, you may make yourself uncomfortable at the Post, one of the filthiest inns in Christendom, unless you prefer, as I did, to stand in the street for the hour or two I stayed there. Here the Eilwagen is taken for Nuremberg, and the road lies through a finely-wooded country, in the midst of which stands Weissenburg, a town that, seen as I once saw it by moonlight, has a very picturesque appearance.

It is not an advisable thing to do, though it often happens in Germany, to arrive in a strange city in the dead of the night, and choose your quarters far from the post. German porters are not the most brilliant fellows in the world, but they seem to give strangers credit for unbounded sagacity, a compliment which is rather awkwardly paid.

"To what hotel?" they exclaim, as one or more of them possess themselves of your baggage. The answer is given, and away they bear it, at the best pace they can muster beneath its weight; and it must be noted, as a general rule, that your true German always moves quickest under a heavy load—ten times faster, in fact, than when his shoulders are quite unburthened. You follow as you may, trusting to Fortune to guide your footsteps safely over the rough pavement of the unknown city. It is enough for the porter that *he knows his way*; you must *find* yours; and in the darkness that reigns around, the sense of hearing is far more serviceable than that of sight. It is but slight consolation to the benighted traveller, to remember the proverbial honesty of the men who have carried off his goods and chattels. Of what use to him is their integrity, when he does not know which way to turn to assure himself of the fact? It is vain to cry out "*langsam*," when once they have fairly started; there is but one safe course, and that is to make yourself fast to some part of your baggage, and submit to be taken in tow, the headlong porter enacting the part of a vigorous steam-tug. By this means, "*breathless and faint, leaning upon—*" your stick or umbrella, as the case may be, you stand a chance of not being left to wander in the streets till daylight.

All the world knows Nuremberg by its reputation, and the fame long since given to it by the unequalled drawings of Prout. It would be useless, therefore, to dwell on the marvellous works of Adam Kraft and Peter Visscher, on the pictures of Albert Dürer, on the quaint architecture of the city, or on the beauty of the gorgeous cup of Wentzel Jamitzer, now in the possession of the banker Merkel, so carefully barricaded from accidental or designed intrusion, and yet so readily and courteously shown. These objects of art—and the multitude not enumerated—may well detain a stranger several days. Würzburg, also, contains many things to interest; the Palace being highly attractive; and the journey to Frankfort, either by the Maine or the high road, which tra-

verses many beautiful forests, till it reaches Aschaffenburg, is, at least in summer, a pleasant day's work.

But, having tried both the others, commend me, after all, to the route which embraces the Lake of Constance, the Upper Rhine, and the Black Forest, which, for beauty of scenery, of its particular kind, is unsurpassed, as far as I have yet seen, in Europe.

Wearied to death of Glyptotheks and Pinacotheks, of out-of-door frescoes that won't stand the wear and tear of a climate north of the Alps, and within-doors contrast only too forcibly with the hues of nature; sick of Germanized-Italian edifices, grafting a gaudy suburb on a dull town; and disgusted with the apathy of a people tacitly submitting to the caprices of a king, who would have made an excellent painter and glazier had he been properly apprenticed to the trade, and to the insolence of a dancing Pompadour, whom even the *mauvais sujets* of Paris despise; glad to exchange these second-hand conventionalities for that which no conventionality, even in Bavaria, can spoil, we left Munich on the great day of the Octobers-Feste—all the world drinking beer in the Theresiens-Wiese, and staring at what they believe to be horse-racing—and, after performing the prescribed two hours on forty miles of railroad to Augsburg, transferred ourselves to one of the carriages on the line in the direction of Lindau, which is open as far as Kaufbeuren, also forty miles distant from Augsburg, and passes the station of Mindelheim, which gives its name to the principality erected in favour of the great Duke of Marlborough.

The prescribed time for our arrival was eight o'clock in the evening, but railroad punctuality in Bavaria allowed this to be half-an-hour later, and after crossing the covered bridge over the Wertach in an omnibus, we reached the turn of Kaufbeuren shortly before nine, with an hour to spare before the Eilwagen set out for Lindau, distant about sixty miles, or, to speak more to the purpose, some fourteen hours.

To beguile that hour was not the simplest thing imaginable. It might have been got over had we been addicted to skittles, as the game is played on a kind of wooden railway, in the angle of a court-yard of the inn to which we were recommended; or its weariness might not have been felt, could we have mustered courage to face the ten thousand atmospheres commingled in the Stube of the "Sonne," and have closed our ears to the deafening clamour of the multitudinous voices which rent the smoke that settled over the heads of the guests therein assembled;—but as these attractions were not all-sufficient, we armed ourselves with the patience which is of hourly growth in Germany, and returned quietly to the little waiting-room attached to the office of the Eilwagen.

This apartment offered an example of the comfort afforded to a German official, for it contained a table and a bed,—the types, as all the world knows, of German existence:

"Du lit à la table,—de la table au lit."

The clock struck ten,—and the precaution having been taken of securing places "*zusammen*" (together), we answered our numbers, and entered the "neat post-waggon," which was to convey us to our destination.

The determination not to go to sleep, which is the first resolution made in a public conveyance by night, gradually gave way before the motion of the carriage, and when we woke up at Kempten, between two and three o'clock in the morning, it was with great unwillingness that we

exchanged our vehicle, by that time grown comfortable, for another that seemed to be by no means so. Experienced travellers in Germany are, of course, well acquainted with the system of the "Bei-Post." It has one advantage, certainly; that of always insuring to the traveller a place in the direction in which he wishes to go; but the discomfort is not slight of having to shift one's berth in the dead of the night, just as sound sleep has taken possession of one's faculties, in order that the tale may be completed to occupy as many carriages as remain to be filled after the discharge of passengers at every post-town. This grievance in a short time forgotten, we lost our count of time, and daylight surprised us in a perfect Swiss valley; the effect being the more striking from the fact that the scenery on which our waking eyes had just lingered was the broad, monotonous level of the plain of Munich.

The name of the village at which we stopped to breakfast was Nellenbrück,—the first of a series of many resembling it,—the characteristics of all being essentially Swiss,—the whole farm being comprised beneath one high, broad roof,—the dwelling-house at one extremity, the stable next, and the barn at the other end of the façade, and the whole front garnished for the most part with timber sawn into lengths and strings of ripe golden maize. There are many districts in Germany,—Franconia and Saxony for instance,—which are each called "little Switzerland." And certainly this part of Bavaria equally merits the name. The heights above are not the Alps, but every other feature of the landscape is that of a country at their base; the same rushing streams, the same climbing roads, the same dark forests, villages at long intervals, and population scanty, and thus it continues all the way to Lindau.

Not that we arrived there quite so soon as the word of promise assured us. The usual post-wagon license was partly the cause of this, but a more positive one was the breaking of a spring, which we discovered at the village of Niederstauffen. The conducteur was, however, a man of art—as he had need to be in these up-and-down regions—and was presently busy with hammer, vice, and screw, and it was really not more than half-an-hour that we were detained on our journey. We occupied the interval in exploring the immense ark, which bore on its front the emblem of a stag,—the "Goldenen Hirsch,"—an animal greatly in favour amongst innkeepers in Bavaria; a better found, or more capacious kitchen it would be difficult to meet with, and the *batterie de cuisine* seemed perfect. The very air of the place was redolent of kalbs-braten and stewed plums, those delicacies of the land beyond the Rhine. But a more interesting speculation to us was the state of the weather. The morning had promised a glorious day—the sun had risen clear and bright, and the mists in the valleys had lingered on the slopes, instead of rapidly ascending, so that, believing in the usual prognostics, we thought ourselves secure of a fine view of the Alps of the Vorarlberg, when we should reach the lake of Constance. Every weather-wise peasant whom we interrogated, either flattered our expectations or knew nothing about the matter, for the answer was invariably the same: "Sie werden ganz schönes Wetter haben;" a mistake, to designate it by the mildest appellation. It was not long before we were able to decide for ourselves, without the aid of any weather-wise interpreter; but that decision was fatal to our hopes, for when we had reached the height from whence the lake of Constance first becomes visible, the broad expanse of water was

covered with a shroud of mist, lifted from the surface only just high enough to let us see that there were mountains on the opposite shore, but without revealing their outline.

Except the long bridges which connect the islands on which Lindau stands with the main land, and some fragments of ancient walls and towers of feudal date, there is nothing to induce the traveller to linger here longer than his absolute necessities require. After a night in an Eilwagen, a bath and a hairdresser are two desirable luxuries. The first was only to be had in the lake, which the cold mist made any thing but tempting, but the latter was procurable in the town. He was, however, a man of only a single *métier*, his art being limited to the range of combs and curling-irons; of tonsorial skill he was wholly innocent, and a second individual appeared at the same moment to operate in the latter capacity. They could not, of course, set to work simultaneously at their respective callings, but a very pleasant and instructive conversation they had on the subject of the approaching war between the radical Cantons and the Sonderbund; the barber—a root and branch exterminator—espousing the cause of the former, and the perruquier—of a Jesuitical cast of countenance—maintaining that of the latter. So earnest were the disputants that I almost wished the quarrel had been confided to them to settle on the spot, especially as I was the sufferer during their prolonged argument. However, every thing comes to an end—even a politician's harangue—and I profited at last by their several talents.

This accomplished, there remained only just time enough to transfer ourselves and baggage to the steamer, which was to set out at two o'clock, for Constance.

This vessel, the *Ludwig*, which represented the navy of Bavaria, and whose best recommendations were a pretty cabin and a very good *cuisine*, was more than adequately commanded by a highly hirsute and magnificent-looking personage, who rejoiced in some such title as the "Ober-Königlichen-Boden-Sees-Dampf-Schiffarts-Director," and whose principal occupation seemed to be that of curling his whiskers with a pocket comb, as he sat in a small office on deck, abaft one of the paddle-boxes. He apparently derived so much satisfaction from this employment, that he left the navigation of the *Ludwig* entirely to the helmsman, a bearded youth, who calmly smoked while he steered. It was not of much consequence, for all the art required was, to go straight across the lake; and lest our speed should prove dangerous, we took a large grain-laden vessel in tow.

In this guise we arrived, in about two hours, at Rorschach, the chief port of Switzerland, where we were politely invited to go ashore till the post came in from St. Gallen, but as there was evidently nothing to see, we were content to remain on board till the expected despatches arrived. When they did so, we coasted the Swiss side of the lake to Romanshorn, passing beneath a richly-cultivated slope, where grows the best wine of the district, which is just good enough not to be disliked. At Romanshorn, we exchanged the colours of Bavaria for those of Baden, or to speak plainer, left our old craft and its distinguished high-admiral, to shape a new course to Friedrichshafen on the Württemberg shore, while we pursued our route direct. Towards seven o'clock, we descried the Pharos of Constance gleaming through the mist like the red eye of a fresh-water

ogre—our hardy mariners hit the entrance to the harbour with nautical precision, and the “*ratis impia*” which had accomplished so much, was presently blowing off her steam beneath the walls of the ancient and decayed city. The Custom-house officers, with unwonted civility, took our words for the absence of contraband goods in our baggage—(I wish they would do the same at Dover)—and it was not many minutes before we were safely housed in that pleasant and most comfortable hotel—the Hecht, or Brochet, or Pike, as it is called in the three tongues, every one of which would fail in its duty, if it did not sing the praises of so excellent a Gasthaus. First-rate Affenthaler—irreproachable cutlets—bread of unequalled lightness—tea of delicious flavour—and positive Cognac (not wretched rum-disguised Brantwein, so universal in Germany), were amongst the good things discussed at the meal which greeted us within ten minutes of our arrival in the Hecht—the celerity of the waiters being equalled only by their civility.

As the boat for Schaffhausen was not to leave Constance till mid-day,* we employed the next morning in perambulating its deserted streets. It is scarcely possible to imagine a picture of greater desolation than is conveyed by the present aspect of this old imperial city. Of its 40,000 inhabitants, little more than a sixth part remain, and except when the steamers arrive and depart, the majority of these appear to have nothing to do. Heaven knows where their trade is, for there was scarcely a shop to be seen, and the few that could be descried offered nothing to tempt a traveller to part with his money. We did discover a Buchhandlung, but it was the only one in the city, and what we asked for—a work of local information—we were not able to obtain. The solitary sign by which we discerned that the inhabitants did not go to bed in the day-time, was a kind of indolent labour that made itself apparent in the neighbourhood of the cathedral, where some masons were lazily sawing large blocks of stone, and the clink of a mallet was heard at somewhat protracted intervals, as if the workmen employed had glimpses of conscientiousness rather than motives for industry. In the palmy days of Constance, when her minster was first ornamented with the beautiful sculpture which still renders it so attractive, there was no lack of labour, and that devoted to the highest purposes of art; in token whereof, we need only turn to the oaken portals carved by the cunning hand of Simon Bainer, and to the exquisite sculpture in the choir and baptistry. In the last-named circular chapel, and in the *vestiarium* adjoining, are the evidences of a craft once as sedulously followed as that of the sculptor, but now fast falling into disrepute in its very strong-holds—the craft of the relic-mongers. The hair of the Blessed Virgin—the crystallised tears of one saint—the teeth of another, and the bones of a third—are shown as of yore by the mechanical sacristan; but even his monotonous catalogue is interrupted by something like interest, when he displays the rich copes and albs, and curiously-wrought vestments, with which the hierarchs of Constance were wont to adorn themselves on occasions of great ceremonial; such, for instance, as that when, from the ends of Europe, were met together almost every dignity of the Romish church, to reconcile the papal schism which then divided her sons, and when the great council so composed, stained the annals of that church, more deeply, perhaps, than they had ever been stained before, in the blood of John Huss and of Jerome of Prague. Relics and memorials of these martyrs—not superstitiously

manufactured, but religiously preserved—are still shown in Constance, and these, with the acts of the council and the names of the men immortalised by the treachery and cruelty of that assembly, are all—except its venerable minster—which the city has left to recal its former importance.

He who has not penetrated into Switzerland will here see the first of those covered bridges, which are so frequently met with in various cantons, but the uses to which the bridge of Constance are devoted, besides that of serving as a means of communication with the Grand Duchy, to which it belongs, are chiefly in the interests of the millers, the rapid river expending its energies in assisting them to grind their corn. The mill-wheels and the race of the waters beneath them, have, however, a very picturesque appearance, and harmonise well with the quaint architecture of the bridge and surrounding buildings.

About noon, the mist which for two days had hung over the lake, suddenly cleared off, and bright as the day on which the bark of Rudiger “gleamed gaily on the Rhine,” we commenced the descent of that noble stream.

To the majority of tourists the beauty of the Rhine is supposed to lie entirely on the beaten track between the Siebengebirge and the vineyards of Johannisberg, but scenes as lovely as any that charm the eye in the more frequented part of the river are to be found between Constance and Schaffhausen. But its beauty is of a softer character; its gently-sloping banks, sometimes covered with foliage, from the mountain-tops to the river's brink,—sometimes broken by green pasture and fields of golden grain, with the shining walls of gay, sunny villas scattered between, with now and then an old church, a picturesque village, or an antique tower surprising us at some sudden bend, offer a much greater variety than the constant succession of the feudal ruins, gray rocks, and climbing vineyards of the lower division of the Rhine. The latter are, no doubt, more striking, and, seen for the first time, make a greater impression, but the picture presented by the former is that on which one feels disposed longer to dwell and oftener to return to.

Amongst the many *châteaux* that stud these shores, making us long to pass whole summers there, Arenenberg, the residence of Hortense, and still later of her son, Louis Napoleon, is conspicuous. It is a charming spot, and if any thing could supply the place of ambition, “the heart that is humble might hope for it here.” But no Frenchman, still less one of the imperial stock, can be expected to take kindly to the country as long as Paris remains unburnt; so wishing the proprietor of Arenenberg more luck than befel his great predecessor, we glided on,—passing by Stein, with its old abbey of St. George, the ruined towers of Hohenklingen, and the cloistered walls of Paradies and Katherinenthal,—and at the close of a four hours' voyage brought up opposite the market-place of Schaffhausen.

We were little curious to know what the town contained, being desirous of seeing as much of the famous “falls” as the afternoon of a bright October day would allow, and as quickly as the distance could be accomplished, we drove out to the hotel at Neuhausen, from whence, as the proprietor says, in French of the most detestable quality, “on optient la plus pelle fûe qu'il est possible de subloser!” In other words, the cascade lies at your feet, and the far away mountains of the Oberland skirt the horizon. To descend to the shore, to cross the river in the ferry-boat, to climb the

steep, wooded height by the path that leads to the château of Lauffen, and then to descend once more to the gallery that overhangs the fall, where you are wet with its spray and deafened by its roar, are the necessary and immediate acts of the newly-arrived. But no such act is mine to attempt to describe the indescribable, for such I take to be the ever-changing but æternal rush of waters at Schaffhausen. Mere words cannot convey an adequate idea of the swiftness of the wave whose course the eye cannot follow, of the unceasing din which the ear cannot concentrate its faculties to listen to. Dazzled and bewildered, the only new idea I obtained was that of perpetual motion, without, however, being enlightened as to any useful mode of turning it to account, for the ordinary appliances of a great water-power seemed quite set at naught by this "stunning" cataract. Having gazed our fill, though the appetite for gazing appeared to grow by what it fed on, we retraced our steps, and when the foam of the river was no longer visible from the terrace of the hotel, and the place of the fall could only be noted by the noise it made, we addressed ourselves to something more substantial. If I had said enduring, instead of substantial, I should scarcely have been wrong, for a tougher animal than the fowl which formed part of our supper it has seldom been my lot to encounter. It was late in the season, indeed a few days more and the establishment would have been closed, and, besides ourselves, I do not think there were any guests in the enormous building. There were, consequently, no jingling of bells, no noises of late travellers, no hurrying and scurrying of scuffling waiters along the interminable passages, but a perfect stillness, which enabled us to enjoy, without any interruption, the sullen roar of the distant cataract, once more visible from our bed-room windows beneath the light of the moon.

On the following morning, after taking leave of the falls as often as Prior's hero bade farewell to the world, we resolutely turned our backs upon it, and addressed ourselves to the further purpose of our journey. Unwilling to trust ourselves to a public conveyance, for it may be set down as a general rule that a diligence always travels through the finest scenery by night, I inquired if there were any direct mode of conveyance from Neuhausen to Freyburg in Breisgau. Monsieur Weber had no carriage of his own, but there was, fortunately, a *voiture de retour* at the hotel, the driver of which was willing to take us for forty francs and a trink-geld of five more—stopping one night on the road at Lenzkirch in the Black Forest, rather more than half way. The bargain was soon struck, and we had no reason to repent it: the carriage was light, easy, and roomy, the horses very good, and the driver extremely civil.

For the first few miles, the road lies through a level country, well-cultivated, and interspersed with thick woods. It is pretty, but presents no remarkable features, nor is there any thing striking till the frontier is passed, where a bridge of one arch spans the stream which divides Switzerland from the Grand Duchy of Baden. We then came to the small town of Stühlingen, unimportant in itself, but one part of it picturesquely situated on the slope of a very steep hill, which we breasted on foot, by a narrow path through fields and hanging gardens, leaving the carriage to make its way by the more circuitous road. At the top of the hill, which would make a very respectable mountain anywhere out of these latitudes, we rested on the wall till the toiling

horses made their appearance, and then drove through an archway into what seemed to be the court-yard of a feudal castle, which crowned the height. A feudal castle it had been once, and belonged to the princely race of Fürstenberg, but a peasant is now the sole tenant of the towers of Hohen Lupfen; the inner court is a spacious farm-yard, and the high-road runs right through it.

We had now reached a high table-land, across which our course lay for several miles till, passing a thick belt of forest, we descended upon the pretty village of Bonndorf. Here, while the driver refreshed his horses, we visited the churchyard, the view from which is exceedingly beautiful; a fine bold country with a dark ridge of forest forms the foreground, and in the extreme distance rise the sharp outlines of the Alps, extending from the lake of Wallenstadt to the Oberland, and distant nearly 100 miles from the spot where we stood. The Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn were visible on the right hand,—and on the left their giant brother, the Dödi, while a countless number of less lofty peaks formed the intermediate chain.

Beyond Bonndorf the aspect of the scenery changes; the country becomes wilder,—the roads steeper,—the cottages, whose ample roofs contain everything beneath them, bedrooms, kitchen, cowhouse, and stable,—closely resemble those of Switzerland,—and immense patches of black fir clothe the sides of the hills, and give their name to the whole district. Through the heart of these thick woods we past, the sombre foliage shedding the deepest gloom; but the road was not solitary, for here and there were the blazing fires of wood-cutters, and on the way came every now and then a knot of village girls returning from their daily labours. While traversing the last forest-patch, the sun went down, and when we emerged into the open country, a cold, gray twilight had replaced the warm rich glow, and it seemed as if we had entered an entirely new region.

As if he sympathised with our feelings, or probably as anxious as ourselves to get to the journey's end, the driver—whose name, by the way, was Friedrich Kinkel,—a good jingling name to travel with—flogged his horses with unusual good-will,—the beasts stepped out merrily, and at the very same moment as the diligence from Neustadt, which entered the town by another route, we rattled through the street of Lenzkirch and drew up at the posthouse, better known to travellers by the sign "*Zum weisser Rosse*," a white horse figuring conspicuously over the door, where is also exhibited the image of a golden post-horn.

The hungry traveller who seeks accommodation at the White Horse must mind which way he turns on entering that place of entertainment lest, in seeking the *salle-à-manger*, he stumbles upon the stable or the cow-house. If he takes the door on the right hand, he will inevitably lose his way and break his shins, besides bringing up finally in some even less agreeable manner, for there is no light to guide him, and the sense of smell is not always the safest guide in a German *Gast-haus*. If he ventures in at the left hand door, the dense atmosphere of tobacco-smoke will equally impede his search, as much by the obscurity which it causes as by the sense of suffocation which it begets. His best plan is to do as I did, after experience had enlightened me, and that was to go straight forward to the end of the passage, where an open door, a savoury odour, a number of lighted brasiers, and other appliances of cookery, unmis-

takeably announce the kitchen. Here I made good my entry, and saw amongst others similarly employed, a fine, tall, handsome, rosy-cheeked, black-eyed girl, busy preparing dinner for all comers.

I have a habit, or probably instinct, which leads me to make acquaintance with the *chef* as soon as I enter an hotel, and it generally proves of service. Every body likes flattery, but cooks especially, and if they are *bien lardés* before dinner, depend upon it the meal will be so much the better for it. There is no difficulty in saying a few civil words at any time, least of all when a pretty girl is the object of them; but it was no doubt quite as much owing to her good nature as to her imperfect knowledge of my imperfectly expressed compliments, that the dinner which was afterwards served up to us proved so remarkably good. This repast took place in a very comfortable apartment—the real Speise-saal—approachable only through the kitchen or the smoky Stube before-mentioned, and I need not say there are many reasons why the former route should be preferred.

Though the room was low and the ceiling discoloured by the clouds from many *meerschams*, it was gaily decorated; the window-curtains were of a bright red, the walls were papered of a gay pattern, a portrait of the fair cuisinière in her Sunday costume—she was the daughter of the house—hung in a conspicuous position, and one end of the room displayed at least a dozen little clocks, the manufacture of the place, going as hard as they could, and clicking and striking in the merriest manner possible. These little time-pieces looked so brilliant and companionable, that we bought one forthwith. The price was five florins, or 8s. 4d.; and to its credit I must say, that it still goes as well as if it had cost ten times the amount. It would be an act of injustice to withhold the name of the maker, so I beg to say that this Lepaute, or Le Roy, of the Black Forest, is called Andreas Keiser, of Donaueschingen; and if any further information be needed concerning him, it may be obtained of his brother, a very worthy and intelligent master of the same craft, who exercises his calling on Park Terrace, on the way to St. John's Wood.

In the room thus described, we dined on the best fare of the Black Forest; a soup which would not have disgraced the London Tavern; mountain trout—a very different thing from the tasteless *forelle* of the German plains;—*braten* of various kinds, beef, mutton, and veal; a hare of course—not an ordinary stew—but in this case an admirable *salmi*; a dish of roast thrushes, later in season here than in the Ardennes (where also they are excellent); an ox tongue, smoked in a peculiarly agreeable way; *wild-pret*, the venison of the forest; and, to conclude, without saying a word of minor condiments, a kind of marchpane, combining the crispness of a cake, with the richness of a pudding. We found the last so good that we had its fellow carefully put up for travelling; it was not devoured by the Custom-house officers at Dover, but was fully appreciated in London. Some very capital *Assmannshäuser*, and a *chasse* of *Kirschenwasser*, were the accompaniments to the above. Nor was this meal eaten in silence, for besides a jovial party of Germans at the other end of the table, who had had an hour's start of us, and were consequently in a fair way of finishing nearly as soon as ourselves, we were entertained by the conversation of the waiter, an intelligent young man, and son to the host, himself invisible. From him we learnt a variety of facts, local and general; how *Lenaskirch* numbered a popu-

lation of 1800 persons; how it stood upwards of 2000 feet above the level of the sea; how it was famous for the manufacture of straw hats, as well as little clocks; how his sister, whose beauty we praised, looked twice as well in her Sunday dress—a very pretty and striking costume;—how a great number of English lords and ladies had stopped at the White Horse—a fact which the *Fremdebuch* confirmed;—and how, finally, he had a vehement desire to go to London, for which purpose he was learning English as fast as he could, and begged us, then and there, to improve his vocabulary, by calling for everything we wanted in our own tongue, which he repeated as nearly as he could, whether he brought the right thing or not. Amongst other things, he put a question which puzzled us to answer in a satisfactory way, not having, at that time, heard of the “Fonetic Num.”

“I find,” said he, “that though a good many English words are spelt with the same letters, the pronunciation is often very different; for instance, which is it right to say ‘*monkey* and *donkey*,’ or ‘*munkey* and *dunkey*?’”

We had a hard matter to make him follow us as we strove to distinguish between the two animals, and it ended by his shaking his head, and saying,

“Ach! mein Gott! die Englische Aus-sprache ist sehr schwer!”

It struck us that we might have returned him the compliment.

Although a perfectly comfortable bed is a thing not to be looked for in any part of Germany, those of the White Horse, at Lenzkirch, approach the comfortable as nearly as may be; the mattresses were soft and elastic, the sheets white and fragrant; but the short pailasse was inserted as usual under the pillows, and the quilt badly replaced by a cloud of eider-down, which, for all purposes of warmth, might as well have been quicksilver. But, by way of set off, the beds were altogether the gayest things of the kind I ever met with in Germany; the blankets were woven with scarlet stripes, and the pillows covered with red serge, or cloth, cut in vandykes.

With many acknowledgments for our pleasant quarters, we started next morning for the Höllenthal—“the Valley of Hell,”—on whose threshold I have so long been lingering. The mountain pass which ascends from Lenzkirch is very bold and fine, and as we neared the summit, a number of lofty heights, which we had not been able to discover in the dusk of the previous evening, came full into view; the grandest of these was the Feldberg, which rivals its lofty brother of the Taunus in elevation and far exceeds it in beauty. On the brow of the mountain we met a string of peasants, women all except their leader, a young man who marched in front telling his beads and repeating his orisons in a loud voice, while his companions made the responses, the act of prayer nothing impeding the rapidity of their pace. It is from this spot that the traveller journeying in the direction of Schaffhausen, gets the first glimpse of the glories that await him in the far remote Alps, whose snowy outline is even more perceptible here than from the churchyard at Bonndorf, where I adverted to the view. We also turned to gaze, but the morning was not propitious, for though the sun shone brightly overhead, his beams were not powerful enough to disperse the mists which filled the valleys and wreathed round the mountain-tops. We resumed our way, therefore, for some distance over ground at a considerable elevation,

and then descending to a broad plain, passed the solitary lake of Titi—"navelled" in woods, like Nemi, and entered the district which, in contrast probably to that which succeeds, is called the *Himmelreich* or "Kingdom of Heaven." Its fertility and beauty are not of themselves so great as to enable it to lay claim to that exclusive denomination, but it was a pleasant country to traverse after the broad and darkly wooded hills over which we had just passed.

Presently we came to a scene of a different character. Unconscious that the table-land over which we had travelled was so high above the level of the sea, we were quite unprepared for the rapidity of the descent which suddenly yawned beneath our feet.

Slowly emerging from what seemed the verge of the horizon, though too near us to be the natural limit of vision, a long dark line arose, which, as we drew near, proved to be a heavy waggon drawn by a monster team, there being not fewer than eighteen sturdy horses yoked to the vehicle. A smaller number could not have accomplished the task.

This place of labour, where, *Sisyphus*, "damnatuſque longi laboris," might well have toiled, was the gorge that led to the VALLEY OF HELL. It was no time for sitting idly looking on, so, leaving the care of the carriage to worthy Master Kinkel, we got out and proceeded on foot, burying ourselves deeper and deeper in the gloom of the gorge at every step we took. From time to time we cast our eye upwards, though without any thought that the mountain side was covered with labourers, at work, as we were afterward told, in the construction of a less precipitous road than that which we now followed. After tracking a very steep and winding course, we had nearly reached the level of the valley, through which the Treisam foams and rushes, when a loud shout rent the air, and "*Rückwärts, rückwärts*," echoed from hill to hill. It was not easy at the first outcry to understand that this warning was intended for us, or that it came from invisible workmen above, but we naturally paused, and then seeing that other wayfarers retreated up the slope, we followed their example. In good time we did so, for immediately after the cry, a dull, heavy, stifled sound shook the hill side, which I at once recognised as an explosion of gunpowder, and close upon it came an avalanche of masses of rock, thundering in their descent, and crushing a forest tree at every giant leap, till, spent with the distance, they found a resting-place in the torrent, or were caught in some accidental hollow. It was lucky for us that we had not advanced further, as escape would then have been difficult, several fragments of enormous size having crossed that part of the road on which we were walking when the first alarm was raised. For fear we should be caught in another shower of stones, we beckoned to Herr Kinkel to make haste on, and before another blast took place had got beyond the reach of danger in the solitary village of Steig.

While the horses were being baited, we wandered along the valley, and made a meal *à fresco*, seated on the trunks of some enormous firs heaped together beside the Treisam, whose rapid waters were turning, close to us, the wheel of one of the numerous saw-mills which stud the Höllenthal. It was only by the bright hues of the many-coloured foliage that the season could be determined from the aspect of the scene. The sky was as clear, and the rays of the sun as warm as in the height of summer, and the quick-eyed lizards, basking on the pine logs, till our ap-

perhaps disturbed them, seemed to enjoy October as if it had been July. The freshest spring could not have carpeted the banks of the stream with a more brilliant green, and there were gay flowers in plenty to keep up the illusion of the early year. But in the thousand tints spread over the steep sides of the valley was far greater beauty than belongs to either spring or summer; it was such as autumn alone can show, and brought to my recollection the brilliant effects I had witnessed in the woods of our North American provinces, though even there, I think, I have scarcely seen any thing to compare with the gorgeous hue of the scarlet leaves of the wild cherry of the Black Forest. On this enchanting spot there was, indeed, "a blending of all beauties," and what Byron was tempted to exclaim, at the first view of the Valley of the Acheron, might well be inscribed on the rocks that guard the entrance to the Höllenthal:—

Pluto! if this be hell I gaze upon,
Close fam'd Elysium's gates;—my shade shall seek for none!

Part of the way on foot, and the remainder at a foot's pace, we slowly pursued our way through the valley, which, in many places, contracted its limits so closely as to leave room only for the road and the stream that murmured beside it. Every here and there the outlet seemed to be completely blocked up, till a sharp turn round some projecting rock lured us on a few hundred yards further to repeat the deception again and again. The unattainable heights of the Alps and the Pyrenees were not over our heads, but the solitude and grandeur of the pass was exceeded by nothing that I remember of the kind, even in those stupendous mountains, where the glaciers and eternal snow are so frequently excluded from the view. The most striking features of this remarkable valley are reserved for the last, when the direction of the journey is towards Freyburg; and at the lofty rock, called the Hirschsprung, the evidence of the fierce convulsion which wrenched open the passage through the mountains, is strikingly apparent. At a short distance from this spot, it appears, as if it were easy to believe the tradition, that it owes its name to the leap of a hunted stag, so closely do the rocky walls of the valley seem to approach each other; but on a nearer view, the sinuosities of the road explain the apparent contiguity, and one then sees that the real width cannot be less than 200 feet. If such a leap were ever accomplished by a stag, it must have been when the infernal pack of the Wild Huntsman was at its heels. Impossibilities may almost be reconciled in a region so wild as this, as any one may imagine who notices how a gigantic larch has found the means of rooting itself in the fissures of a bare and nearly perpendicular rock, opposite the Hirschsprung, midway between its base and its summit. There, however, it grows as if it had been thrown there in the strife that rent the rocks asunder when the Höllenthal was formed.

From this point the valley gradually widens, the lofty slopes recede, and finally subside, till, at the picturesque inn at Zarten, dedicated, if I remember rightly, to a fierce wild bull, the level country spreads itself out, and after an hour's easy travelling, the beautiful spire of the minister of Freyburg rises over the plain, a welcome landmark to the traveller journeying homewards.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PAIR OF TOP-BOOTS.

I

SHOULD any one within our great metropolis be so curious as to seek its unknown regions in the east, he may find in his peregrinations a public way entitled "Nightingale Street," and in one of the houses in the aforesaid street, so aptly termed the "dens of misery," we—a pair of top-boots—first saw light. The windows of the house were mostly broken and repaired with an old newspaper, the oak-painted door was warped and blistered, and plainly told the test of many a year's struggling sun. The window-sills were decorated (if we may use such an expression) with boxes of withering wall-flowers and parched mignonette; a dead thrush, actually starved to death, lay in its wicker prison outside the house; while aground a herd of half-clad children revelled in the fetid, smoking gutters. Up stairs, upon the left-hand side, was our worthy modeller toiling at ourselves. The room was furnished with three pallets, for beds they were not, on one of which was stretched a young girl of sixteen—a corpse, the victim of decline;—on another lay a poor woman, pale and sick, whom it did not require the scientific eye of a physician to pronounce in a rapid consumption; a herd of squalid children thronged around our modeller; a pair of cats, the one gambolling with an old shoe, the other dozing quietly by the fire-fender; a hen cackling on the rickety press, and a few faded roses in a jug complete the picture.

"Father, I am hungry," said a sturdy lad of ten years.

"So am I," chorused a group of six children.

"We used to have bread and breakfast and treacle; aye, treacle, and why not now?" said the urchin.

"Sally never washed me this morning, and I have tried to awake her, but the sleepy girl she won't get up, father; beat her, father," said another.

"Your sister will awake no more, my lad, she is dead; she is out of misery and temptation. Thank God for that!" replied the poor cordwainer, as a tear coursed its way down his wrinkled cheeks.

"Father's crying," said a girl; "don't cry, father; poor father!"

"Snowball, the chimney-sweeper, can buy tuffy out of his wages; I wish I was a chimney-sweeper, father, or a Merry Andrew, to dance on a tight-rope," said another urchin.

"Hi! hi! Mr. James," said a stout aged woman, who came wheezing and puffing like a steam-engine into the room. "The rent was promised to-day; have you got it, eh? If not, you and your baggage tramp to the door. I am not going to pay taxes and rates to keep workhouses agoing and keep their birds too. No! I am up to a dodge worth two of that, so if you don't cash up, why seek the workhouse."

"The workhouse!" said James, with a shudder. "Take HER to a workhouse?" pointing to his wife.

"And why not? I suppose she wouldn't like picking oakum; no, she would rather lay in my house doing nothing, eating, as I may say, the bread out of my mouth; yes, out of my mouth, *me* a poor, toiling,

hard-working woman, who has never indulged herself in nothing, not even a play or a circus these four years ; besides, I don't over much like a copse (corpse) in one's house."

"Well, my good woman, look at these boots, they are nearly finished ; for pity's sake spare me the dregs of the cup of bitterness. I have drank deep of it, God knows. Give me but an hour of two, and you shall have all I get, save the price of a loaf of bread. These little ones have not broken their fast since morn." And the children gathered around their father with frightened gaze at the terrible aspect of the landlady, too frightened even to cry.

"Luck o' me, I, was a hale woman at thirty, could turn a 'mangle or wash against any woman in London, but I took beer—dog's-nose's the stuff. Now look at your wife, a sickly thing, more fit for some lord's table than washing and sewing. Well,—two hours at most,—and then tramp if you don't stump up."

II.

HURRAH ! three cheers ! the last stitch is given ! and behold us a spink span new pair of top-boots.

Allow, us, however, to take a cursory and retrospect glance at our modeller's former state.

James Whyte was born in a quiet hamlet, in that portion of Her Majesty's realms so aptly termed the Garden of England—Kent. His mother was a sailor's widow, who, dying soon after his birth, left him to the care of the parish authorities, and he was, as it is provincially termed, "christened at the pump." But the fatherly eye of the reverend pastor of the village watched over him, and directed the youth's bursting energies and passions in the right channel. At twelve years of age he was taken without a premium by the village Crispin as an apprentice, and such was his proficiency and zeal, that at twenty he was released from his indentures, and soon after became the happy husband of Fanny Newell, the daughter of a wealthy farmer, and the belle of the village.

It may still be in the recollection of many of our readers, that a great union-strike took place about this time among the tailors and shoemakers of our metropolis. Germany, our own counties, France, our provinces, were recruited for fresh hands ; and among the number bitten with the offers of better pay was James Whyte, and he resolved to seek, or rather try, his fortunes in London.

"James !" said his worthy master, when consulted on the subject ; "our capital is as a tinsel ornament, specious to view, but nothing but emptiness and worthlessness within ; and its pleasures are short-lived, glaring for a moment, and then lost in utter oblivion and darkness ; how many a poor country lad has sought Her, expecting, as in story-books of yore, to find her streets paved with gold, and has found nothing but slights and curses. Vice there stalks abroad, if not courted, at least allowed, and too often

Wealth accumulates, and men decay.

You are virtuous, industrious, and honest, but were I to speak in the fulness of my mind, I should advise you against your plans, but as your

mind seems bent upon going—*go*, and take a poor man's blessing; though you may not have such riches or wages in the country, as in our peopled towns, yet you have true contentment, charity, and fraternity. Simple we are in tastes, correct and decorous in our manners, and truly patriotic in our feelings, but in our thickly-populated towns virtue is too often, alas! sacrificed for the precociousness of labour; and that Christian feeling,—that *amor patriæ*, as we old classics say,—which knit our communities together is there all dispelled, and the reverence of noble blood is there exchanged for the treasonable dogmas of disappointed men. A universal thirst for riches, and excitement pervades all classes in our metropolis and large towns. Men actually become mere pieces of machinery for the amassment of wealth. Besides, instead of the free, clear air you now enjoy, you will breathe the sulphurous atmosphere of a factory chimney. Instead of flowery meads and pastures, to spend your leisure hours in, you will only have the parched and blistering flag-stones, or the sun-burnt park. Instead of the sweet chorus of woodland warblers, you will only hear the loud execrations of the cabmen, or the bronchial cry of the itinerant vendor. However, as I said, *go*;—nay, my man! I would not prevent you from *going*; and remember, whether in prosperity or adversity, you have a sure friend in me. Take this Book, and my blessing. I have turned down one leaf, it is there written: 'I have been young, and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.' These lines may cheer you with true faith in sorrow or sickness, but may the Almighty Dispenser of all things avert such sorrows from you, and in His infinite mercy bless you through His son, Jesus Christ." And a scalding tear fell from the good old pastor's eye upon the Book of Holy Writ.

James arrived in London, his recommendations and qualifications soon enabled him to obtain an excellent appointment, and step by step up the ladder of fortune he went, until he reached its topmost rundle; when, by one of those inscrutable dispensations of Providence, he was hurled to the lowest depths. A cold, caught at a pleasure-trip to Greenwich, turned to pleurisy, and for months he lay on the bed of sickness at an expensive lodging, and attended by expensive doctors; his little savings were soon spent, and on reaching convalescence, he found another man appointed to his office, and himself in debt. He had but one course to pursue,—to sell his furniture, and retire to the humble lodgings where we first introduced him to our readers, and gain a livelihood by journeyman work.

III.

JAMES put on his patched coat and hat, and, after leaving his wife and children to the care of a kind neighbour, he emerged with ourselves into the street. Here we passed squalid children, half-drunken mechanics smoking short pipes, a blue policeman, a red letter-carrier, then those vultures of poverty—pawnbrokers, in their shops with the three avunculean balls—and miserable dirty half-clad women crowding around those glittering thrones of "the foul fiend"—gin palaces. Onwards we went, and reached broader streets; onwards, and the scene changed to the centre of our modern Babylon, where rank, beauty, and fashion,

contentment, independence, and virtue; poverty, drunkenness, and crime, jostled one another. Onwards, and we stopped before a splendid emporium of boots, the front a perfect mass of plate-glass and gilding, and filled with every description of boot, from the Blucher to the Wellington, from the Albert's taste to the D'Orsay's fancy. J. Silvertale, boot-maker, supported by the lion and unicorn, figured in conspicuous letters on a fanciful board; while on the left lintel of the door, in very neat characters, "Cash accommodation," was painted—a beautiful cab with a splendid bay horse, bedizened with silver harness, was standing at the door, and inside the cab was a smart pigmy of nature listlessly flanking the flies off the sleek sides of the animal. A young man, dressed in the first style of fashion, was leaning over the counter in deep conversation with Silvertale, a stout oily-visaged man, in a plain black suit and white starched cravat.

"On these terms, and on these terms only, mi lord," said Silvertale, mentally weighing each word.

"On those terms only?" said Lord Frederick Poynings, contracting the muscles of his face, and spasmodically clenching his white kid-glove.

"Upon those terms only, mi lord. They are very fair; why, with this monetary crisis, fifty per cent is only fair interest. By-the-by, I got the pheasants, fat and good; do you feed with potatoes or buck-wheat? The venison I can't say much for. Sir William Woolsey's was better."

"I'll accept your terms, Silvertale," screamed Lord Frederick, "I know I shall win, shan't I, Silvertale? Something within me tells me I shall win. Ah, Crockford, look out! I'll break the bank to-night. Hurrah! But—I promised my poor mother, on her death-bed, I would not part with the title-deeds—it was *her* property. I see her now; her flickering breath, her glazed eye—some eau-de-vie, quick."

"Mr. Johnstone, just step to the cellaret, and bring Lord Frederick a glass of brandy," said Silvertale, turning to his clerk.

"Ah! it is good; the mortal that first distilled it from the seed was a god. Ay, it blunts the conscience, it drowns care. However, Silvertale, I shall win to-night, and then I'll redeem the deeds—hurrah!"

"I am sure you have my best wishes to win," replied Silvertale, with stoical indifference. "You are rather excited, mi lord. Hudson has just got in a fresh case of topazes, one of them, mi lord, with a glass of heck and iced carrarra-water, would quieten your nerves. Good morning, mi lord, good morning."

His lordship stepped into his cab, the tiger jumped up behind, and the horse, through street and square,

Went pawing the air.

Ah! how few envious passers-by little thought that that fair exterior covered a bleeding heart.

"Good morning, Mr. Puffer, good morning; fine weather, sir," said Silvertale, as a stout, bloated, red-faced youth, of twenty years or so, entered the shop.

"Business again, you see, Silvertale. I want a hundred or so. I suppose I can have it."

"Certainly, sir, certainly, sir; usual terms, sir."

"Oh, damn it, any thing," replied the other.

"I was thinking, Mr. Puffer, it would be a nice little trip, if you and Robert were to take a moor this year in Scotland, eh?—run up there by the 12th?"

Robert was Mr. Silvertale's only son, an excellent image of *Tortillard*, in "*Les Mystères de Paris*."

"I will think about it. I want the money now though, but I can't take any more boots or bricks, and as for the consignment of Moselle, I sent it to my uncle, and he does nothing but curse me since. He thinks, I wanted to give him the cholera, and says it was nothing but a bad description of sour gooseberry wine."

Silvertale looked the picture of injured innocence.

"Odd, very, sir. Now it is Lord Cockermouth's favourite bin, and Captain Williams had a case forwarded to him only by last night's train—it is the *red seal*, Mr. Puffer."

"Red seal or green, I know my uncle says he has never been well since; he is as cross as the devil, and I can't convince him that I was not playing him a trick. He says it had not the slightest semblance to Moselle, except in the bottles."

"Well, sir, I can only express my sorrow. Rest assured, your uncle is no judge. But a thought crosses my mind. I picked up a real Vandyke very cheap, for an *original*, at a sale the other day, now I don't mind throwing that in, as a bonus. Walk this way, sir," and taking him into an inner room he showed Mr. Puffer a striking representation of himself in all the array of black garments, white cravat, rubicund face, and yellow watch-chains dangling from the fob.

"That may be very like *Mr. Vandyke*," replied Puffer, having an indefinite idea whether *Mr. Vandyke*, as he called him, was a popular preacher or a distinguished member of parliament, "but it is plaguy like you, Silvertale."

"Ah, sir, I see you have no soul for the antics," said the shoemaker, with imperturbable gravity. "However, I have a splendid black charger I bought of Ferris of the Life Guards. As you pass Cattle's stables take a look at him; if you like him, he is yours for the bonus."

Mr. Puffer left the shop.

"Tarra and Ages, and where's my boots? By this and by that, if they are not done I will slate you. And be dads I will never employ you more," said an excited gentleman, entering the shop.

"Your name?" inquired Mr. Johnstone, with a low bow.

"The Ballymacarett of Ballymacarett, captain of the Tipperary Fencibles."

"I am sorry to say they are not done—press of business,—"

"Then, be dads, I will not have them; and Mr. Silvertale, recollect I will never employ you again."

"Put up the shutters, Mr. Johnstone," said the shoemaker, with an obsequious bow. "Silvertale's 'occupation's gone!' ah! ah! Mr. Johnstone," he continued, as the Irishman bounced out of the shop, "rather good, and to my face, too! to me! who could buy up the county of Tipperary, and who are you, sir," turning to our modeller.

"A 17,949," he modestly replied.

"All right," said Mr. Johnstone, "Sir William Woolsey's—11. 17s. due—all right—here is your money, my man—come, look sharp."

IV.

Few sights can be more striking to the foreigner or stranger than to view the approaches to Ascot during the holding of its races; while on the course, that natural exclusiveness of aristocracy is then vanquished by the passion of field-sports, which is so indelible in the Anglo-Saxon blood, and the hidden shades of equality and fraternity is at that time brought to light; at every turn of the road succeeding equipages meet the eye. Royalty in all its effulgence and beauty, is whirled to the scene of action, escorted by body-guards with shining cuirasses and nodding plumes, with the reiterated hurrahs of loyal and devoted subjects, and followed, in the wake, by the humble tax-cart of the sturdy yeoman, who is giving his faithful Joan a trip to Ascot. The natural triumphs of beauty, blended in sweet mellowness with the lovely tints of fashion, mingle with the sterner pictures of poverty and vice. The peer and the yokel, the "black-leg" and the parson, the beauty and the beggar, all seem endued with one common spirit, and all bent upon one errand—enjoyment.

The clear, full notes of a cornopean floated upon the breeze, as the well-appointed drag of Captain Grigle of the Blues dashed along the winding wooded road.

"What is that thing?" inquired the captain, as a rather timid young gentleman was endeavouring to persuade a black horse to take a forward course, while the animal seemed to have a predilection for circling round and round. "Now, sir, look out!" exclaimed Grigle; "you will be against my leaders directly. Keep to one side."

The rider of the black horse in question mentally wished it was not the outside of the horse he had to keep.

"Ecod! that is Ferris's late charger!" exclaimed Cornet Wiskerless; "he sold it last week to Silvertale—the "understanding," as punsters call him; for ten pounds he tossed with Ferris, and, of course, our worthy lieutenant lost; they tossed thirty pounds or ten."

"And the rider is Mr. Puffer," said old Jack Frisby, a general hanger-on to any nobleman or gentleman who kept a French cook, and gave good wine; a man who knew everybody and everything; a fellow who had seen and done everything, having been up in a balloon, and down in a diving-bell; in short, a general key-hole inspector. "Yes, only son of Puffer and Co., rich Norfolk bankers; a mushroom of yesterday, one of the aristocracy of wealth; a class we all imperceptibly worship, much as we repudiate the idea; *certainly*, a parchment-roll, even be it the genealogical tree of a Welshman, is a very indigestible dish compared with the *friandises* of a Monsieur Soyer and the feast of turtle, and the flow of champagne, in my opinion, far preferable to the feast of reason and the flow of soul. However that is, Mr. Puffer calls him a perfect gentleman."

"At all events, he will be a *finished* one," replied Grigle; "and the sooner he invests half-a-guinea in a racket, while he has one to invest,

the better for him. He is doomed to serve in the fleet, and no mistake, if he is one of Silvertale's lot."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Frisby, "Silvertale says he is so precious green, that the worthy money-lender has quite qualms of conscience to take his I O U's."

"Silvertale's qualms of conscience!—crocodile's tears! Were he to paint over his door 'Shoemaker to the Queen's Bench,' instead of 'Shoemaker to the Queen,' he would be nearer the mark; most of his customers reside at that respectable palace," said Grigle.

"A card, gentlemen," said the incomparable and lamented Jerry, with all the *suaviter in modo*. "Ah, Grigle, my boy, Chesterfield and Bentinck * have come. Nice tits those of yours, the off leader a nice stepper. Who's to win the Emperor's Cup? Hot day, is not it? at least I am overpowered, hot I may say."

"I should have thought a man of your coolness could never have been hot," said Frisby.

"'Pon honour *not so bad*. Allow me the honour, or rather pleasure of your acquaintance. When we meet at Tat's. I shall be most happy to introduce you to a few of my friends, Eglington, Rous, &c."

"Well, you have the impudence of a bagsman," said Grigle; "you ought to be a director of an insurance company—however, take that," throwing him a sovereign, "and in future don't take *gentlemen's* names in vain."

V.

It was the morning of Ascot races—the day on which the vase presented by the Czar of Russia is contested for—that we stood in all the beauty of blacking and putty powder in the dressing-room of Sir William Woolsey, and in a few minutes found ourselves upon a human rack, undergoing the extorsive pains incident to a new pair of boots, and after a few oaths, a little breakfast, a glass of curaçoa, and a cigar, we found ourselves across a thoroughbred hack galloping to Ascot. Sir William's Cleartheway was second favourite for the race, and he had been confidently informed by his trainer that the said horse *was to win*. Upon our arrival at the course the first person we espied was Smithson, Sir William Woolsey's trainer, an individual with a florid complexion, sharp twinkling eyes, and a Roman nose, and habited in a bright green cutaway coat, a scarlet waistcoat, light brown trousers, so tight at the ankles that it would be a matter worthy of the research of an F.R.S. to know how he got into them, while a hat, better known as a "Ramsay tile," completed

* Let us here pause and drop the tear of pity upon one stricken in the prime of life,—a statesman, a soldier, a courtier, and a sportsman,—he had all the essentials for his high estate; though others might have excelled him in the rhetoric of a senate, few exceeded him in that purity of spirit and singleness of heart which were the leading traits of his character, whether in opposing one of the most powerful and combined ministry this country ever possessed, or in extirpating the rank weeds from the British turf. He died suddenly, regretted by all, and surely he deserves a niche in that sacred edifice where—

——— whate'er was great
Lies crowned with prince's honours, poet's lays.

the picture. Smithson was surrounded by a circle of saplings and lordlings all eager for his smiles, all flutter for his mysterious knowledge, while the trainer looked down upon his admirers with that parental care attributed to ogres in story-books when they have lured innocent children into their mansions, or as a carnivorous merlin would in a dove-cot. As We passed by, Smithson left his circle, and with a knowing wink and a touch of the nose assured Sir William that Cleartheway would win, and recommended him to post a monkey (500*l.*) on the horse; he had beaten the Derby winner yesterday at a trial, so he had, so help him —.

The news spread like wildfire; there was an immediate rush to the betting-ring; all was excitement and vociferation, Cleartheway was quickly the favourite, but strange to relate, he had still his enemies, and the odds were freely laid against him. The saddling-bell rings; the horses are paraded before the grand stand; hard-featured boys, cradled in mangers, and being part and parcel of their horses, in gay colours, mount the racers; another bell rings—they are off; they turn the corner, they reach the post, and Day lands Martingale an easy winner, Cleartheway being a bad fourth. The saplings and lordlings look blue, one immediately posts off the course, and is next seen scurrying across London Bridge with a carpet-bag in his hand, making the best of his way to his papa. Sir William begins to think his information was not so good as he expected, and entertains doubts of Smithson. He, good man, bears his losses, which he declares are enormous (though it appears he receives a good deal of money and never pays any away) with great fortitude, and prophesies better luck another time, and the party, in a curious combination of spirits, some elated, some depressed, repair to Captain Grigle's drag to discuss the merits of a champagne luncheon.

"I suppose you have heard poor Poynings shot himself the night before last," said a young attaché, as he filled his glass on the drag; "yes, poor fellow—play—deeply involved to Silvertale, who persuaded the jury to return a verdict of *felo-de-se*—seized the corpse for a debt and sold it to an anatomist; some one redeemed it, I did not hear who. He is to be buried to-night."

Mingled cries of "No!" "Shocking!" "Horrible!" responded to this speech.

"Poor fellow! poor Poynings! if it was not Mrs. Farley's rout to-night, and I have faithfully promised to be there, I should certainly have gone to his funeral," said Grigle. "Poor fellow, how he used to keep the table in a roar at those Greenwich fish-dinners, and what an inimitable song he could sing at old Crocky's suppers."

"Ah! poor Poynings! he was always the same light-hearted, merry, good-natured fellow from a boy at Eton," said Woolsey, "and if there was not a new ballet at the Opera to-night I should certainly have gone to his burial. It is a cursed bore, but it is impossible to be in two places at the same time. It is a bore—poor Poynings!"

"What a horrid thing death must be," exclaimed an old beau garçon, rouged and wrinkled. "Whew! how cold it is. Whew! it is like Christmas. Grigle, have you any curaçoa in the hampers? Whew! it is so cold," as a Midsummer-brace toyed with the few straggling gray hairs of the old gentleman.

"Why there sits that bird of ill-omen," said Wiskerless, "that heartless villain Silvertale."

And true enough there sat Silvertale, in a neat barouche, emblazoned with the bloody hand and the Knowsley arms; a seizure from some spendthrift baronet, who was then moralising in Boulogne, and Mrs. Silvertale, a coarse-featured, masculine woman, with a Jewish cast of countenance, and Tortillard and Miss Silvertale, flounced and furbelowed in all the combined colours of the rainbow, with geranium hair, and a sallow, plain complexion, resembling a badly-boiled chicken in hue. Silvertale in his shop and Silvertale at Ascot races were two very different people, as Cuffy, the negro tailor, launching forth sedition in St. Giles's, would be a very different person from Cuffy, Lord-Proctor of England. In his shop, Silvertale was arrogant, boasting, and overbearing; away from it, he was mild, gentle, nay even a sycophant; but under either exterior, a horrid little demon was working at his heart, with its Machiavellian arts of amassing ingots at the price of soul and body. Miss Silvertale, in all the maiden playfulness of coquetry, parried the nonchalant look of Cornet Wiskerless, as he leisurely lounged up to the carriage; but the plain young lady's complexion turned to a bright saffron, and her parasol was raised with an indignant toss, as that officer exclaimed to her revered sire, "Well, Silvertale, so you have murdered Lord Frederick Poynings: another score against you, old boy, in the book of fate," and with a contemptuous turn of the heel, joined his party.

VI.

FOUR sinister-looking men, at the hour of midnight, hurried along the dirty, splashy streets of London, in a good jog-trot, carrying a simple bier, on which rested a plain deal coffin, and entering the retired cemetery of * * *, carelessly dropped their burden by a newly-dug grave, near which stood a fat, red-faced clergyman, and a gray-headed old sexton, prepared to read the last sad obsequies of the dead. A young and beautiful girl, in deep mourning, leading a lovely boy, of some four summers, whose auburn ringlets hung in profusion down his back, and a liveried groom-boy, were the sole mourners to those earthly remains, borne to their "low-delved tomb." During the first part of the service the mourners preserved a stolid silence, broken only by the low and smothered sob, indicating true and fervent sorrow, until the priest delivered the impressive words of "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and the hard, flinty pebbles rattled on the coffin, when the female, her feelings—like the thawed torrent, which bursts every opposing barrier—vanquished their restraints, and, in a paroxysm of grief, she threw herself upon the green turf, tore with frenzied hands her unconfined tresses, and bathed the narrow house of death with scalding tears.

The groom-boy gave vent to his grief in a cataract of sobs, and blubbered forth, "He—he—e—should—ne—ne—ver—" sob, sob, sob, "no—o—ne—ver—get—such—a—a—master—a—a—gain—" sob, sob, sob—"shouldn't—he—e—e—" sob, sob, "like to have—e—e—e Mister Shoemaker in a quist—cor—ne—r—r for—fi—ve minutes," sob, sob, "wouldn't he—e—e punch his head that—was—was—all—ll," sob, sob,

while the poor little child turned his dark expressive eyes on the servant, and clung to him for protection, the tears coursing down his little cheeks, partly from cold and partly because his mother wept.

And thus ended the career of the once favoured, courted, Lord Frederick Poynings! Slain by his own hand—his requiem sung on a drag—his corpse seized by his creditor and sold for dissection—(in a Christian country forsooth! a deed surely worthy of the dark ages of barbarism) his coffin borne by hirelings, and unattended by his *professed* friends, who had shared his patrimony and fetes! Two mourners, and two only, witnessed the closing scene—his loving mistress—his faithful servant! Thus died Lord Frederick Poynings! Naturally good-natured, he became a victim to the fierce Juggernaut of society; his main object to *please* soon became a habit, and the habit a vice—his end—the gambler's. As sure as the first taste of opium of the Eastern drinker leads to a delirious death, so surely does the first touch of the card by a vacillant man lead to gambling, and gambling to destruction!

And thus died Lord Frederick Poynings! neglected, already forgotten! possessing many excellent qualities and virtues, but destitute of *one*, the most essential—true moral courage—without which we are as nothing, unable to withstand the temptations of the world, which assail us in every form and at every step.

VII.

It was a clear fine morning in January, with a southerly wind and a few fleecy clouds quietly sailing over the blue firmament that Sir William Woolsey, arrayed in all the habiliments of the chace, was despatching a breakfast, which our Gallic neighbours would certainly have designated *un déjeuner à la fourchette*. Sir William had forsworn the turf. There is a something called "*cannvism*" implanted in the breast of every Yorkshireman and Scotchman, which opens their eyes to *any* imposition endeavoured to be palmed upon them, especially as regards money matters. From what causes it arises, or for what reason it is there, is quite irrelative to our subject; that there it is, is an undoubted fact, as certain as, that the love of country is stronger in the mountainous tribes, or the sublimity of loyal devotion greatest among the rural peasantry of La Vendée. Sir William and ourselves were quickly in the saddle, and in full gallop to Pillmoor, a favourite meet of the York and Ainsty fox hounds; where, on our arrival, the thoroughbred hack was delivered over to a smart pad groom, who had been carrying on a colloquy with another pad-groom relative to the servant's-hall beer, and the merits of their respective masters' studs, and we, transferred to a muscular, well-turned hunter.

"Yoi—in! yoi—in! yey! my little darlings! Hark to Sweetlips!" exclaimed the huntsman. "Have a care, Modesty! Mo—des—ty!"

"Tally ho! gone away!" shouted the first whipper-in, as a thoroughson of old "*Cæsar*" broke from the sylvan cover.

Few moments of tremulous anxiety or excitement are greater than the re-echoing view holloa. Horse and man are alike actuated by the same emotions; their heart's blood bubbles, the trembling flanks of the

horse, the straining eyeballs of the men tell but too plainly that both are eager for the chace. "For'—ard!" was cried, and with a simultaneous spring the seven first flight men went, crash at the yawning bullfinch. Forward they go, in an ecstasy of excitement. Forward—but let us pause, kind reader, for we are now trespassing on the rights of the Nimrods of the sporting periodicals. Suffice it to say, the "who—o—op" was given upon the Hambleton Hills to an audience of not more than six individuals out of a field of a hundred or more—among which honourable number—in at the death—we found ourselves.

"Pretty sharp work, Sir William," said an old yeoman, in a long-skirted scarlet coat and mahogany tops, mopping his jolly rubicund face. "These hills are rum'uns. Nothing but blood and muscle live to-day, none of your bang-tailed weeds."

"True, true," replied Sir William, as he took a bird's-eye view of the vale beneath, where one man was endeavouring to catch his horse, another was lassoing his out of a bog; this one performing a sort of pantomimic posture on his head, for no visible amusement or emolument to himself; while that was busily engaged opening a vein of his hunter, by which attempt he quickly settled the point of life and death by cutting an artery.

"Well, you are a nice fellow," said Captain Devereux, when Sir William returned to his house, on the day in question, "you ask a fellow for dinner—six sharp—and here you keep him an hour and a half—half-past seven."

"My dear fellow, in England, or rather Yorkshire, the chace is an excuse for any dilatoriness," replied Sir William. "Gad, sir! I would not marry a girl who would not accept of the chace as a sufficient apology for *any* unpunctuality on my part.* However, we have had a capital run, found at Pillmoor, and, be gad, killed on the Hambleton training-ground."

"Those are nice 'tops' of yours," said Devereux, as Sir William pulled off our noble selves.

"These are your's," replied Sir William, "they cut me most terribly over the instep."

"Thank you; it is all fish that comes to the net," said Devereux.

And we found ourselves, some few months after, in all our shining lustre and beauty, standing in an officer's room at the Royal Barracks, Dublin.

* "Quite a Yorkshireman's sentiment!" exclaims a gentle reader. Granted, ladye faire,—it is.

BEATTIE'S LIFE OF CAMPBELL.*

THE life of such a man as Campbell does not present much variety of incident and fortunes, excepting such as are of a strictly private and domestic nature. As the gifts of his genius (rich and rare as they were) were freely bestowed upon the public, that life may be truly said to be contained in his works. And in that point of view, Mr. Cyrus Redding's elaborate "*Life and Reminiscences*," as published in the *New Monthly*, especially in that which concerns the poet's connexion with the same magazine, and the epoch of his most arduous literary engagements, is perhaps the most pleasing biography that could be given: it is certainly that with which the public ought to be best satisfied. But there is in this, as in other cases, a yearning for more—an intuitive inquisitiveness into the cause of success, and the mode in which that success was achieved; and, above all, a deep and heartfelt interest in the most ordinary details of existence of a person whose works we admire, and whose writings have been able to excite the highest and the best sympathies of our nature. To portray such, can only be done by those to whom such a task would be a labour of love; and such it is pre-eminently shown to be by the noble monuments to Campbell's memory, penned by his friend, his counsellor, his physician, and his literary executor, Dr. William Beattie.

But while it is true that Campbell's life presents few striking incidents or achievements out of the domain of literature, that his dawning successes at college, his brilliant entrance into the world, secured to him by his first great performance—his German tour—his editorship of the *New Monthly*—his exertions in the cause of Greece, of Poland, and of education at home—his lectures, and his trip to Africa, constitute nearly all the more prominent features of his life—it is not on that account that it ought to be said, especially by any one having pretensions to literary taste or judgment, that the record of his years is at once barren and trivial.

The life of Thomas Campbell, as narrated by both his biographers, Dr. Beattie and Mr. Redding, displays some of the finest qualities of human nature. As a boy, he shone pre-eminent for a fine ambition, untinged by envy or malice, for his gallantry (witness his saving a life at Greenock), and for his generous spirit and warm friendships; as a man, he was no less distinguished by traits of the most noble character. He was true to his domestic ties, affectionately and perseveringly generous to his poorer relatives, assiduous in his studies, zealous in the cause of literature, ardent in that of education, liberty, and patriotism, and largely gifted with man's most divine attributes—a ready head and heart. It was not Campbell's weaknesses that won, or secured to him so many lasting friendships; it was that, amidst all the errors and follies attendant upon a generous uncalculating disposition, the brightest metal still ever lay at the core; and like the sunshine that illumines a tear, it made itself seen and felt amid darkening sorrow and vexation.

* *Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell*. Edited by William Beattie, M.D., one of his Executors. 3 vols. Moxon.

The record of such a life cannot, therefore, be said to be barren or trivial so long as there is honour in privacy and virtue without publicity. If the active performance of our social duties, the honourable fulfilment of the tasks imposed upon us by position in life and by our calling here below, are to count as nothing by the side of those phantoms of Fame's "air dress'd goddess," pursued through each fitting scene—gifts of a "babbling girl"—then, indeed, is all that ought most to be sought after, and most prized when attained, an honest name and an honourable life, a mere bauble, and the goodly list of those who have shed lustre upon their intellectual supremacy by the dignity of their occupations and the simplicity of their social life, may be at once erased from our memories. As a child, Thomas Campbell was lively and well-favoured, rather of a delicate than of a robust constitution, with beautiful expressive features, and a remarkable precocity of intellect. He was of a playful disposition, easily amused by others, and so inquisitive that he found amusement and information in every thing that fell in his way. These features in his character stood prominent throughout his career. When at eight years of age he was transferred from the care of an intellectual and ballad-loving mother to that of Mr. Alison, master of the grammar-school of Glasgow, he was not only soon at the head of his class—a position which he invariably maintained—but he was also a general favourite with his schoolfellows. Dr. Beattie traces the first feelings of poesy to a brief residence on the banks of the river Cart, to which the boy was consigned at this early period of his life, from illness brought on by too close application. A little poem on the Seasons, beginning,

Oh joyful Spring, thy cheerful days prolong
(The feathered songsters thus begin the song),
Lo, smiling May doth now return at last,
But ah ! she runs, she runs along too fast,

is recorded as one of his very first attempts at poetry, one of the first tangible proofs that the "magic of nature breathed on his mind." At twelve years of age, young Campbell was a proficient in Latin and Greek, and his memory was stored with the finest passages of Horace and Virgil. If we are to believe Dr. Beattie, this precocious youth would declaim with great fluency, at the evening fire-side, in the languages of Greece and Rome; and although his audience, generally his mother and sisters, were not the most attentive listeners on those occasions, his relish for the ancient masters of the art was so keen, that he never imagined their sublime sentiments could be heard with indifference by any human being. Certain it is that his translations from the Greek commenced with his fourth year at the grammar-school, and there seems little doubt that he felt at that early time that enthusiastic admiration of the old Hellenic poets, which accompanied him through life, and which undoubtedly tended much to render him the most purely correct and classical poet of his age.

This early enthusiasm (Dr. Beattie adds) which the study of the Greek poets had kindled in the mind of Campbell, while a boy at school and college, appeared to strengthen with his growth, and literally became part of himself, long before he had reached the full measure of his intellectual maturity. Even in the latter stage of life, when the fever of politics had subsided, and original composition was almost abandoned, the gigantic structures of the Greek drama were still floating in airy vision before his eyes. And I then remarked, in his case, the

truth of the observation, that, as age advances, the predilections of youth often return with peculiar force. His Greek, indeed, was his pride and solace at every period of life; yet never so much, I think, as when the expiration of the lease was but too evidently approaching.

Thomas Campbell went to college with the full knowledge that "great things" were expected of him by his own family, as well as by his master, who confidently predicted the high honours that awaited his pupil; and the pupil resolved that these flattering anticipations should not be disappointed. Such a resolution was of itself sufficient indeed to ensure their fulfilment. Add to these pleasant auguries for the future as also in illustration of what has been before said of the qualities of young Campbell's heart, that he had not only ingratiated himself with his master by his industry, genius, and vivacity, but that, Dr. Beattie assures us, that no boy of his age had ever left the grammar-school more beloved by his class-fellows.

Young Campbell at once distinguished himself as an expert linguist, and for his years, a ready and acute reasoner at college. Though under fourteen years of age, he received at the onset one prize for Latin, a second for some English verses, and a third, after sharp competition, in construing and writing Latin.

The future poet's success at college forms, indeed, an interesting page in his history. Although compelled by his necessities to give elementary instruction to younger lads, his studies were marked by continuous triumphs. He was also a keen debater at the clubs, which characterise the northern universities. The cultivation of poetry, to which he was at this early period of his life assiduously given, did not retard the elegance of his prose, and in his second session he obtained fresh academical honours for best composition. One of the first poems of the young aspirant's that attracted public attention were some verses on the death of Marie Antoinette. But Dr. Beattie traces the first awakenings of those political principles, to which he so strictly adhered throughout life, to his attending the trial of the Scottish reformers, Muir, Gerald, and others. "The whole scene," says his biographer, "within the Parliament House—the judges on the bench—the prisoners at the bar—their looks—their eloquence—their indignant repudiation of the charges brought against them—their fervent appeals to the jury—their sentence—their solemn protest and despair—all seemed to haunt his imagination in after-life like a reality that nothing could efface."

There were circumstances also connected with this excursion to Edinburgh which depict the noble disposition of the youth in vivid colours. Campbell had obtained a few days' holiday for his exemplary conduct; he wished to see the prisoners then so much spoken about, and he watched his opportunity to ask permission to satisfy his curiosity:—

"Oh, mamma, how I long to see Edinburgh!" exclaimed the young poet, at a propitious moment. "If I had but three shillings, I could walk there in one day, sleep two nights, and be two days at my aunt Campbell's, and walk back in another day (forty-two 'lang Scotch miles')." To my delightful surprise, she answered,

"No, my bairn; I will give you what will carry you to Edinburgh, and bring you back, but you must promise me not to walk more than half the way in any one day." That was twenty-two miles. "Here," said she, "are five shillings for you in all; two shillings will serve you to go, and two to return, for a bed at the half-way house costs but sixpence."

She then gave me—I shall never forget the beautiful coin—a King William and Mary crown-piece. I was dumb with gratitude; but sallying out to the streets I saw at the first bookseller's shop a print of "Elijah, fed by the Ravens." Now, I had often heard my poor mother saying confidentially to our worthy neighbour, Mrs. Hamilton—whose strawberries I had pilfered—that in case of my father's death—and he was a very old man—she knew not what would become of her. "But," she used to add, "let me not despair, for Elijah was fed by the ravens." When I presented her with the picture, I said nothing of its tacit allusion to the possibility of my being one day her supporter; but she was much affected, and evidently felt a strong presentiment.

Nothing is more certain, although it has been very differently represented, that Campbell, when at college, won golden opinions from all. His warmth and tenderness of heart, his mature judgment, enlivened by sallies of wit and humour, endeared him alike to masters and to fellow-collegians. Among the latter, he was, indeed, regarded as a prodigy, and often copied as a standard authority in the various branches of study and composition.

"This superiority," says his biographer, "however, which in other cases would have excited jealousy, and alienated less gifted minds, had no such effect on that of young Campbell. His character, at once open-hearted, and open-handed, was destitute of any thing like selfishness, and drew the circle of his friends more and more closely around him. Always disposed to help those who sought his assistance, he awakened in their minds a feeling of gratitude as well as of admiration. He was looked upon, not with envy, but affection—not as one who monopolised the prizes in every class, but as one whose talents reflected lustre upon the whole body of students. He spoke their sentiments, shared their sympathies, advocated their rights, and was regarded as their friend and representative—one to whom they could point with just pride and confidence, whenever the discipline of the university might be called in question, and say,—'This is a youth after our own hearts—this is one of ourselves!'"

It is truly remarkable and distressing to think that when the tide of misfortune fell with oppressive weight upon the poet's family, that nothing better could be obtained for a youth who had so pre-eminently distinguished himself at college, than a poor tutorship in the remote Hebrides! Such a reward for assiduity and success gives little encouragement to others. To young Campbell, however, a residence in Mull was not unprofitable. Copious translations from the Greek dramatists occupied much of his leisure, and he laid in a never-failing stock of poetic imagery, from those grand phenomena of nature which were here actually forced upon his observation. Dr. Beattie also traces to a correspondence held at this period with a college friend—Hamilton Paul—a brother bard, and prize-man, of some years' standing—the origin of a great idea. Mr. Paul had, in answer to the poet's complaints of ennui in his seclusion, sent to him some lines on solitude, of which he said, banteringly:—"We have now three Pleasures by first-rate men of genius, viz.,—'The Pleasures of Imagination'—'The Pleasures of Memory,' and 'The Pleasures of Solitude!' Let us cherish 'The Pleasures of Hope,' that we may soon meet in *Alma Mater*!" "His facetious correspondent," remarks Dr. Beattie, "little imagined that while exhorting Campbell to 'cherish the Pleasures of Hope,' he was suggesting, and predicting the very theme which, within three years from that date, was to establish his reputation as a classic poet."

Campbell resumed his duties as college-tutor upon his return from Mull; he had also some private pupils, among whom, was Lord Cuninghame, of the Justiciary Court of Edinburgh, and who has furnished

some pleasing reminiscences of his former tutor to Dr. Beattie. On quitting the university, Campbell was once more exiled to the Highlands, as domestic tutor to the present Sir William Napier. Like most men of genius, our young poet was exceedingly susceptible of the feeling of love, and he diversified his residence in the Highlands, as he had previously done at Mull, with a romantic passion for one of, whom he wrote—

Dear, precious name—rest ever unreveal'd!
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd.

One or two active friends entered at this period into active negotiations to get Campbell an opening as a student for the bar, but for want of a few hundred pounds, it appears that they totally failed; and thwarted in his legal ambition, he turned to poetry with more devotion than ever, and thus we have to thank this and similar disappointments for "*The Pleasures of Hope*." The publication of this poem, which went through four editions in a twelvemonth, and which followed closely upon Campbell's first sojourn in Edinburgh, made him known to all the men of the day, Brougham, Jeffrey, Dugald Stewart, &c. It also provided him with the means of making a tour on the Continent. In a work of minute detail, like that of Dr. Beattie, we find many little incidents taking place in the poet's career between these more striking episodes of his life, but which it is impossible to notice here. Such, for example, were at this period his attempt to establish a magazine in Glasgow, and his projected emigration to America; such, also, were his various relations with contemporary genius, so minutely and interestingly recorded by his biographer.

The continental tour is, also, a rich subject for the biographer. It is well known that the fruits of this tour were the noblest lyrics of modern times. "*Hohenlinden*," suggested by witnessing the battle from a neighbouring monastery, is one of the grandest battle-pieces ever drawn. "*Ye Mariners of England*" was written at Hamburg, with a Danish war in prospect; and the "*Exile of Erin*," a gentler breathing of the affections, was suggested by meeting with a party of exiles who retained a strong love of their native country, and an exaggerated remembrance of their wrongs and sufferings. How these verses ran from lip to lip, and from heart to heart, wherever the British tongue was spoken, is now "*a dream of the days of other years*." They live, and will live, so long as wood grows and water runs—sacred as a cherished part of our thoughts, our language, and ourselves!

The first few years of his return were spent by the poet alternately in London, in Edinburgh, and in Liverpool, and in the advantageous society of Lord Minto, Sir W. Scott, Dr. Currie, and Roscoe. At length, in 1803, Campbell married Miss Matilda Sinclair, one of those pretty cousins whom he was ashamed to visit when in humble plight on his way to Mull, and he sat down to a steady course of literary industry in the great metropolis. Poets, however, were born to trouble, as he himself remarks, "*as the sparks fly upwards!*" Little ease or comfort followed upon the new domestic ties which he had drawn around him. One moment trying for a professorship in Poland, another engaged in vain pursuit of generous patrons or liberal publishers, it was not until after six years of drudgery and anxiety, that he attested by publishing his "*Gertrude*," and "*Lord Ullin's Daughter*," and the "*Battle of the Baltic*," that his poetical energies were by no means palled by disappointments. Amidst these perplexities, Campbell's conversational powers and convivial habits obtained for him a large circle of friends and acquaint-

ances. Among these were Charles Fox, to whom he was afterwards indebted for being placed on the pension-list. The success of a course of lectures which he delivered as professor at the Royal Institution, also, led Mr. Murray to engage him in the well-known "Critical Essays and Specimens," the best of his prose works.

In the year 1820, Mr. Campbell entered upon the editorship of the *New Monthly*, which was conducted by him with a spirit worthy of his reputation, and a success quite equal to what could be expected in the state of periodical literature at that time.

If not practical and patient as a man of business, it is generally admitted that Campbell as an editor was brilliant. Dr. Beattie gracefully acknowledges what an able and zealous coadjutor Campbell found in Mr. Redding, but he avers at the same time that the poet devoted his time and energies to the service of the public. He was exceedingly impressed with the responsibility of the position, and he was constantly projecting fresher plans, and higher objects in the cause of literature. Yet while fastidious in his own writings, he was indulgent to those of others, and his kindly feelings sometimes got the better of his judgment. "Whenever poverty and distress came before him," says his more partial biographer, "his critical severity was too apt to be disarmed; and while he thought he was but paying a just tribute to merit, he was, in fact, yielding to the compassionate impulse of his own heart."

Perhaps not the least sacrifice made to editorial duties was the cottage at Sydenham. It was to Campbell as he often said, "the greenest spot in memory's waste." And it was ever the sanctuary to which he fled, and in which he found certain relief under all the afflictions of his chequered course.

The subsequent literary labours of Mr. Campbell are almost identified with the *New Monthly*, which he continued to control for ten long years. During the same period, he interested himself eagerly in the foundation of the London University; he took an active part in the cause of Greece and Poland; and he was twice elected Lord Rector of his olden university. He also made a voyage to Algiers, of which he published an account in the *New Monthly*, afterwards collected and printed in two volumes.

Mr. Campbell sustained in 1830, in the loss of his wife, a blow which, to a man of his warm domestic affections, was irreparable. He resigned the editorship of the magazine; and the decline of his health and energy became evident from that time, and progressed steadily to his death. He established, it is true, the *Metropolitan Magazine*, and he published the "Life of Mrs. Siddons," and other works, but he was never afterwards himself; and he was ultimately obliged to retreat abroad, in the decline of his days, to recruit shattered bodily powers and faded spirits. The end was not long in coming.

It is impossible to take leave of so interesting a subject without expressing the high sense we entertain of the able and conscientious manner in which Dr. Beattie has accomplished his task of friendship. Himself a man of artistic tastes, and not fruitlessly addicted to the muse, his attachment to Campbell was throughout of the warmest description, and, true to the poet after death, it has enabled him, while entering into all the privacies of his subject, to show in a fuller manner than has heretofore been done, how with his share of human foibles, Campbell was a man to esteem and love, as well as a poet whose fame will last for ever.

LAYARD'S ASSYRIAN RESEARCHES.*

THE circumstances under which the first congregations of men, and the so-called great cities of antiquity, existed, as in the case of Babylon and Nineveh, appear to have borne little or no analogy to what obtains in the present day; except in a minor degree, in some great oriental cities. We do not see in our times, cities, the quarters of which are at a distance of thirty miles, as the crow would fly, from one another: yet this is the distance of Nimrod, Dr. Layard's Nineveh, from Khorsabad, M. Botta's Nineveh. We do not see quarters of the same city detached from one another, alike isolated in their relics, as in the case of Khorsabad, Karakush, Karamles, &c., &c., and in their surrounding ramparts, four miles in circuit at Nuniyah—the Nineveh of the natives—and two parasangs in extent at Nimrod. Yet, as it is with the plain of Assyria, so it is with that of Babylonia; and all we can say is, that in those early times the palaces and the forts, the temples, treasures, and strongholds, the towns and villages, the farms and the land that was tilled and cultivated to sustain the widely scattered population, gardens and fields, pastures and orchards, were all alike included under one name. It is only by such a supposition that we can give full force to the well-known scriptural passage in which Nineveh is spoken of as “an exceeding great city of three day's journey,” or can bring into relation with existing things, the descriptions of the vast magnitude of Babylon and of Nineveh left to us by the ancients. Cellarius, commenting upon Strabo's statement, that Nineveh was much greater than Babylon, sensibly enough adds, that “hortos etiam et agros et alia inhabitata loca, ut Babylon, complexa.”

There is, however, every probability that palaces, strongholds, and temples, which were at a distance of thirty miles from one another on the great Nineveh territory, had distinct appellations. It has, for example, been advanced, that the name Ashdod is connected with the palatial ruins of Khorsabad;† as in like manner, Xenophon, the first who visited Nimrod within historical times, calls it Larissa. When Xenophon was at Nimrod, which he notices as a city anciently inhabited by the Medes, he describes the Greeks as proceeding thence six parasangs, or eighteen miles, to a large uninhabited castle, standing near a town called Mespila, formerly inhabited, also, by the Medes. The distances given identify the castle with the ruins at Yarumjah, and the second city of the Medes, with the modern Nuniyah, and this identification has been adopted in all modern editions of the Anabasis, both in this country, on the continent, and in America. Since that, the German scholars (See Tuch and Olhausen in “Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgen-landischen Gesellschaft,” 1848, Heft i., p. 117, and Heft iii., p. 366), have, also, shown that the Athenian did not, as was supposed, corrupt a Greek word *meso-pulai*, the

* Nineveh and its Remains: with an Account of a Visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan, and the Yezidis, or Devil Worshipers; and an Enquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians. By Austen Henry Layard, Esq., D.C.L.

† *Essai de déchiffrement de l'Écriture Assyrienne pour servir à l'explication du Monument de Khorsabad par Isidore Lowenstern.*

middle pass, into Mespila, but that he hellenized a Semitic word *Mauszil*, or *Mewssil* "*junctionis locus*" into Mespila, just as the day before he had hellenized the Resen, or Al Resen, of Scripture, into Larissa.

The remarkable fact that Xenophon thus passed through Assyria Proper, noticing therein the two great sites of Nimrod and Nuniyah,—the one under the name of Larissa, and the other under that of Mespila,—without ever noticing Nineveh, may possibly be owing to the loose manner in which that word was used by the Hebrews. The Greeks never knew aught but a simple dwelling of Ninos. But such an omission is of no more importance to the question in view, than it is whether Nimrod or Asshur founded the cities in question. It is sufficient for our purposes, that Xenophon distinguished the city of Larissa from that of Mespila, as distinct in position, as having a separate history, at least having certain distinct incidents connected with each, and as having different names. And in this he has been followed by all modern travellers, as well as by the dwellers in the land who call the one place Nimrod, and the other Nuniyah.

Oriental geographers are unanimous in asserting the identity of the ruins opposite Mosul with the city or dwelling of Ninus. Ibn Haukal Idrisi, and Ibn Batuta describe the ruins of Nuniyah as opposite Mosul. Abu-l-fada describes the ruins as those of the city to which the prophet Jonah—with whom be peace!—was sent. The tomb of the prophet is shown to the present day at the same spot. Travellers have also been unanimous in arriving at the same conclusion. The learned Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela, who travelled in the twelfth century, describes Nineveh as situated directly opposite Mosul; so also Tavernier, Niebuhr, Rich, Kinneir, Southgate, Texier, and all other travellers.

The only question raised has been one of extent; and this, if carried out to meet the records of Scripture and of Diodorus Siculus, would give to the term Nineveh so wide-embracing a sense, that it would actually comprise nearly the whole of Assyria Proper, or the country of Assyria as distinguished from the Assyrian empire, and the whole of the province of Aturia of the Romans.

The question is one of considerable difficulty, and we shall devote to it a few pages; first of all premising* that the probable site of Nineveh, having been handed down to us by history and tradition, and the localities of Nuniyah, Nimrod, &c., having been visited previously by many travellers and explorers, the labours of Doctor Layard, while they reflect such a vast amount of credit upon his enterprise, skill, and perseverance, cannot, geographically or otherwise, be by any means converted, as has been done by a writer in the *Quarterly*, into a "discovery of Nineveh."

Dr. Layard first saw Nimrod, in 1840, from the mound of an Assyrian ruin at Hamman Ali, on the opposite side of the river, when in the company of Mr. Francis Ainsworth he was proceeding to Kalah Shirgat and Al Hadhr.

From the summit of an artificial eminence (he says) we looked down upon a broad plain, separated from us by the river. A line of lofty mounds bounded it to the east, and one of a pyramidal form rose high above the rest. Beyond it could be fairly traced the waters of the Zab. Its position rendered its identification easy. This was the pyramid which Xenophon had described, and near which the 10,000 had encamped; the ruins around it were those

which the Greek general saw twenty-two centuries before, and which were even then the remains of an *ancient* city. Although Xenophon had compounded a name, spoken by a strange race, with one familiar to a Greek ear, and had called the place Larissa, tradition still points to the origin of the city, and, by attributing its foundation to Nimrod, whose name the ruins now bear, connects it with one of the first settlements of the human race.

There can be no doubt, from Dr. Layard's subsequent discoveries, that, as was always imagined, Nimrod is one of the most ancient sites on the Assyrian plain, and it certainly does appear much more likely to have been a quarter of the Nineveh of the Hebrews, than to have been Resen. Yet, it is curious that while Dr. Layard rejects the philological grounds for identifying the Larissa of Xenophon with the Resen of Scripture as inadequate, that he yet says that the Athenian confounded a name spoken by a strange race with one familiar to a Greek ear. What name did Xenophon confound? It certainly was not Asshur, nor Nimrod: it might have been Resen. The argument is worth little more, but Dr. Layard by no means disposes of it by his summary condemnation.

In 1842 Dr. Layard again passed through Mosul, when he found that M. Botta, who had been appointed consul in consequence of Mr. Rassam's nomination to the same functions, was engaged in excavating the mound called Kouyunjik, the greatest mass of ruin in Nuniyah. These researches were not attended with much success, and M. Botta was induced by the representations of the natives to transfer his operations to the mound at Khorsabad, where his labours were quickly rewarded by the discovery of a chamber which was connected with others, and constructed of slabs of gypsum covered with sculptured representations of battles, sieges, and similar events. A new page in history was thus suddenly unfolded, the records of an unknown people were for the first time brought to light. Khorsabad is placed in the map which accompanies Dr. Layard's work at a distance of only eight miles, direct from Nuniyah, but it took Mr. Francis Ainsworth four hours and seven minutes to ride from the bridge on the Tigris to the same spot on the afternoon of Sunday, the 7th of June, 1840, and it took Dr. Layard two hours to gallop to the same spot. Indeed, he elsewhere describes it as *fourteen* miles N.N.E. of Mosul. Its true magnetic bearing from the vice-consulate at Mosul is N. 27 E. By the beginning of 1845 the monument at Khorsabad was completely uncovered, and it was connected with the second dynasty of Assyrian kings, or with one of those monarchs, Esaraddon or Sennacherib, who extended his conquests over the greater part of Asia.

The success of M. Botta increased the anxiety which Dr. Layard had experienced all along, in common with all those who have ever contemplated the great mounds of ruin that rise out of the Assyrian plain, to explore these relics of primeval times. Happily, in the autumn of 1843, Sir Stratford Canning declared his readiness to incur for a limited period the expenses of excavations in Assyria, and we are thus indebted to the private liberality of a British ambassador for the first commencement of those explorations which were destined to be followed by the most remarkable discoveries and by such triumphant success.

Dr. Layard lost no time in getting to the spot. He had no enthusiastic geographer to lay his hand upon a map, and say all this requires to be explored; no committee to dictate the laying down of a river bed,

coursing through impenetrable forests and wall-like ramparts of rock; but he had an hypocritical, bigoted, and grasping pasha to deal with, and was obliged to begin by stealth. It took the doctor and his companion, Mr. Ross, upwards of five hours to descend the Tigris from Nuniyah to Nimrod. In the morning the lofty cone and broad mound which characterises the latter site, broke like a distant mountain on the sky, and it is truly a remarkable object. The upper part of a slab of gypsum cropping out to-day was sufficient indication where to commence; the assistance of seven Arab peasants had been obtained, and the very first morning's excavations (Nov. 9, 1845), displayed a square of thirteen slabs that formed the top of a chamber with a gap to the N.W., leaving an entrance. The centre of these slabs was occupied by inscriptions in the cuneiform character. The same day was also laid bare part of a wall, the slabs of which bore inscriptions, but had been exposed to intense heat. It was evident at the onset that buildings of considerable extent existed in the mound, and it was to be hoped that although some had been destroyed by fire, others had escaped the conflagration.

Doctor Layard having found several ornaments, upon which were traces of gilding, in this first chamber, reports of the wealth extracted from the ruins extended itself to Mosul, and excited the cupidity and jealousy of the pasha, the *cadi*, and of the principal inhabitants of the place. The doctor accordingly at once proceeded to that city to explain how matters stood, and having quieted the pasha by offers of all the precious metals that might be discovered, he returned to his labours, with the additional assistance of a few Nestorian Chaldeans. Seeing, however, that he must inevitably have to contend with a formidable opposition, he set about exploring other mounds in the Assyrian plain, in the hope of discovering sculptured buildings, before steps were taken to interrupt him. With this view he directed the mounds, of Karamles and Karakush on the plain, those of Ba-Zani and Baasheikha—the latter of considerable size, at the foot of Maklûb Mountain—and the more distant Jeraiyah, to be opened.*

Layard had now thirty men employed at Nimrod. An entrance to the main buildings was soon discovered, and it was ascertained at this preliminary stage of the inquiry, that materials taken from another building had been used in the construction of the one they were now exploring. The Chaldeans from the mountains, strong and hardy men, could alone wield the pick; the Arabs were employed in carrying away the earth. Other Arabs continuing to ravage the plain at intervals, the doctor was obliged to take up his quarters at the village of Salamiyah, three miles from where his excavations were being carried on, and where a few Haitas, or irregular troops, were quartered. His accommodations were, however, of a most inferior description, and the history of his sufferings form at once a humorous yet painful portion of his narrative. The workmen also repaired to Salamiyah after each day's labour, yet, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the excavations were carried on as actively as the means at his disposal would permit.

* Fragments of sculpture and inscriptions, with much pottery and inscribed bricks were discovered at Baas Sheikha; and a platform of brickwork was discovered at Karamles, and the Assyrian origin of the ruin was proved by the inscription on the bricks, which contained the name of the Khorsabad king.

This perseverance under difficulties was rewarded on the 28th of November by the first discovery of bas-reliefs, which discoveries were soon followed by that of other sculptures, gigantic human figures, winged bulls, lions, &c. These discoveries once more aroused the jealousy of the Mosulites; orders came to discontinue the excavations; and amidst journeys to and from Mosul, diversified by a consultation with Major Rawlinson at Baghdad, the pasha had to give way to a young major-general of the new school, Ismail Pasha by name, and who, on Dr. Layard's returning to his labours in January, 1846, offered no opposition to the continuation of his researches.

It was, however, the same story over again. Spring had clothed the country with flowers and verdure; the Arabs, seduced by the change of government, had returned to their homes and to habits of industry. Dr. Layard could take up his residence at Nimrod itself. The sham and real graves that consecrated the mound in the eyes of the Arabs were removed, and the excavations actively carried on. Friendly negotiations were at the same time entered into with Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, chief of the predatory Abu Salman Arabs. A great many new sculptures were found, but like those previously laid bare, they were not *in situ*, and what was still more puzzling, it was evident, from the costume, the ornaments, and the nature of the relief, that they did not belong to the same period as those previously discovered. They were of the style of the Khorsabad monument. Among other discoveries at this period, also, was that of the now well known eagle-headed figure.

On the morning following these discoveries, I rode (says Dr. Layard) to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, and was returning to the mound when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped. "Hasten, O Bey," exclaimed one of them, "hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true. We have seen him with our eyes. There is no god but God;" and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head, sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those at Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded, and without ornament at the top.

I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. The gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might have belonged to one of those beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country, as appearing to mortals slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket, and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs would carry him. I learnt this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth, which still clung to

the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head, they all cried out together, "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!" It was some time before the sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. "This is not the work of men's hands," exclaimed he, "but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet, peace be with him! has said, that they were higher than the tallest date-tree; this is one of the idols which, Noah, peace be with him! cursed before the flood." In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred.

The report of the discovery of this gigantic sculpture, carried to Mosul by the terrified Arab, threw the town into commotion. He had scarcely checked his speed before reaching the bridge. Entering breathless into the bazaars, he announced to every one he met that Nimrod had appeared. The news soon got to the ears of the *cadi*, who, anxious for a fresh opportunity to annoy our explorer, called the mufti and the ulema together to consult upon this unexpected occurrence. Their deliberations ended in a procession to the governor, and a formal protest, on the part of the Mussulmans of the town, against proceedings so directly contrary to the laws of the Koran. The *cadi* had no distinct idea whether the bones of the mighty monster had been uncovered, or only his image; nor did Ismael Pasha very clearly remember whether Nimrod was a true believing prophet or an infidel. Orders were nevertheless issued to Dr. Layard to treat the remains with respect, by no means to disturb them any further, and to put a stop to the excavations at once.

Two men were retained to dig leisurely, notwithstanding these injunctions. By the end of March, the existence of a second pair of winged human-headed lions had been determined, and a tunnel, of Assyrian times, explored. As, however, active operations could not be resumed until assistance was received from Constantinople, the doctor resolved upon a visit to Sofuk, the celebrated sheikh of the Shammar Arabs, who was encamped on the western bank of the Tigris, below its junction with the Zab. He was accompanied on this excursion by a large body of Mussulmen and Christians, as also by Mr. and Mrs. Rassam. The visit accomplished, they rode on to that wonder of the desert, the ruined city of Al Hadhr, or Hather.

A dark thunder-cloud rose behind the time-worn ruins of Al Hather as we approached them. The sun, still throwing its rays upon the walls and palace, lighted up the yellow stones until they shone like gold. Mr. Ross and myself, accompanied by an Arab, urged our horses onwards, that we might escape the coming storm; but it burst upon us in its fury ere we reached the palace. The lightning played through the vast buildings, the thunder re-echoed through its deserted halls, and the hail compelled us to rein up our horses, and turn our backs to the tempest. It was a fit moment to enter such ruins as these. They rose in solitary grandeur in the midst of a desert—in *medio solitudine posita*—as they stood fifteen centuries before, when described by the Roman historian. On my previous visit, the first view I obtained of Al Hather was perhaps no less striking. We had been wandering for three days in the wilderness without seeing one human habitation; on the fourth morning a thick mist hung over the place; we had given up the search, when the vapours were drawn up like a curtain and we saw the ruins before us. At

that time, within the walls, were the tents of some Shammar Arabs, but now, as we crossed the confused heaps of fragments, forming a circle round the city, we saw that the place was tenantless; flocks on a neighbouring rising ground showed, however, that Arabs were not distant.

On his return to Mosul, the doctor was enabled to recommence his excavations—as far as his crippled means would allow him—by the arrival of a new pasha (Tahyar Pasha), who withdrew the restrictions imposed upon him by his predecessor.

The heats of summer had now commenced, and it was no longer possible to live under a white tent. The huts were equally uninhabitable, and still swarmed with vermin. In this dilemma, I ordered a recess to be cut into the bank of the river, where it rose perpendicularly from the water's-edge. By screening the front with reeds and boughs of trees, and covering the whole with similar material, a small room was formed. I was much troubled, however, with scorpions and other reptiles, which issued from the earth forming the walls of my apartment, and later in the summer by the gnats and sandflies, which hovered on a calm night over the river. Similar rooms were made for my servants. They were the safest that could be invented, should the Arabs take to stealing after dark. My horses were picketed on the edge of the bank above, and the tents of my workmen were pitched in a semicircle behind them.

The change to summer had been as rapid as that which ushered in the spring. The verdure of the plain had perished almost in a day. Hot winds, coming from the desert, had burnt up and carried away the shrubs; flights of locusts, darkening the air, had destroyed the few patches of cultivation, and had completed the havoc commenced by the heat of the sun. The Abou-Salman Arabs, having struck their black tents, were now living in ozails, or sheds, constructed of reeds and grass, along the banks of the river. The Shemutti and Jehesh had returned to their villages, and the plain presented the same naked and desolate aspect that it wore in the month of November. The heat, however, was now almost intolerable. Violent whirlwinds occasionally swept over the face of the country. They could be seen as they advanced from the desert, carrying along with them clouds of sand and dust. Almost utter darkness prevailed during their passage, which lasted generally about an hour, and nothing could resist their fury. On returning home one afternoon after a tempest of this kind, I found no traces of my dwellings; they had been completely carried away. Ponderous wooden frame works had been borne over the banks, and hurled some hundred yards distant; the tents had disappeared, and my furniture was scattered over the plain. When on the mound, my only secure place of refuge was beneath the fallen lion, where I could defy the fury of the whirlwind. The Arabs ceased their work, and crouched in the trenches, almost suffocated and blinded by the dense cloud of fine dust and sand, which nothing could exclude.

Although the number of workmen was small, the excavations were carried on as actively as possible, and numerous new discoveries rewarded the doctor's zeal and perseverance. Among these discoveries may be more particularly mentioned the "Lion Hunt," now in the British Museum; and which, from the knowledge of art displayed in the treatment and composition, the correct and effective delineation of the men and animals, the spirit of the grouping, and its extraordinary preservation, is probably the finest specimen of Assyrian art in existence.

At length the arrival of a vizirial letter, granted to Sir Stratford Canning, on his departure from Constantinople, and securing both a continuation of the researches, and the property in the monuments discovered, gave a new impetus to the doctor's researches. Unfortunately, his means

were exceedingly limited. Throughout, government never tendered the slightest assistance to researches which reflect so much honour on the nation. A grosser instance of the contempt in which science and learning are held in this country never occurred. A person, from his knowledge of the Syrian language, is employed to stir up the native population against an efficient government, to replace that government by a profligate and incapable system, and he is rewarded by the consul-generalship of Damascus. Political missions, of all kinds and character, are, indeed, always efficiently supported in a pecuniary point of view; scientific missions are as proverbially neglected and ill-treated. The indignation felt by all lovers of knowledge at such treatment cannot be too loudly expressed; it recoils upon the guilty with all the force of civilisation upbraiding barbarity; the arts of peace rebuking the demon of discord and of worldly ambition.

The international jealousies, however, which give foreign secretaries so much to do at home, that they have no spare funds for geographical or archæological discoveries, were at work even within the area of ancient Nineveh. Emboldened by the possession of the vizirial letter, Dr. Layard now brought his attention to bear upon the great mound of Koyunjuk, "generally," says the doctor, "believed by travellers to mark the true site of Nineveh." But lo! the French consul claimed the mound as French property! This absurd claim not having been allowed, Messrs. Botta and Layard set to work digging into the mound in different directions. They, however, both continued their researches for about a month, without much success. What inscriptions and fragments were discovered belonged to a more recent epoch than the most ancient palace of Nimrod. A circumstance, however, which by no means determines the question as to the site of the palace of Ninus, for relics of the same modern epoch were found at Nimrod, and it is not certain yet that the mounds of Koyunjuk, or of Nebbi Yunus, at Nuniyah, may not reveal remains as ancient as those at Nimrod; and if not, it would leave it open to conjecture, that the materials of the buildings of the olden dynasties had been lost or destroyed in lapse of time in the change and revolutions that have occurred in the succession of those dynasties, whereas at Nimrod they had been happily preserved, by having been again used as building materials by the later kings.

After floating some of the sculptures of Nimrod on rafts of skins to Baghdad, an opening was made into a high mound, in the northern line of ruins at Nuniyah, and ruins were met with contemporary with those of Khorsabad; but in the midst of these operations the state of Dr. Layard's health became so bad from constant exposure, that he was obliged to take refuge in the sirdaüs, or cellars of the Mosul houses, and not finding much benefit from that, he wisely betook himself to the mountains, on a visit to the Chaldean Christians. The narrative of this excursion is so full of interest, and the circumstances connected with the misfortunes that have attended of late upon this persecuted people, are so peculiar, and have excited such a general sympathy, that we shall return to the subject, as well as to that of the Izidis, or Devil-worshippers, at a future opportunity.

Upon his return from the mountains, Dr. Layard accompanied Tahyar Pasha on an excursion to Sinjar, upon which occasion he witnessed much

courageous fighting on the part of the Mesopotamian mountaineers, and also saw—a rare thing now-a-days—a troop of wild asses. Retracing his steps to Mosul, he learnt that the British Museum had voted a grant of funds for the continuation of the researches; but this grant was, he says, small, and inadequate for the objects in view. The sum given to M. Botta, for the excavations at Khorsabad alone, greatly exceeded the whole grant to the Museum, which was to include private expenses, those of carriage, and many extraordinary outlays inevitable in the East, when works of this nature are to be carried on. The doctor was, however, resolved that the nation should possess as extensive and as complete a collection of Assyrian antiquities, as, considering the smallness of the means, it was possible to collect, and he set to with a resolute and unwearied spirit. He engaged a number of wandering Arabs, who, bringing their tents and families with them, encamped round the ruins, and formed an efficient guard against their brethren of the desert. He also engaged about fifty Nestorian Chaldeans, who went to Nimrod with their wives and families. The winter season being also fast approaching he built a house for the shelter of himself and servants, another for the Nestorians on the mound itself, immediately above the great winged lions, and he distributed his Arabs on different parts of the mound, at the entrances of the principal trenches, others round his dwelling, and others on the bank of the river, where the sculptures were deposited previous to their embarkation on the rafts. Every point was thus secured. Mr. Hormusd Rassam, now in this country, paid the workmen their wages. The excavations were commenced on the 1st of November, and were soon rewarded by the discovery of new sculptures and of several helmets and other portions of the actual armour of the ancient Assyrians. Vases with the name of the Khorsabad king were also found. It was in the centre of this mound that one of the most remarkable discoveries awaited him, that of an obelisk seven feet high, with twenty bas-reliefs, and an inscription 210 lines in length. It appeared to be a monument erected to commemorate the conquest of India, or of some country far to the east of Assyria. Another pair of winged lions, a pair of crumpling sphynxes, and a host of other curious sculptures, were discovered on the same spot. In the south-east corner an earthen sarcophagus, containing a skeleton and vessels similar to what are found in Egyptian tombs, was disinterred. The six weeks following the commencement of excavations upon a large scale, were indeed amongst the most prosperous and fruitful in events during the researches. Every day produced some new discovery. The Arabs entered with alacrity into the work; they referred their constant disputes to the doctor, and abided in all cases, but one unfortunate one, by his decisions. Their tents had increased in numbers, and they began to till the ground. How rapidly does one advantage follow another, and habits of industry ensure stability and prosperity? How, also, do such circumstances attest that, even the Arab is open to improvement under good government? The old heaven would, however, manifest itself at times, but in a harmless manner.

I was riding home from the ruins one evening with Mr. Longworth. The Arabs returning from their day's work, were following a flock of sheep belonging to the people of the village, shouting their war-cry, flourishing their swords, and indulging in the most extravagant gesticulations. My friend, less

acquainted with the exciteable temperament of the children of the desert than myself, was somewhat amazed at these violent proceedings, and desired to learn their cause. I asked one of the most active of the party. "O Bey," they exclaimed, almost all together, "God be praised, we have eaten butter and wheaten bread under your shadow, and are content—but an Arab is an Arab. It is not for a man to carry about dirt in baskets, and to use a spade all his life; he should be with his sword and his mare in the desert. We are sad as we think of the days when we plundered the Anayza, and we must have excitement, or our hearts would break. Let us then believe that these are sheep we have taken from the enemy, and that we are driving them to our tents!" And off they ran, raising their wild cry and flourishing their swords, to the no small alarm of the shepherd, who saw his sheep scampering in all directions, and did not seem inclined to enter into the joke.

The doctor varied his labours at Nimrod by excavations at Kalah Shirgat. This great mound rises out of the jungle of the Tigris where wolves, foxes, jackals, hares, and wild-boars abound, and where lions are sometimes found. A sitting figure in black basalt rewarded the labours carried on here. An inscription revealed the name of a king identical with that on the great bulls in the centre of the mound at Nimrod, as also of his father, the builder of the most ancient palace of Nimrod, and of his grandfather. No more sculptures of importance were discovered, but many curious facts were elicited by the doctor's researches. We shall extract a night-scene at this remarkable spot.

The huge fire we had kindled threw a lurid glare over the trees around our encampment. The great mound could be distinguished through the gloom rising like a distant mountain against the dark sky. From all sides came the melancholy wail of the jackals—thousands of these animals having issued from their subterranean dwellings in the ruins, as soon as the last gleam of twilight was fading in the horizon. The owl, perched on the old masonry, occasionally sent forth its mournful note. The shrill laugh of the Arabs would sometimes rise above the cry of the jackal. Then all earthly noises were buried in the deep roll of the distant thunder. It was desolation such as those alone who have witnessed such scenes can know—desolation greater than the desolation of the sandy wastes of Africa; for there was the wreck of man, as well as that of nature. Some years before, I had passed a night on the same spot. We were four strangers in the land, without guide or defence. Our horses were picketed about us; and although surrounded by dangers of which we then thought little, and exposed to a continual rain, we ate the frugal fare our own guns had obtained for us; and slept in our cloaks undisturbed round the embers of the small fire we had lighted.* I did not think, then, that I should ever revisit the place.

The position of Kalah Shirgat, Dr. Layard justly remarks, is well adapted for a permanent settlement. The lands around are rich, and could be irrigated without much labour. On his return from this Assyrian city to Nimrod, preparations were begun for the removal of a winged bull and a winged lion. Great were the difficulties to be overcome, want of means of transport, and refractory Arabs among them; but they were like preceding difficulties, conquered by skill and perseverance. An excavation was also made into the great pyramid noticed by Xenophon, the only example of the kind on the Euphrates or Tigris. Dr. Layard suggests that this may prove to be the very pyramid raised above the founder of

* Ainsworth's Travels in Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, &c., vol. ii.

the city by the Assyrian queen—the “*Busta Nini*,” under which may still be some traces of the great king.

The incursions of the Arabs at last drove the doctor from Nimrod, and as a small sum of money still remained in his possession, he devoted it to further excavations at Nuniyah. With a change of territory, the author returns to the old belief.

It is well known (he says), that almost since the fall of the Assyrian empire, a city of some extent, representing the ancient Nineveh, although no longer the seat of government, nor a place of great importance, has stood on the banks of the Tigris in this part of its course. The modern city may not have been built above the ruins of the ancient; but it *certainly rose in their immediate vicinity*, either to the east of the river, or to the west, as the modern Mosul.

The excavations carried on this time in the Koyunjuk were rewarded by the discovery of buildings and sculptures. Winged bulls and inscriptions were found, resembling those on the southern or more recent palace of Nimrod. The ruins were those of a palace of great extent and magnificence. “The position of the ruins,” says Dr. Layard, “proves that at one time this was one of the most important parts of Nineveh; and the magnificence of the remains shows that the edifices must have been founded by one of the greatest of the Assyrian monarchs.”

Since the doctor carried on these successful excavations, Mr. Ross has made discoveries which tend to prove that, as at Nimrod, there were more buildings than one on the platform, and although Layard is inclined to doubt, admitting that there are remains of more than one epoch in Koyunjuk, that there are any edifices earlier than that built by the monarch, who is mentioned in the inscriptions of the most recent palace of Nimrod as the son of the founder of Khorsabad; still it must be remembered, that hitherto only two corners of the mound have been partially explored, and Dr. Layard himself admits, that in a mound so vast as that of Koyunjuk, it is probable that many remains of the highest interest still exist. It must also be further remembered, that the remains at Nuniyah have been exposed to disasters not experienced by Nimrod—the growing up of a large city in the neighbourhood, and the consequent pilfering of materials for building. The most precious remains may be expected to be met with in the mound of Nebbi Yunus. They owe their preservation to the existence, from a very remote period, of the tomb and village above them. The prejudices of the people unluckily forbade any attempt to explore a spot so venerated for its sanctity.

In conclusion, it is but justice to the able and distinguished explorer to say, that he claims no part in that “Discovery of Nineveh,” which his publisher and the writer in the *Quarterly* attribute to him. Dr. Layard has by his discoveries attested the existence of buildings in Assyria belonging to two very different epochs; those belonging to the oldest epoch being as yet confined to Nimrod, the doctor is inclined to consider that city as the city of Asshur, of Nimrod, and of Ninus. It is needless to enter into the question of biblical criticism as to the correct reading of Gen. x., 11. Whoever was the founder of the first palace at Nimrod, the mighty hunter himself, or Asshur, to the first palace the son of its founder added a second, and he also erected palaces, which are now designated *Baasheika* and *Kalah Shirgat*. At a much later period, when the older palaces were already in ruins, edifices were erected on the

sites now marked by the mounds of Khorsabad and Karamles. What remains have as yet been examined at Koyunjuk, were erected by the son of the builder at the two last mentioned sites, and they must have exceeded those of his predecessors in extent and magnificence.

Nineveh was thus a city of gradual growth, or, it might be more correctly expressed, of different sites. 'It was, however, only when the new palaces, temples, and strongholds of the second dynasty had arisen upon the plain, that it attained the dimensions assigned to it by the Book of Jonah and by Diodorus Siculus. We have then to take the four great mounds of Nuniyah, Nimrod, Khorsabad, and Karamles, as the corner of the square, to embrace the three days' journey of the prophet, and the 480 stadia, or sixty miles, of the geographer. To effect this arbitrary division, we have to expunge Kalah Shirgat, Hamman Ali, Hussein, Baasheikha, Baa Zani, Tel Kaif, Tel Escof, and Jerraiyah, all well-determined Assyrian sites, and with the exception of the first two, all on the plan of Aturia, and in the same category, precisely as those sites which, to meet the admeasurements of the Sicilian, are made to be comprised within the boundaries of Nineveh Proper. Dr. Layard includes some of the above sites within these boundaries, but let lines be drawn on his own map, from Nimrod to Karamles, from Karamles to Khorsabad, and from Khorsabad to Koyunjuk, and it will be found to be as we have put it.

The doctor also admits all that we have contested, when he says each quarter of the city may have had its distinct name: hence, the palace of Evorita, where Saracus destroyed himself, and the Mespila and Larissa of Xenophon. There can be little doubt, indeed, of this fact; and it is also extremely probable that there was more than one city of the same name, and that, like Babylon, it was rebuilt on a new site, after having been once destroyed. In this case, as Layard points out, Nimrod and Nuniyah may represent cities of different periods, but of the same name. But, under all and every circumstance, it still remains as it has ever stood—a question, rather of name than of reality. There has never been any doubt as to the proximate site of this famous city of the ancient world, and the capital of the great Assyrian Empire; that was, according to Mr. Layard's own showing, at Nuniyah; but there are also, in the same neighbourhood, ruins of greater antiquity, which would attest that the first structure in Assyria arose upon another spot—whether called Asshur or Nineveh it is difficult now to say, but now called Athur or Nimrod, in contradistinction to Nuniyah, or Nineveh the Great. Other palaces, temples, and strongholds, also arose upon the great plain, among which, Khorsabad, the Nineveh of M. Botta. Holy Writ speaks of all these sites apparently under the one denomination of Nineveh, equivalent in such a case to that of Assyria Proper, and hence the great confusion of language that has arisen, and which, as the ancient writing of the country becomes more readily decyphered, will, no doubt, be satisfactorily cleared away.

THE GOLD WASHINGS OF CALIFORNIA.*

A JOURNAL of a long and trying expedition by the so-called emigrant route and south pass of the Rocky Mountains, across the continent of North America, the great desert basin, and through California, would at any time have peculiar claims to interest. The solitude of the prairies—the difficulties of the way, and the sufferings of man and beast—buffaloes, wolves, bears, and hostile Indians—the mountains and storms to be encountered—the privations to be undergone—are features of such travel, to contemplate which excites a curiosity that is not easily satiated.

But at the present moment, all these points of interest must give way before one all-absorbing topic—gold! just as the difficulties to be met with and the privations to be undergone will have to give way before the mania excited by the all-conquering hope of gain. Ever since California was discovered by Sir Francis Drake, it has been more or less suspected, as part of Mexico, to be a metalliferous region. A mine of copper, wrought on the western side of the Rio del Norte, in lat. 34 deg. N., and which produced 20,000 mule loads of copper annually, has been long known to contain gold, but it was not considered to be in sufficient quantity to pay for its extraction. The gold washings more recently discovered on the western and eastern aspects of the Sierra Nevada or del Sacramento, may be very productive, or very little so; they may extend over an immense tract of country, or may be confined to a comparatively limited area. They may embrace every valley and ravine of the rocky ranges that rise out of the Pacific, from Cape St. Lucas to the Oregon, or they may be confined to some few alluvia and rocky detritus brought down by one or two lonely tributaries of the Rio del Sacramento, and of the Rio Colorado and the great lakes north of the latter river. Nothing is more uncertain than the mineral wealth of detritus. A mine must be more or less productive—a washing is a matter of chance. Perhaps this lends to it its charm; it has almost the uncertainty and the excitement of gambling. When a lode or vein of precious metal is met with in granite with a veinstone of quartz, or in any other rock, its possible productiveness is determined in a brief space of time,—when a few ounces or as many grains of gold are dug out of the debris of rocks worn away by the lapse of ages, more may also be found in the same vicinity, but again it may not. It is not a necessary consequence, that because a gold washing is discovered that it must be continuously productive; it may be so for a greater or less time, sufficiently so to enrich many, but it is not necessarily so; the chances, from the examples of all past times, are that it will not be so. At all events, the great distinction between a gold mine and a gold washing is, that one tells its own tale, the other does not; in the one case you can calculate your profits, in the other you can never even measure your loss.†

* What I saw in California in 1846 and 1847. By Edwin Bryant, late Alcaldé of St. Francisco. Bentley's Cabinet Library, Nos. VI. and VII.

† In the face of these facts Mr. Edwin Bryant or his annotator says the commercial value of the specimens of gold sent to the war department from California is about 4000 dollars, and that their geological value is incalculable, for they show that there must be a vast and inexhaustible deposit of gold in the mountain of Sierra Nevada. It is impossible that the specimens can shew anything of

Gold, mineralogically speaking, is by no means so rare as is generally imagined. We have seldom explored a granitic district with care without meeting with it; the Malvern Hills excepted. Between the mines of Strontian and Fort William, North Britain, we remember to have met with granite in which gold abounded almost as much as hornblende does in Sienitic granite. In Taurus it is quite common. It does not, however, in such instances pay to extricate it; whether, except in some few rare and accidental localities, it will pay to extricate it, when diffused *en paillettes*, over almost a continent of alluvium, it remains for time to tell—the chances are all against it.

Take for example the sand washings, so much more easy than gravel or mud washings, which gave their name to a portion of the African coast, and which enriched the loyal Sir Nicolas Crispe and a few others. Where are they now?

In a little book, printed in 1710, called, “Miscellanea Scotica,” it is stated that in old times much gold was collected in different parts of Scotland. In the reign of James IV., 300 Germans were employed in gold washing, and about 100,000*l.* sterling were produced. The laird of Marcheston got gold in the Pentland Hills, some was found in Langham Waters, as also in Meggot Waters. Pennant, in his “Second Tour in Scotland,” notices that gold has been frequently found at Leadhills, in the gravel beneath the peat, from which it was washed by rains, and collected in the gullies by persons who have employed themselves in search of the precious metal; but of late years, he adds, these adventurers have scarce been able to procure a livelihood. The sensation created among the excitable Irish by the discovery of a few pieces of native gold in the Wicklow mountains, is within the memory of many. The peasantry enjoyed all the excesses of the gold fever, and suffered also from the inevitable collapse.

Most of the rivers of South America descending from the Andes, when increased either by rains or by the melting of the snow, force along masses of rock, which are ground down, leaving grains of gold to be found after the flood has subsided. Ulloa mentions a case of a lump found in the Rio de la Paz in 1730, so large that the Marquis de Castel-Fuerte gave 12,000 pieces of eight for it! Yet the gold washings of La Paz have never been permanently wrought. The tradition of the Pactolus and other gold rivers of the ancients, lived to become a by-word and a satire.

The history of discovery in America furnishes the most notable instances of grievous sacrifices made to the demon of cupidity. Nothing but a mania for gold, as is at the present moment instanced in the case of

the kind. Had it been a lump of granite, slate, or marble it might have been deduced that more or less extensive quarries of such material existed there, but not so of gold detritus, about which the utmost uncertainty must prevail. It appears from the official report of the mint of the United States, that “by far the larger deposits” are composed of small flat spangles, of which, on an average, it takes six or seven to weigh one grain! It is extremely doubtful if washings of this description will answer in the end. The Mormons, who commenced the diggings on the American fork, as it is called, have already gone away to the eastern side of the Sierra Nevada, and to the Great Salt Lake, and a person writing from San Francisco, August 20th, concludes his letter by intimating that “it is now very sickly at the mines, and I dare not return there again.”

California, can render many of the gold romances of the past credible. Towns with roofs and walls of golden plate, and lakes with sands of gold, were among the phantoms created by this mania. The search for the fabled Golden Lake Parina, and the imaginary city Manoa del Dorado, was even carried on by Sir Walter Raleigh, and occasioned the death of many a gallant adventurer. Nicolas Hirtsman, a German, was probably the last who attempted the discovery of these visionary regions, in 1740. Altun Su's, or Golden rivers abound throughout the East. Even China has its Altan Kol, or Golden river, and its Kin-cha Kyang, or river with golden sands. We find in the "*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*," indited by the reverend missionaries in that country, that the gold of the Altan Kol makes a principal revenue of the *Princess* of Koko Nor!

The fact is, that examples innumerable prove that the search for gold is one of the most vain and illusive pursuits in which man can be engaged. Real wealth is only to be obtained by industry, or talent. Rice is gold to Carolina, sugar to the West Indies, cotton to Egypt, wine to France, and industry to Great Britain. The historians of the middle ages called the fishery the gold mine of Holland, "which," says one of them, "showeth us the great wisdom of God in his great works of providence, who bestoweth not all blessings upon every nation; but when He denieth, or giveth less of one blessing to one nation or country, He alloweth them more of another, which is also often observed with respect to particular persons. This variety," adds our worthy philosopher, "likewise showeth the necessity and advantage of one nation or kingdom's trading with another."

The providence of God is, undoubtedly, to be seen in all things. Even in apparently so wild and insane a movement as that now going on—the search for Californian gold—may be traced a means of peopling a rich and fertile country, hitherto neglected, and of diminishing the burthen of population in older countries. California is one of the most picturesque and promising countries known. The harbour of San Francisco is one of the finest in the world. The climate is much more mild than that of the same latitude on the eastern coast. The sky is foggy at times, but the fogs give vigour to vegetation, and fertilise the soil, which is covered with a black spongy earth. The monks of St. Francis have introduced all the fruits and vegetables of Europe; and wheat, maize, and beans abound. Good wine is made all along the coast. Oils, as good as those of Andalusia, are obtained from the abundant olives. Tobacco, cotton, rice, sugar, and mulberries for silk, might be cultivated to the south. The prairies are covered with herds of cattle and horses. These are advantages which will tempt the disappointed gold-grubber to settle permanently in the land of his disappointment; and we much doubt if this strange and eventful colonization of a far distant land, will not soon exhibit a more prosperous and genuine El Dorado, than ever the waters of the tributaries to the Sacramento or Colorado will pour into the laps of exhausted Yankees, or deluded Britons.

MITCHELL REDIVIVUS,

"WHEN does the London season begin?"

A very simple question, apparently, but a poser in reality, admitting of as many interpretations as a half-effaced Egyptian inscription, or a soliloquy in a syncretic drama.

Notez-bien, nevertheless, that the answers given to the above query are never uncertain or ambiguous, but most positive and dogmatical; answers, in short, oracular and incontrovertible, and from which there is to be no appeal.

For instance, the politician will tell you that the London season begins with the meeting of Parliament.

The chronicler of the *Court Circular*—with her Majesty's arrival at Buckingham Palace.

The young lady just out—with the first ball.

The epicure—with the new potatoes.

The *dilettante*—with Mr. Lumley's programme.

The *habitué* of Lovegrove or Quartermain—with the white bait.

And your humble servant—with the French play.

The French play! what a magical attraction is centred in those few words! what a revolution they create both in Old Bond Street and King Street—people first flocking to secure boxes and stalls, and then to take possession of them. How eagerly the opening night is anticipated as the first safe criterion whereby to ascertain who is in town, and how joyously nods and smiles of recognition are then exchanged between fashionables, who at a later period of the year will cut each other by mutual consent, and from sheer *blasé* listlessness.

A wondrous sorcerer is Mitchell! Robert Houdin's tricks are nothing to the marvels heralded by each successive opening of the King Street *bonbonnière*. How dim the Curaçoa, the Maraschino, and the Parfait Amour appear in the magician's glass, when compared to the sunny and sparkling glances ever shooting across *la rampe* in different directions, and finding their way equally through the white waistcoat of the stall and the *paletot* of the gallery.

Then how varied are his feats! Now we are talled upon to tremble before the Pythonian inspirations of Rachel; now to split our sides in presence of Ravel and Grassot; now to feel our hearts go pit-a-pat responsively to the bright eyes of Désirée or Figeac; and now, *presto*, we find the good old *repertoire* of the Opéra Comique promised us; and we know from experience that Mr. Mitchell's promises—unlike pie-crusts—are *not* made to be broken.

In sober earnest, nothing could well be more gratifying than the first performance of the present *troupe*, which has been selected with that care and judgment which none possess in a more eminent degree than the manager of the St. James's. The orchestra, too, was *au grand complet*, and the choice of *pièces* extremely happy. It were difficult to name a pleasanter *lever de rideau* than Paër's "*Maitre de Chapelle*," or a more alluring and memory-haunting *pièce de resistance* than "*Le Domino Noir*." Both operas are got up with that peculiar attention to appropriate scenery and costume, to which the subscribers have been so long accustomed that they look upon it as a prescriptive right—a kind of *droit du seigneur*.

But, like Sadak, we have apparently tasted the waters of oblivion, for

we are forgetting the *artistes*; following the example of the retired carver and gilder in the gallery of the Louvre, we have been admiring the frame and neglecting the picture. And yet, faithless, indeed, must be that memory on which Mademoiselle Charton's singing makes no impression! Our own,—now that we are able to test it—is just the reverse, it is *too* faithful; we are confused with recollections of romances, boleros, castanets, and concerted pieces. Now our thoughts stray to that delicious

Oui, je suis ton bon ange,
Ton conseil, ton gardien—

And now we find ourselves humming the *Aragonaise*,

La belle Inès
Fait flores—

Remembering one part and forgetting another. But what we do *not* forget is, the grace, the feeling, the tenderness, infused into Auber's music by the clever *prima donna*, whose talent extracted the following *improvisation* from one of her auditors.

There's a damsel in *sol mi fa* versed,
Who so pleasing a singer is reckon'd,
She'll enchain to my—no, to her—*first*,
All that London contains of my *second*.

Inde nomen?

As to Mademoiselle Guichard, she is the trimmest, liveliest, sauciest, archest little sorceress imaginable. Had she flourished in the time of the "Lancashire Witches," Master Potts would have made her undergo the swimming ordeal to a certainty. In face, she slightly resembles Mademoiselle Juliette of the Palais Royal, who was here last season; were she not a delightful *chanteuse légère*, she would play grisettes to perfection. There is a piquancy in her neat little figure, and a charming impertinence in her *nez retroussé*, that transport one involuntarily to the Rue St. Denis, and other localities inhabited by the Amandines, the Ninis, the Phrosines, and the Titines, immortalised by their never-tiring chronicler, Paul de Kock.

There is, also, a certain Mademoiselle Martial, who is by no means as forbidding as her name would seem to import; and a tolerable *duègne*, whom we remember to have spied out at the defunct Opéra National, called Madame Mancini.

They who have not seen Chollet in the "Maître de Chapelle," and the "Nouveau Seigneur," will not be over-inclined to find fault with Beaucé, a very respectable singer, and a bustling, energetic actor. Soyer, Châteaufort, and Buguet, also deserve a favourable mention; particularly the last, who makes a most amusing *Gil Perez*.

We have kept Coudère as a *bonne bouche*; not that "Le Domino Noir" affords much opportunity for a tenor to distinguish himself, Horace having little to do beyond joining in duets and *ensembles*; but although the *singer* remains to be judged—(by those who do not already know and appreciate his sweet voice and excellent method)—on some future occasion, the ease and gentlemanly bearing of the *actor* ought to be, and are, unreservedly commended.

Bref, to quote once more Mr. Mitchell's rhyming *habitué*;

They who at home avoid all draughts with care,
At the St. James's welcome a *coup d'air*. (Coudère.)

C. H.

THE HABITUE'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

The "Bird of Passage"—Miss Reynolds—The First *Bal Masqué* of 1849. Musard v. Strauss—Laferrière and Clarence—Deaths of Joanny and Madame Louise Fusil—"Madame de Magneffe"—Rose Chéri—Count d'Orsay's last work.

I RARELY see a literary advertisement nowadays, heralding the publication of a new work by some celebrated author, without involuntarily calling to mind an amusing illustration which appeared in (if I remember rightly) the *Man in the Moon* some time back, representing the discovery by the skin-clad inhabitants of a "dissolute" island, of a bottle thrown on shore by the waves; the accompanying text thus graphically depicting in three distinct soliloquies the progressive rise and fall of their expectations.

(Bottle first comes in sight)—"Wine, I hope!"

(Bottle is hauled on the beach)—"Rum, I think!"

(Bottle is opened)—"Tracts, by Jingo!!"

Nor, on reflection, is this simile either far-fetched or inappropriate. How many presumed *chefs-d'œuvre*, indeed, have, while yet in the mysterious embryo of the press, excited hopes and sympathies destined to fade away in a few brief hours after publication! How many dead weights, momentarily winged by the specious magic of a name, have gone up rapidly like rockets, only to come down still more rapidly like sticks! Of how many degenerate bantlings, in short, has the *typical* progress been solicitously watched by those who, on a closer acquaintance, are the first to disown them with a contemptuous "Tracts, by Jingo!"

A very different reception has been awarded to Mrs. Romer's new work, the "Bird of Passage," a choice bouquet composed of the most varied exotics and the fairest of our own home flowers. Lady-travellers—that is lady-travellers who *write*—have for the last three or four years, partly owing to the self-denying gallantry of publishers, partly to that inevitable scribbling propensity which lovely woman is heir to, and which—however long it may lie dormant—*must* find a vent sooner or later, multiplied beyond all reasonable expectation; and, though we may thank *les événements* of 1848, for slightly checking the torrent, yet it were vain to delude ourselves into the belief that the lull is other than temporary. Let Louis Napoleon but hold on for six months, and, as the showman says, "You shall see what you *shall* see." *Je ne vous dis que ça.*

It is true that the performances of these lady-wanderers are not all of the same calibre. *That* is consoling. What would become of us if *every* fair traveller were to favour us with scientific and moral disquisitions as the accompaniment *obligé* of her *route*, making sermons out of stones, and problems out of pyramids—or if we were doomed never to open a book without lighting on wire-drawn accounts of how the authoress slept, what she ate, whom she met, and what she said to everybody and thought of everything; in short, a two or three volumed epitome of self, always self, nothing but self. Human patience and human jaws never could stand it. Grateful, therefore, truly grateful should we be to those beneficent wanderers who, like Mrs. Romer, act the part of the bee instead of that of the drone; who can be instructive without being tiresome, and amusing without being trivial. Grateful above all should we

be to the "Bird of Passage," who has given to her work a title she herself has well and fairly earned, for the golden lesson which her sister-*nouvellistes* may read with profit to themselves in every one of her delightful stories—a lesson contained in the words of the dervise—

Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end.

For Mrs. Romer's tales, however slight may be their plot, however fanciful their construction, have always a point, always a moral in view. There is no incompleteness, no falling-off towards the close; from the first page to the last, nothing is written at random or without a purpose; and yet, with all this artistic harmony there is so perfect an absence of pedantry and precision, and so attractive a combination of feminine grace and untiring *verve*, that the reader, carried away, *malgré lui*, by the buoyancy of the narrator, is often obliged to retrace his steps, in order to appreciate the beauties of style, thought, and expression, which his thirst for the *dénouement* had previously caused him unwillingly to pass over.

Another great merit of Mrs. Romer's writings is their *couleur locale*; one would wager, ay, and pretty heavy odds, too, that a pleasant coterie of Druses, Egyptians, Turks, Moscovites, Spaniards, Italians, French, and Patlanders had contributed (Decameron-fashion) their several stores of poetry, wit, fancy, romance, pathos, and racy humour, in order to render the "Bird of Passage," with its picturesque and variegated plumage, still more alluring, still more welcome.

Nor is the linguist inferior to the painter. Mrs. Romer is not one of those who—

Dans tous les mots changent *nis en rin*,
Et pour dire Tunis, ils prononcent Turin;

Her French is Parisian, her Spanish pure Castilian, and *her spoken* Italian—one may safely presume, judging from the language of her pen—

Lingua Toscana
In bocca Romana.

Where all is good, selection is an invidious task; the *habitué* will, therefore, content himself with saying that of the twenty-two stories and sketches of which the "Bird of Passage" is composed, those most to *his* taste are "Rahaba," "The Story of a Picture," "The Kiosk of Kial-hane," "A Night on the Adriatic," "The Blue Fiacre," and a capital little *morceau* called "An Agreeable Tête-à-tête." Others may prefer others, but "them's the jockeys for me."

La Bruyère says:—"Quand une lecture vous élève l'esprit et qu'elle vous inspire des sentimens nobles et courageux, ne cherchez pas une autre règle pour juger de l'ouvrage; il est bon et fait de main d'ouvrier."

I do not think any reader of the "Bird of Passage" will quarrel with me either for the reproduction of the foregoing sentence, or for its application.

It is the duty of an *habitué* to be, as far as possible, ubiquitous; he should be ever ready to chronicle the opening of a flower; no matter whether the bud expand at once into beauty beneath the genial rays of an Italian sun, or struggle into life under the chilling auspices of a London fog. I can offer no other apology for encroaching on a territory

cultivated by a far more able hand than my own,—for venturing to devote a few—very few—lines of my note-book to an *English* actress.

Yes, in the “little theatre” of the Haymarket,—that theatre whose frequenters still mourn the secession of the graceful and intelligent Fortescue—there is a pearl whose value is as yet scarcely known, a rose-bud opening with Oriental precocity into bloom! She has a pretty figure and a pretty face; the language of her eloquent eyes is love, and that of her voice music; her manner is arch, lively, and captivating; her deportment unconstrained, elegant, and ladylike; her dress Parisian, and her name Reynolds.

Oh, London! magnificent, but prosaic London! why have you not a score of Reynoldses to vivify your atmospheric haziness with the witchery of youth, poetry, and beauty!

The first ball at the Opera this year proved even a slower affair than it “used to was.” Old Musard looked bluer and more frost-bitten than usual, as he vainly strove to infuse some *entrain* into the inert and dispirited groups hopping about with Tupman-like solemnity on those time-hallowed boards where Momus once reigned supreme. The *foyer*, too, was well-nigh deserted, and the few *flâneurs* who wandered here and there in quest of adventures looked like so many woe-begone phantoms, doomed to frequent their once loved haunts until some benevolent genius in the shape of a charitable domino should accost and disenchant them.

“Qu’as tu donc, cher ange?” inquired one of these perturbed spirits of a trim little figure in black, with hood and mask to match, sitting, like Patience on a monument, in a corner of the room; “tu n’intrigues personne?”

“Que veux-tu?” was the reply. “Dans le temps, blaguer, c’était notre spécialité à nous autres. Depuis Février tout le monde blague, et je m’en abstiens.”

But enough of this.

Sur les noires couleurs d’un si triste tableau
Il faut passer l’éponge, ou tirer le rideau.

Seriously, what chance *can* Musard have against Strauss,—the Strauss, fresh from Vienna, with a *faurgon* of new polkas, and a cargo of wind instruments enough to make poor M. Sax look as yellow as one of his own Sax horns.

Car au Jardin d’Hiver
L’Été ou dansera,
Et ses portes enfoncées,
Enfonçeront l’Opéra!

I only allude to the production at the Théâtre Historique of Paul Féval’s “Mystères de Londres,” as confused and crude a mass of absurdity as the same author’s “Fils du Diable,” in order to notice the simultaneous appearance in one piece of, perhaps, the two *best jeunes premiers* in Paris.—Laferrière and Clarence. The one is all passion, energy, and depth of feeling; the other is more refined and subdued, both in style and temperament. Laferrière at once enlists the sympathies of an audience in his favour, and makes every fibre of their souls thrill responsively to the forcible reality of his delineations. Clarence, on the other hand, while lacking the impetuous *entrain* of his comrade, possesses attractions no less potent in the charm of his voice, the distinctness of his delivery, and the gentlemanly dignity of his bearing. Laferrière will ever be the most popular actor of the two, but a true *connaisseur*,

if summoned to place the competitors, might possibly incline to a dead heat.

Within the last month the Comédie Française has had to record the loss of two ancient *pensionnaires*—Joanny and Madame Louise Fusil. The former, on the death of Talma, acquired a certain reputation in classical tragedy, and subsequently, by his spirited acting, contributed, in a great measure, to the success of Victor Hugo's early plays. Though very inferior, in every respect, to his renowned predecessor, his retirement from the stage some years ago was generally and deservedly regretted; more especially as the tragic muse was thereby delivered up to the tender mercies of a Ligier and a Beauvallet. At the time of his death, Joanny had attained the age of seventy-three years and five months; the epoch of his decease having, it is said, been mysteriously predicted at his own request, and contrary to her usual custom, by Mademoiselle Lenormand.

Madame Fusil is less known as an actress than as authoress of an amusing, gossipy work, entitled "*Souvenirs d'une Actrice*," chiefly relating to her own personal career. She was by birth a Fleury, and a near connexion of the celebrated comedian of that name. Her first essays took place with some *éclat* at the Théâtre Français, and she afterwards became, previous to the invasion of Russia, a member of the French troupe at Moscow.

M. de Balzac, with all his talent and all his knowledge of the human heart, is, like his *confrères*, Eugène Sue and George Sand, an indifferent and unsuccessful playwright; the *métier* of the *friseur* is to him a sealed book, and his situations and *dénouements* are usually far-fetched, and, dramatically speaking, impracticable. Therefore has the manager of the Gymnase done wisely in entrusting the *charpente* of a piece extracted from "*Les Parents Pauvres*" to M. Clairville, instead of to the author of the original work; and to this foresight on M. Montigny's part may the success of "*Madame de Marneffe*" be ascribed. Not entirely, though! *un instant!* What will Rose Chéri say? ay, and her admirers: *i. e.*, all who have ever found sitting-room in the Gymnase—uncomfortable seats they are, by the way, hard-cushioned, straight-backed, and wofully narrow—what will *they* say? Better at once leave M. Clairville to shift for himself with the aid of his spectacles, and let Rose Chéri—if so modest a creature as she is *can* sound her own trumpet—thus parody a royal saying: "*Le succès, c'est moi!*"

In accordance with my self-established doctrine relative to the ubiquity of an *habitué*, I may here be permitted briefly to express my admiration of Count d'Orsay's magnificent picture, suggested by one of the finest passages in Holy Writ, "*Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.*"

I do not know what impression this painting may produce on the mind of a *connaisseur*, but it appears to me that all wish to criticise must at once be forgotten in the intense feeling of enjoyment derived from the contemplation of such a *chef d'œuvre*. An artist might dwell long and eloquently upon the prevailing charm of the picture, the expression of our Saviour's countenance—an expression to which it would seem impossible that human fancy, unaided by inspiration, could have attained—I can only say what I feel—that it is perfect, and divine!

Jan. 22, 1849.

THE THEATRES.

IF we believed in the metempsychosis, we should certainly conclude that the soul of the Countess d'Anois (or D'Alnoys, or D'Aulnoys—spell it as you please, dear reader) had passed into the body of Mr. Planché. He has that understanding of the structure and tone of her delicious fairy tales, which, one would think, could only be acquired by a second self. A Christmas piece at the Lyceum is not a tale stretched here and docked there, and worked into the dramatic shape on a Procrustes principle, but the story seems to become a play by its own natural development, without any external pressure.

Those fairies, whose exploits fill the pages of the immortal countess, are a totally distinct race from the shadowy beings of German tradition, or the tiny midnight revellers who are called fairies in this island. They are a thoroughly substantial courtly people, who, far from slipping into a house through a key-hole, a door-chink, or any other absurd aperture, only make their appearance when they have been formally invited by the king of the country, or some grandee of his realm. Sumptuous banquets are prepared for their arrival, magnificent presents of millinery and haberdashery are got ready against their departure. They do not, like the various rabble of elves, dwarfs, nixies, cobolds, &c., stand in any hostility to the church. On the contrary, a royal christening is the ordinary occasion of their *réunion*, and their usual function is to stand godmother to the infant. If the good king and queen tremble a little at the approach of their visitors, it is not with the horror which is felt at the appearance of supernatural beings, but merely with a nervous uneasiness lest the entertainment should not be worthy of guests so distinguished.

There is to be sure, an old bad fairy among the body, but her badness is quite of the human character. She has all the spite of a *passée* beauty, and is generally nettled because she has not been included in an invitation. Doubtless, she was, once upon a time, as pretty, and as lady-like as the rest, but she has, at last, bowed beneath the weight of centuries, and her beauty and her temper have been worn out together.

The Countess d'Anois' "fairies" are, in fact, actual ladies and gentlemen, with nothing to distinguish them from the rest of mortality, but the possession of a certain præternatural power. They eat and they drink, and they marry mortals, without any evil consequences, like those which arose from the *liaison* of poor, languishing German Undine—and they dress themselves in the fashion of the time, which, somehow or other, always happens to be about the period of Louis XIV., and they pride themselves on being not "good people," in the Irish sense of the word, but really "good company."

Now this is exactly the sort of society in which Mr. Planché moves easily. No one of all the dramatic authors has so nice a feeling for the conventionalities of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We know that as an antiquary, he plunges into the thirteenth and the fourteenth; nay, that he will dive among the ancient Britons, an' you will, but we are also certain that a sort of "*Ranz des Vaches*" feeling tempts him back to the days of the "Grand Monarque" of France, or the "Merry Monarch" of England; and that, although he can readily contemplate the baron's mail and the herald's tabard, his chief penchant is for the Watteau-ish

state of existence. You may still see the semi-modern courtliness amid the mediæval costumes of the "King of the Peacocks."

Hence his affinity to the Countess D'Anois, and hence his dainty method of treating the Greek mythology. We should not like to see him busied with the grim horrors of Northern superstition—we would not have him follow the "wild huntsman," or startle us with the shrieks of the up-rooted mandrake; but let him ever give us such courtly pleasantries as the "King of the Peacocks;" let him perpetually devise "kingdoms of the Green Valley," where gallant people walk about pleasantly accoutred, and strange regions, where the bird of Juno supplies the chief article of decoration. As our greatest benediction, let us wish that Mr. Beverley may ever paint his scenes, and illustrate those creations of the most tasteful brain with the touches of the most atmospheric pencil.

The Liverpool "brothers Brough," who have contrived the Yuletivities at the Haymarket, are of quite another class. They do not respect fairy-tales—not they. The story of "Prince Camaralzaman" does not end quite according to their views; so off with the old termination, and on with an incident from the other tale about the fairy Peribanou, and lo and behold, the difficulty is solved. Nor do they care so very much about preserving a tone of elegance throughout their work. If they think it more comic for a gentleman to smoke a pipe than to leave it alone, they give him his yard of clay, and a shabby white hat into the bargain. "Fun—fun—fun," is the object of Messrs. Brough; and the power they have of bringing out verbal jokes by the score, and of fitting merry words to merry tunes, enables them to attain their object triumphantly.

In short, the two theatres—the Lyceum and the Haymarket—have both made grand "hits" with their Christmas pieces, and those of our readers who have seen them both, have made themselves acquainted with first-rate specimens of the different styles.

Mind, pantomimes are no longer the order of the day. A melancholy fate that of Harlequin and Columbine, of Clown and Pantaloon! Their glory was connected with that of the "large theatres," and when the latter were turned into foreign opera houses, or equestrian arenas, they ceased to exist, like feudal retainers, after the destruction of the old baronial castles. The Haymarket and the Lyceum—now the first theatres in the metropolis—show no desire to leave their beaten path of burlesque for the sake of resuscitating the ancient heroes of harlequinade; and the Adelphi, which long stuck to pantomime, gives it up as a bad job. Even at the theatres where the successors of Bologna and Grimaldi are allowed still to make their appearance, a long "introduction" makes awful in-trenchments on their dominion, and is, in fact, another form of burlesque, which thus attacks pantomime in its own camp. In the suburbs, the old class of Christmas entertainment still exhibits signs of vitality, but in Westminster, we fear, the case is desperate.

Mr. and Mrs. Kean have gone bravely through their Windsor career and the performances at the Castle draw immense houses when repeated at the Haymarket. The "Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," and the "Stranger," are the principal pieces that have thus produced a sensation both in town and country.

Among the important events of the month may be noted the return to the stage of Mr. James Wallack. He was cordially welcomed in "Don Caesar de Bazan."

LITERARY NOTICES.

ADVENTURES IN BORNEO.*

THE incidents upon which this narrative is founded—the adventures of a shipwrecked boy in Borneo—are, we believe, alluded to in the works that have recently appeared, recording Sir James Brooke's proceedings in that quarter of the globe. The boy in question was the son of a clergyman, who was bound with his wife and two children, a boy and a girl, to some remote colony. This clergyman had married a young lady of family against the wishes of her relatives, and their persecutions had brought poverty and disgrace upon both. The ship in which they had taken their passage was wrecked off the coast of Borneo, the father was slain, and the mother and daughter perished partly from fatigue and privations, and partly from wounds inflicted by Illanun pirates. The boy was preserved by some Dyak peasants, who found him lying insensible from wounds received in the same conflict. They took him to their huts, nurtured him and tendered him; and he grew up among them, learnt their language, and was admitted into their tribe. Except that the little boy felt mortified that his nature was running to waste, he was comparatively happy among these poor islanders. He always entertained a latent hope of making his escape, or of going in search of some European settlement, even with the permission of his protectors; and he only waited till he was older and had grown strong enough to thread the almost impervious mangrove forests, and to defend himself in his travels, to put his plan into execution. In the meantime, the village was suddenly attacked by a host of Badjows, or sea-gypsies, who came in prahus disguised as a friendly tribe. These savages slew most of the villagers and carried away the remainder to slavery, and among them our little hero.

The boy was, at this time, ten years of age, and he endeavoured to conciliate his master—Hussim Atim by name—by conducting him to the spot where certain moneys had been deposited by the English boat's crew at the moment of the attack of the Illanuns, but they were unsuccessful in their search. The poor boy was scourged, and he was placed on deck under a vertical sun, with a lighted match fastened between each of his fingers. But he was upheld amidst all these trials by the hope that all the days of his life were not appointed for submission to the bondsman's scourge, but that he should live to see white faces again, and listen once more to the almost forgotten accents of his native land.

Nor was he mistaken, the cruel brother that had persecuted his father and mother had been called to his list account. An uncle, who had always loved and befriended his parents, had come into the enjoyment of the family titles and property, and the first thing that he did was to set sail in search of the lost family. The boy had, at the same time, induced his master, by a promise of a large ransom, to convey him to Bruné; and the first sight of an English frigate lying in that harbour, with his uncle on board, is a far more touching climax to the story, than fiction ever depicted.

* *Adventures in Borneo.* 1 vol. Henry Colburn.

MARTIN TOUTROND; A FRENCHMAN IN LONDON IN 1831.*

MARTIN was the son of "a highly distinguished" sausage manufacturer, in the Rue du Bac; and his parents having seen an ill-favoured youth of the neighbourhood succeed in gaining the affections of "a young miss" who had as her marriage portion, 500*l.* per annum, they had reckoned that sum up in francs, ascertained that it amounted to 12,500 *rentes*, and resolved that a youth like Martin, of fashionable and lively manners, should also be married to an Englishwoman, as the shortest or royal road to fortune.

Martin is, in pursuit of this scheme, after familiarising himself to a certain extent with the English language, despatched to London with letters recommendatory, and his adventures in search of the lady proprietress of the 15,000 *rentes*, form the staple of a clever and amusing volume. Martin is not at all particular; young or old, so long as they are rich, come in alike for a share of his attentions. Social position, appearance, character, and disposition are all minor considerations before this one important point, to succeed in which the son devotes himself with an energy and perseverance that could only be met with in the descendant of an experienced and successful sausage-maker.

The story is told, however, with as much good-nature as talent. The mistakes in language made by Martin, and his solecisms in habits, are in the vein of our friend, Mr. Jolly Green. Throughout, the Frenchman is fairly dealt with; there is quite a *penchant* on the part of the writer to his hero, although there was not such on the part of the young misses to whom he paid his addresses; and his adventures wind up with a fair example of Gallic good sense and propriety. The severest satire is most certainly directed against our own countrymen. The aristocratic Dippses, chandlers in Thames Street, who affect to despise Tugdug, the wholesale cheesemonger, although he has a west-end house, because he is a democrat; the Misses Tugdug affecting to be what they are not; the puritanical Bacon family (not to omit the religious tract mistaken by our hero for a love-letter) are familiar phases in our social system. Unsuccessful in the city sphere, our hero is induced, by a friend he meets with at the lord mayor's ball, to try his chances in another circle as the Vicomte Chateaurond, in which character an infinite variety of perplexities, misfortunes, and disgraces await him; all happily terminating—not in a marriage—but in a proper sense of what is due to himself and to others, and in a full conviction that the practices of deception are neither productive of happiness nor success in life. The work is attributed, and we believe with justice, to the author of "*Hajji Baba*."

LUCILLE BELMONT.†

"LUCILLE BELMONT" has introduced a new and successful writer of fashionable fiction to the public. He should rather have called his work "*Cecil Graham*," for the fair Lucille plays a very subordinate part to that of the *soi-disant* son of the premier, whose morbid sentimentality and fashionable selfishness would weary and disgust the reader,

* Martin Toutronde; a Frenchman in London in 1831. 1 vol. Richard Bentley.

† Lucille Belmont. A Novel. 3 Vols. Henry Colburn.

if they were not relieved by much earnest feeling and passion. Cecil, favoured by birth, is by no means so by circumstances. An account of youthfulness so mispent, and of time so squandered, in boating on a Highland loch and making love to an ill-fated little girl, we never read. Nor, according to his own account, did he devote himself more to study when at college, than when exiled at Solecombe. Cecil is one of those self-created geniuses who scorn to acknowledge the preliminaries that others have to go through. Called at a moment's notice to enter into London life and commence a diplomatic career, he is at once at home with ministers and ambassadors; he can ridicule "a middle-aged traveller, who had negotiated I do not know how many treaties of commerce, without having brought one to a successful issue, knew every language in civilised Europe, and had translated whole folios of barbaric rhapsodies into English sonnets;" he can at once win the steadfast friendship of the almost "wondrous" Vavasour, the Rodolph of English fashionable society, and a person without whom no novel of fashionable life would in the present day be able to uphold its pretensions. But sentimental Cecil falls in love with the beautiful Lucille, the sister of his dearest college friend, at his very first ball, fancies himself thwarted by Vavasour, repairs to the country, and woos and wins only to discover that a mystery hangs over this fair maiden, which not only puts a bar to all thoughts of union, but actually requires his immediate forfeiture of her society.

The sketches of high official personages, and of the great and the learned of the land, that are here and there scattered through the work, attest the author's intimacy with the society which he describes, and efficiently relieve the scenes of human weaknesses and sufferings which otherwise preponderate in this tale of romantic love.

AUSTRIA.*

THE dream of security from which Austria has been so suddenly and so rudely aroused, the supposed immutability of her system for once and for ever broken up, and the triumphs of her military over insurrection in every direction, from the heart to the remotest extremities of the empire, constitute an epoch in the history of that remarkably constituted country, which attaches a peculiar interest to all real and authentic statements in regard to its social and political condition; and such we can truly say are contained in Mr. Thomson's little book. His accounts bear internal evidence of truth and fairness, and exhibit every proof of having been most carefully collected, and that with a sound and discriminating judgment. We do not think that the author has done justice to Prince Metternich, in not distinguishing the system of which he was the representative, or rather the head, from the man himself. Mr. Paton, in his recently published "Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic," has, in this respect, furnished us with a far more spirited and just view of the Austrian political system. Mr. Thomson is more happy when he signals the proximate extinction of the farce of a German federal parliament. Public opinion, he says, which in Germany is decidedly in favour of monarchy, will ere long pronounce the doom which is due to the utopianism and arrogance of the Frankfort Assembly. A consummation devoutly to be wished!

* Austria. By Edward P. Thomson, Esq. Smith, Elder, and Co.

DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY: THE INFERNO.*

ALL who know anything of the manifold significance of "*La Divina Commedia di Dante Allighieri*," or of its history, will rejoice to see a faithful effort made to bring the true meaning of that immortal poem nearer to English readers. Chaucer and Milton had both read the "*Divina Commedia*" with poetic warmth and insight, before producing any of their own great works. Dante himself was no doubt largely indebted to previous writers, both profane and inspired—to Virgil and to Holy Writ—but Dr. John Carlyle tells us, that it was only on studying the contemporary historians, or chroniclers, of Florence, and other parts of Italy, in connexion with Dante and his earliest commentators, that the meaning of this great poem first began to unfold itself in detail, and apart from its mere literary merits. "It became significant in proportion as it was felt to be true—to be, in fact, the sincerest, the strongest, and warmest utterance that had ever come from any human heart since the time of the old Hebrew prophets." The English reader had certainly never heretofore such an opportunity of making himself acquainted with the true character and meaning of one of the great poems of the world; as is now afforded by this admirable prose and literal translation.

ANECDOTES OF THE ARISTOCRACY.†

THE gentle blood that flows in the veins of the aristocracy of the United Kingdom, the hereditary transmission of high spirit and moral courage, the moving scenes into which the nobility and gentry of the land are thrown by the circumstances of position, property, and education, added to the maintenance of the same race through generations of time, all combine to render it almost impossible that there should be any house of any antiquity in the land, with which some episode of romance, some trait of bright or dark colour, some anecdote of startling, marvellous, or characteristic nature should not be connected, even if some tradition of old does not hang over the very history of its rise and progress. Anecdotes of the aristocracy possess the advantage of brevity over the more lengthy narratives which embrace tradition and romance, while the latter enjoy the more lasting interest of consecutiveness and detail. There is room for each in so rich a field—one which has long proved invaluable to the poet and the novelist—and Mr. Burke's two volumes, of upwards of 120 of the most curious anecdotes that are historically recorded of, or that appertain to, the less generally known history of the nobility and gentry of the country, cannot fail to rival in interest any other book of the season.

THE OLD JUDGE; OR, LIFE IN A COLONY.‡

It is long since the author of "*Sam Slick*" has got into so promising a cover for such game as he delights to besport with. His sketches are full of life, his characters unusually rich, and his stories and illustrations redolent of the strangeness of a new and little known country.

* A Literal Prose Translation, with the Text of the Original, collated from the best editions, and Explanatory Notes. By John A. Carlyle, M.D. Chapman & Hall.

† Anecdotes of the Aristocracy, and Episodes in Ancestral Story. By J. Bernard Burke, Esq. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

‡ The Old Judge; or, Life in a Colony. By the Author of "*Sam Slick, the Clockmaker*," &c. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

VISIONS OF THE TIMES OF OLD.*

THE narrative of Sir Ernest Oldworthy's aspirations and adventures in the field of antiquarian discovery will form an epoch in Bibliographical history. The endeavour to illustrate the singular traits of thought, feeling, and habit, which impart individuality to the character of the antiquarian enthusiast, if, not perfectly original in conception, is truly so in its mode of execution. "The deep sources of his rapt and solitary meditation—the soul-absorbing impulses associated with his devotional homage of the past—his utter and contemptuous disregard of the world around him," Dr. Bigsby tells us, "present a peculiarity of mental constitution so remarkable, that to portray the characteristic acts and speculations of such a being must necessarily develop a much that is widely devious from the analogies of every-day life." There can be little doubt of this. We have, indeed, as yet, no literary portraiture of so rare and eccentric a temperament. The plain, sober, calculating Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, the humorous Monkbarns, who lives as much for this world as for the past, do not come up to the Oldworthy standard. "The 'Antiquary' of Sir Walter Scott, however richly endowed with the fascinating associations of the author's taste and genius," Dr. Bigsby insists, "presents but a faint specimen of the thorough-bred, heart-and-soul-engaged dreamer of the dreams of antiquity! Little or nothing of the glow of early chivalry, or of the sublime rapture of the bardic spirit, exists in Sir Walter's representative of the lover of 'storied eld.'"

The portrait of Sir Ernest Oldworthy is not personal, but has, it is announced, been drawn from the mental peculiarities of a revered friend. The abode of the antiquarian recluse, his lingerings in lonely haunts and wanderings with the "Spirit of the Wilds," his relics and relic-hunting, his house and garden, his picture-gallery, armoury, and library, occupy, in their description, one whole volume.

The site of the abode of the antiquarian enthusiast is, it may be observed, at Repton, in Derbyshire, the seat of an ancient Saxon monastery, of which a description was given by Mr. Haigh to the British Archaeological Association, at the meeting at Winchester, in 1845. The epoch selected for illustration by the author in his second volume, in the early history of this spot, is that which was marked by the overthrow of the last legitimate monarch of Mercia and the destruction of this venerable monastery. Taking into consideration the peculiar darkness and uncertainty that hangs over that almost anti-historical period, and of the "privileged aid" of the imagination, the doctor says he has presumed to introduce the long-forgotten King Askew as the associate of the Danish monarchs, Gothrum, Haldene, Oskitul, and Amwynd, on their hostile visitation of Repton, in the reign of the unfortunate King Burrhed. We hope no irreverent sceptic will venture to mar the beauty of this primeval romance, by placing King Askew on a par with King Arthur.

The work concludes with sundry chapters full of sighs and yearnings for the "Good old Past," and wishing the learned author every success in his earnest desire to conciliate a deeper regard for the pleasure of historical literature, and for the conservation of our national antiquities, with the all-engrossing and unworthy utilitarian spirit of the age; still we must say, that the present and the future is all and all with us—the past for experience, the present for improvement, the future for hope.

* *Visions of the Times of Old; or, the Antiquarian Enthusiast.* By Robert Bigsby, Esq., LL.D. 3 vols. C. Wright.

THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION TO THE LATIN DICTIONARY AND GREEK LEXICON.—*Longmans.*

WE should positively envy the student of the present day, if we ourselves had not long been practically of opinion that it was never too late to study. Imagine a Latin Dictionary and Greek Lexicon, in which almost every substantive is illustrated! It is quite a treat to turn over its pages. There are incalculable advantages in the pictorial system now being so largely introduced into some branches of education. The English for *Navis*, for example, is a ship, and the student goes away with the *bonâ fide* idea of a ship in full sail. He is an advanced student when he has learnt that the Romans used galleys with single and double banks of oars; but with a work like the present, the merest tyro turns to *Navis*, and learns at once that there are six kinds of vessels so called, four of which are depicted before his eyes. So it is with an infinite number of other Latin words, the admitted translation of which is a mere conventionalism, and leads the mind to substitute an existing idea for a by-gone thing. The whole social system of the ancients, their attire, meals, houses, furniture, and utensils, public buildings and amusements, worship, &c.; their trades and industry, their arts and sciences, their habits and practices, are all involved in their language; and a good illustrated Latin Dictionary is hence the best and soundest introduction to Greek and Latin antiquities. The work now published by Messrs. Longman and Co., is by no means got up for the occasion; a considerable portion of the materials were collected by the author, Anthony Rich, of Caius College, Cambridge, for his own instruction and amusement, during a protracted residence of seven years in the central and southern parts of Italy. The consequence is, that there is a great deal that is both new and exceedingly interesting. It is to be observed, that whenever a drawing has been copied at second hand, the work is quoted from whence the illustration is taken. By means of an appended classified index, the dictionary could be converted into a very pretty little introduction to Greek and Latin Archaeology, which might be published at a small price for the use of schools. The great book itself will, we have little doubt, soon supersede those various editions that have grown up upon the original Ainsworth, and which have so long been considered the only guides to the Latin tongue.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LAMARTINE.—*C. Wright.*

RAPHAEL, BY LAMARTINE.—*J. W. Parker.*

THE Rev. William Pulling's "Biographical Sketch" of the great politician of the day comes opportunely, the more especially as it contains a few generalities from the poet's "three months in power."

"Raphael" is a new work by the author of the *Méditations* and the *Harmonies*, or rather, we should suppose, a work of his youth now first published. It is a purely sentimental story of the Werter and Nouvelle Heloise school, and must have been penned when imaginations were more alive than they are at the present moment to the poetry of the soul.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR HERO ARRIVES AT LAVERICK WELLS.

A MAN emerging from London makes very light of the country. As, on entering the mighty Babylon a feeling of defensive caution and suspicion steals imperceptibly on the mind, so, on returning to the pure atmosphere of the country, the ease of confidence revives, and, strange though the scene may be, a man feels as if he were returning to old friends. Nobody is ever afraid of any one in the country. The country is the pure source of happiness to which many look forward as the certain curer of all care—of all illness, of all complaints. The minister, wearied of the baiting of the opposition, and the teasing of his own party, only wishes to God! the session were over, and he were back in the country; the nobleman, tired of pomp and state, the oil and wax life of town, longs to greet the rising sun above his own grey hills; the county member grieves for his fox-hunting, and getting harvest-bit about summer, is perfectly rabid towards autumn; the hard worked lawyer thinks, if he could but get six weeks of country air through his failing lungs, he should be able to stand a London winter better; the harrassed shopkeeper does the same, the artisan likewise; all, all appreciate the blessings of country life, except those who live there.

Our last chapter left the "sporting world" of Laverick Wells in great excitement at the expected coming of, our hero, Mr. Soapey Sponge, whose injudicious groom had raised a furious flame of sporting, or rather riding jealousy, in the minds of the rising generation then resident at that renowned watering-place, by stating his master's extraordinary prowess in the equestrian line, and general habit of "showing people the way" wherever he went—a terrible undertaking in any country.

Such a hero is not heard of every day, and no wonder that the aggrieved ones flocked to the railway station to see the audacious one arrive.

Punctual to the moment, the railway train, conveying the redoubtable genius, slid into the well-lighted, elegant little station of Laverick Wells, and out of a first-class carriage emerged Mr. Sponge in a "down the road" coat, carrying a horse sheet wrapper in his hand. So small and insignificant did the station seem after the gigantic ones of London, that Mr. Soapey thought he had wasted his money in taking a first-class ticket, seeing there was no one to know. Mr. Leather, who was in attendance, having received him hat in hand, with all the deference due to the master of twenty hunters, soon undeceived him on that point. Having eased him of his wrapper and inquired about his luggage, and despatched a porter for a fly, they stood together over the portmanteau and hat-box till it arrived.

"How are the horses?" asked Sponge.

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"Oh, the osses be nicely, sir," replied Leather; "they travelled down uncommon well, and I've had 'em both removed sin they com'd, so either on 'em is fit to go i' the mornin,' that you think proper."

"Where are the bounds?" asked our hero.

"Ounds be at Whirleypool Windmill," replied Leather, "that's about five miles off."

"What sort of a country is it?" inquired Sponge.

"It be a stiffish country from all accounts, with a good deal o' water jumpin'; that's to say, the Liffey runs twistin' and twinin' about it like a H'Eel."

"Then I'd better ride the brown, I think," observed Sponge, after a pause, "he has size and stride enough to cover anything, if he will but face water."

"I'll warrant him for that," replied Leather; "only let the Latchfords well into him, and he'll go."

"Are there many hunting-men down?" inquired our friend, casually.

"Great many," replied Leather, "great many: some good ands among 'em, too; at least so say their grums, though I never believe all these jockeys say. There be some on 'em ere now," observed Leather in an under tone, with a wink of his roguish eye, and jerk of his head towards where a knot of them stood eyeing our friend most intently.

"Which?" inquired Sponge, looking about the thinly-peopled station.

"There," replied Leather, "those by the book-stall. That be Mr. Waffles," continued he, giving his master a touch in the ribs as he jerked his portmanteau into a fly, "that be *Mr. Waffles*," repeated he, with a knowing leer.

"Which?" inquired Mr. Sponge, eagerly.

"The gent in the green wide-awake at, and big button'd over-coat," replied Leather, "jest now a speakin' to the youth in the tweed and all tweed; that be Mastef Caingey Thornton, as big a little blackguard as any in the place—lives upon Waffles, and yet never has a good word to say for him, no, nor for no one else—and yet to ear the little devil a-talkin' to him, you'd really fancy he believed there wasn't not never sich another man i' the world as Waffles—not aanother sich rider—not aanother sich racket-player—not aanother sich pigeon-shooter—not aanother sich fine chap altogether."

"Has Thornton any horses?" asked Sponge.

"Not he," replied Leather, "not he, nor the gentl'man next him nouth—Hee, in the pilot coat with the whip sticking out of the pocket, nor the one in the coffee-coloured at, nor none on 'em in fact," adding "they all live on Squire Waffles—breakfast with him—dine with him—drink with him—smoke with him—and if any on 'em appen to ave an orse, why they sell to him, and so ride for nothin' themselves."

"A convenient sort of gentleman," observed Mr. Sponge, thinking he, too, might accommodate him.

The fly-man now touching his hat indicative of a wish to be off, having a fare waiting elsewhere, Mr. Sponge directed him to proceed to the Brunswick Hotel, while accompanied by Leather, he proceeded on foot to the stables.

Mr. Leather of course, had the valuable stud, under lock and key, with every crevice and air hole well stuffed with straw, as if they had been the most valuable horses in the world. Having produced the ring-key from

his pocket, Mr. Leather opened the door, and having got his master in, speedily closed it, lest a breath of fresh air might intrude. Having lighted a lucifer, he turned on the gas and exhibited the blooming-coated horses, well littered in straw, showing that he was not the man to pay four-and-twenty shillings a week for nothing. Mr. Soapey Sponge stood eyeing them for some seconds with evident approbation.

"If any one asks you about the horses you can say they are *mine*, you know," at length observed he casually, with an emphasis on the mine.

"*In course*," replied Leather.

"I mean you needn't say any thing about their being *jobs*," observed Sponge, fearing Leather mightn't exactly "take."

"*You trust me*," replied Leather, with a knowing wink, and a jerk of his elbow against his master's side; "*you trust me*," repeated he, with a look as much as to say "we understand each other."

"I've haddad a few to them, indeed," continued Leather, looking to see how his master took it.

"Have you?" observed Mr. Sponge, inquiringly.

"I've made out that you've as good as twenty, one way or another," observed Leather, "some ere, some there, all over in fact, and that you jest run about the country, and unt with o'ever comes h'uppermost."

"Well, and what's the upshot of it all?" inquired Mr. Sponge, thinking his groom seemed wonderfully enthusiastic in his interest.

"Why the h'upshot of it is," replied Leather, "that the men are all mad, and the women all wild to see you. I hear at my club, the mutton chop and mealy potatoe club, which is frequented by flunkies as well as grums, that there's nothin' talked of at dinner or tea, but the terrible rich stranger that's a comin', and the gals are all pullin' caps who's to have the first chance."

"Indeed," observed Mr. Sponge, chuckling at the sensation he was creating.

"The Miss Shapsets, there be five on 'em, have had a game at fly loo for you," continued Leather, "at least, so their little maid tells me."

"Fly, what?" inquired Mr. Sponge.

"Fly loo," repeated Leather, "fly loo."

Mr. Sponge shook his head. For once he was not "fly."

"You see," continued Leather, in explanation, "their father is one of them tight laced candlestick priests wot abhors all sorts of wice and him-morality, and won't stand card playin', or gamblin', or nothin' o' that sort, so the young ladies when they want to settle a point, who's to be married first, or who's to have the richest usband, play fly loo."

"And how is it played?" inquired Sponge.

"Why this way," replied Leather; "sposing it's at breakfast time, they all sit quiet and sober like round the table, lookin' as if butter wouldn't melt in their mouths, and each has a lump o' sugar on her plate, or by her cup, or somewhere, and whoever can tice a fly to come to her sugar first wins the wager, or whatever it is they play for."

"Five on 'em," as Leather said, being a hopeless number to extract any good from, Mr. Sponge changed the subject by giving orders for the morrow. What they were the morrow itself will declare.

Mr. Soapey Sponge's appearance being decidedly of the sporting order, and his horses maintaining the character, did not alleviate the agi-

tated minds of the sporting beholders, ruffled as they were with the threatening, vapouring insinuations of the coachman-groom, Peter Leather. There is nothing sets men's backs up so readily as a hint that any one is coming to take the "shine" out of them across country. We have known the most deadly feuds engendered between parties who never spoke to each other, by adroit go-betweens reperting to each what the other said, or, perhaps, did not say, but what the "go-betweens" knew would so rouse the British lion as to make each ride to destruction if necessary.

"He's a varmint-looking chap," observed Mr. Waffles, as the party returned from the railway station; "shouldn't wonder if he can go—dare say he'll try—shouldn't wonder if he's floored—awfully stiff country this for horses that are not used to it—most likely his are Leicestershire nags, used to fly—won't do here. If he attempts to take some of our big banked bullfinches in his stride, with a yawner on each side, will get into grief."

"Hang him," interrupted Caingey Thornton, "there are good men in all countries."

"So there are!" exclaimed Mr. Spareneck, the steeple-chase rider.

"I've no notion of a fellow lording it over us, because he happens to come out of Leicestershire," rejoined Mr. Thornton.

"Nor I!" exclaimed Mr. Spareneck.

"Why doesn't he *stay* in Leicestershire?" asked Mr. Hoppey, now raising his voice for the first time—adding, "Who asked him here?"

"Who, indeed?" sneered Mr. Thornton.

In this mood our friends arrived at the Imperial Hotel, where there was always a dinner the day before hunting—a dinner that somehow was served up in Mr. Wyndey Waffles' rooms, who was most likely allowed the privilege of paying for all those who did not pay for themselves; rather a considerable number, we believe.

The best of every thing being good enough for the guests, and profuse liberality the order of the day, the cloth generally disappeared before a contented audience, whatever humour they might have sat down in. As the least people can do, who dine at an inn and don't pay their own shot, is to drink the health of the man who does pay, Mr. Waffles was always lauded and applauded to the skies—such a master—such a sportsman—such science—such knowledge—such a pattern card. On this occasion the toast was received with extra enthusiasm, for the proposer, Mr. Caingey Thornton, who was desperately in want of a mount, after going the rounds of the old laudatory course, alluded to the threatened vapourings of the stranger, and expressed his firm belief that he would "meet with his match," a "taking of the bull by the horns," that met with very considerable favour from the wine-flushed party, the majority of whom, at that moment, made very "small," in their own minds, of the biggest fence that ever was seen.

There is nothing so easy as going best pace over the mahogany.

Mr. Waffles, who was received with considerable applause, and patting of the table, responded to the toast in his usual felicitous style, assuring the company that he lived but for the enjoyment of their charming society, and that all the money in the world would be useless, if he hadn't Laverick Wells to spend it in. With regard to the vapourings of a "certain gentleman," he thought it would be very odd if some of them

could not take the shine out of him, observing that "Brag" was a good dog, but "Holdfast" was a better, with certain other sporting similes and phrases, all indicative of showing fight. The steam is soon got up after dinner, and as they were all of the same mind, and all agreed that a gross insult had been offered to the hunt in general, and themselves in particular, the only question was, how to revenge it. At last they hit upon it. Old Stockdolager, the late master of the hunt, had been in the habit of having Tom Towler, the huntsman, to his lodgings the night before hunting, where, over a glass of gin-and-water they discussed the doings of the day and the general arrangements of the country.

Mr. Waffles had had him in sometimes, though for a different purpose—at least, in reality for a different purpose, though he always made hunting the excuse for sending for him, and that purpose was, to try how many silver foxes' heads full of port wine Tom could carry off without tumbling, and the old fellow being rather liquorishly inclined, had never made any objection to the experiment. Mr. Waffles now wanted him, to endeavour, under the mellowing influence of drink, to get him to enter cordially into what he knew would be distasteful to the old sportsman's feelings, namely, to substitute a "drag" for the legitimate find and chase of the fox. Fox-hunting, though exciting and exhilarating at all times, except, perhaps, when the "fallows are flying," and the sportsman feels that in all probability the further he goes the further he is left behind—Fox-hunting, we say, though exciting and exhilarating, does not, when the real truth is spoken, present such conveniences for neck-breaking, as people, who take their ideas from Mr. Ackermann's print shop window, imagine. That there are large places in most fences is perfectly true; but that there are also weak ones is also the fact, and a practised eye catches up the latter uncommonly quick. Therefore, though a madman may ride at the big places, a sane man is not expected to follow; and even should any one be tempted so to do, the madman having acted pioneer, will have cleared the way, or at all events proved its practicability for the follower.

In addition to this, however, hounds having to smell as they go, cannot travel at the ultra steeple-chase pace, so opposed to "looking before you leap," and so conducive to danger and difficulty, and as going even at a fair pace depends upon the state of the atmosphere, and the scent the fox leaves behind, it is evident that where mere daring hard riding is the object, a fox hunt cannot be depended upon for furnishing the necessary accommodation. A drag hunt is quite a different thing. The drag can be made to any strength; enabling hounds to run as if they were tied to it, and can be trailed so as to bring in all the dangerous places in the country with a certain air of plausibility, enabling a man to look round and exclaim, as he crams at a bullfinch or brook, "he's leading us over a most desperate country—never saw such fencing in all my life!" Drag hunting, however, as we said before, is not popular with sportsmen, certainly not with huntsmen, and though our friends with their wounded feelings determined to have one, they had yet to smooth over old Tom to get him to come into their views. That was now the difficulty.

CHAPTER VIII.

OLD TOM TOWLER.

THERE are few queerer things in the world than an old peeled huntsman, and of all queer, old peeled huntsmen, perhaps Old Tom Towler was the queerest. Tom in his person furnished an apt illustration of the right appropriation of talent and the fitness of things, for he would neither have made a groom, nor a coachman, nor a postillion, nor a footman, nor a ploughman, nor a mechanic, nor anything we know of, and yet he was first-rate as a huntsman. He was too weak for a groom, too small for a coachman, too ugly for a postillion, too stunted for a footman, too light for a ploughman, too useless looking for almost anything.

Any one looking at him in "mufti" would exclaim, what an "unfortunate object!" and perhaps offer him a penny, while in his hunting habiliments lords would hail him with, "Well, Tom, how are you?" and baronets ask him "how he was?" Commoners felt honoured by his countenance, and yet, but for hunting, Tom would have been wasted—a cypher—an inapplicable sort of man. Old Tom, in his scarlet coat, black cap, and boots, and Tom in his undress—say, shirt-sleeves, shorts, grey stockings and shoes, bore about the same resemblance to each other that a three months dead jay nailed to a keeper's lodge bears to the bright-plumaged bird when flying about. On horseback, Tom was a cockey, wirey-looking, keen-eyed, grim-visaged, hard-bitten little fellow, sitting as though he and his horse were all one, while on foot he was the most shambling, scrambling, crooked-going crab that ever was seen. He was a complete mash of a man. He had been scalped by the branch of a tree, his nose knocked into a thing like a button by the kick of a horse, his teeth sent down his throat by a fall, his collar-bone fractured, his left leg broken and his right arm ditto, to say nothing of damage to his ribs, fingers, and feet, and having had his face scarified like pork by repeated brushings through strong thorn fences.

But we will describe him as he appeared before Mr. Waffles, and the gentlemen of the Laverick Wells Hunt, on the night of Mr. Soapey Sponge's arrival. Tom's spirit being roused at hearing the boastings of Mr. Leather, and thinking perhaps, his master might have something to say, or thinking, perhaps, to partake of the eleemosynary drink generally going on in large houses of public entertainment, had taken up his quarters in the bar of the "Imperial," where he was attentively perusing the "meets" in *Bell's Life*, reading how the Atherstone hounds met at Gopsall, the Bedale at Hornby, the Cottesmore at Tilton Wood, and so on, with an industry worthy of a better cause; for Tom neither knew country, nor places, nor masters, nor hounds, nor huntsmen, nor anything, though he still felt an interest in reading where they were going to hunt. Thus he sat with a quick ear, one of the few undamaged organs of his body, cocked to hear if Tom Towler was asked for; when, a waiter dropping his name from the landing of the staircase to the hall porter, asking if anybody had seen anything of him, Tom folded up his paper, put it in his pocket, and passing his hand over the few straggling bristles yet sticking about his bald head, proceeded, hat in hand, upstairs to his master's room.

His appearance called forth a round of view halloos! Who-hoops! Tally ho's! Hark forwards! amidst which, and the waving of napkins, and general noises, Tom proceeded at a twisting, limping, halting, sideways sort of scramble up the room. His crooked legs didn't seem to have an exact understanding with his body which way they were to go; one, the right one, being evidently inclined to lurch off to the side, while the left one went stamp, stamp, stamp, as if equally determined to resist any deviation.

At length he reached the top of the table, where sat his master, with the glittering Fox's head before him. Having made a sort of scratch bow, Tom proceeded to stand at ease, as it were, on the right leg, while he placed the late recusant left, which was a trifle shorter, as a prop behind. No one, to look at the little wizen'd old man in the loose dark frock, baggy striped waistcoat, and patent cord breeches, extending below where the calves of his bow legs ought to have been, would have supposed that it was the noted huntsman and dashing rider, Tom Towler, whose name was celebrated throughout the country. He might have been a village tailor, or sexton, or barber; anything but a hero.

"Well, Tom," said Mr. Waffles, taking up the Fox's head, as Tom came to anchor by his side, "how are you?"

"Nicely, thank you, sir," replied Tom, giving the bald head another sweep.

Mr. Waffles.—"What'll you drink?"

Tom.—"Port, if you please, sir."

"There it is for you then," said Mr. Waffles, brimming the Fox's head, which held about the third of a bottle (an inn bottle at least) and handing it to him.

"Gentlemen all," said Tom, passing his sleeve across his mouth, and casting a side-long glance at the company, as he raised the cup to drink their healths.

He quaffed it off at a draught.

"Well, Tom, and what shall we do to-morrow?" asked Mr. Waffles, as Tom replaced the Fox's head, nose uppermost, on the table.

"Why, we must draw Ribston Wood fust, I 'spose," replied Tom, "and then on to Bradwell-grove, unless you thought well of tryin' Chesterton-common on the road, or——"

"Aye, aye," interrupted Waffles, "I know all that; but what I want to know is, whether we can make sure of a run. We want to give this great metropolitan swell a benefit. You know who I mean?"

"The gen'lman as is com'd to the Brunswick, I 'spose," replied Tom; "at least, as is comin', for I've not heard that he's com'd yet."

"Oh, but he *has*," replied Mr. Waffles; "and I make no doubt will be out to-morrow."

"S—o—o," observed Tom, in a long drawled note.

"Well, now; do you think you can engage to give us a run?" asked Mr. Waffles, seeing his huntsman did not seem inclined to help him to his point.

"I'll do my best," replied Tom, cautiously running the many contingencies of the run through his mind.

"Take another drop of something," said Mr. Waffles, again raising the Fox's head. "What'll you have?"

"Port, if you please," replied Tom.

"There," said Mr. Waffles, handing him another bumper ; "drink, Fox-hunting."

"Fox-huntin'," said old Tom, quaffing off the measure, as before. A flush of life came into his weather-beaten face, just as a glow of heat enlivens a blacksmith's hearth, after a touch of the bellows.

"You must never let this bumptious cock beat us," observed Mr. Waffles.

"No—o—o," replied Tom, adding, "there's no fear of that."

"But he swears he *will*!" exclaimed Mr. Caingey Thornton. "He swears there isn't a man shall come within a field of him."

"Indeed," observed Tom, with a twinkle of his little bright eyes.

"I tell you what, Tom," observed Mr. Waffles, "we must *serve* him out, somehow."

"Oh ! he'll serve hisself out, in all probability," replied Tom ; carelessly adding, "these boastin' chaps always do."

"Couldn't we contrive something," asked Mr. Waffles, "to draw him out ?"

Tom was silent. He was a hunting huntsman, not a riding one.

"Have a glass of something," said Mr. Waffles, again appealing to the Fox's head.

"Thank you, sir, I've had a glass," replied Tom, sinking the second one.

"What will you have ?" asked Mr. Waffles.

"Port, if you please," replied Tom.

"Here it is," rejoined Mr. Waffles, again handing him the measure.

Up went the cup, over went the contents ; but Tom set it down with a less satisfied face than before. He had had enough. The left leg prop, too, gave way, and he was nearly toppling on the table.

Having got a chair for the dilapidated old man, they again essayed to get him into their line with better success ~~than~~ before. Having plied him well with port, they now plied him well with the stranger, and what with the one and the other, and a glass or two of brandy-and-water, Tom became very tractable, and it was ultimately arranged that they should have a drag over the very stiffest part of the country, wherein all who liked should take part, but that Mr. Caingey Thornton and Mr. Spareneck should be especially deputed to wait upon Mr. Sponge, and lead him into mischief. Of course it was to be a "profound secret," and equally, of course, it stood a good chance of being kept, seeing how many were in it, the additional number it would have to be communicated to before it could be carried out, and the happy state old Tom was in for arranging matters. Nevertheless, our friends at the "Imperial" congratulated themselves on their "diplomacy ;" and after a few minutes spent in discussing old Tom on his withdrawal, the party broke up, to array themselves in the splendid dress uniform of the "Hunt," to meet again at Miss Jumpheavy's ball.

A HURRICANE IN ANTIGUA.

BY CAPTAIN MACKINNON, R.N.,

AUTHOR OF "STEAM-WARFARE IN THE PARANA."

READER, were you ever in a West-Indian hurricane? If such has been your lot, I am sure you will agree with me in heartily and *anxiously wishing never to behold one again; for though there is something strangely fascinating in scenes of terror, few desire to renew their acquaintance with them.

The following description of an unusually severe elemental convulsion, is derived from notes taken while on a visit, in August, a few years ago, to a friend at Dry-Hill House, in the vicinity of St. John's, the capital of Antigua. It is the faint record of a calamity which will be memorable in the annals of that unfortunate island. .

The inmates of my friend's mansion were one morning early astir, and actively employed in preparations for a marriage-feast. With the happy, careless air, peculiar to their race, negro women and children were bustling among the large and luxuriant foliage, which, if it every now and then concealed them from view, could not stifle the sound of their rapid chattering, their giggling laughter, and snatches of songs, conveyed in the queer negro dialect. This irrepressible animation, reckless gaiety, and vivacious defiance of care, can hardly be imagined by the inhabitants of our northern climate. The merriment of negroes surpasses that of any other branch of the great human family.

I also had risen early on this festive occasion, being unwilling to lose any portion of the hilarity which I knew would commence with the earliest light of morning. Never shall I forget the splendour with which the day broke—a splendour to be witnessed only in the tropics. The sun slowly rose from the glass-like sea, first glancing on a few clouds which had congregated, there . . .

' Flattering the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,

and gradually revealing the gorgeous colours of the vegetation. I gazed with rapture on the serene magnificence, and the language of the Psalmist was not unremembered: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy-work."

My ruminations, at this moment, were disturbed by one of the servants (a black girl), who brought me a cup of coffee and a cigar—the usual morning custom on a West-Indian plantation. It struck me that something uncommon, nay, even ominous, was observable in the expression of her countenance, and I waited, with no little curiosity, to hear what she had to communicate.

"Hy, massa," said she, "here de coffee. How you do dis morning?" Then, with a significant glance, she added, "Ole massa, he say, will nyung massa look at 'rometer?"

"Thank you, Nancy," I replied, "it will be time enough to inspect

the weather-glass when I have finished my coffee. How are you, Nancy?"

"So-so, rader poorly, tank God, massa," rejoined the girl as, with a sigh, she left me.

"Very mysterious," thought I, "is this message about the barometer with my morning coffee. It never occurred before during my visit here. Something strange must be in the weather. Let me see if I can find it out."

I accordingly looked carefully round at all points of the compass; but nothing extraordinary was perceptible, excepting that a dull haze crept languidly over the scene, and the silence was awful.

In a few minutes, having finished my cigar, I went into my friend's bed-room. Though generally an early riser, he was, on this occasion, still in bed.

"Hallo!" exclaimed I, "why are you still there? Up, man, up, and set to work: you have plenty to do this day."

"Heaven grant," responded he, "that I may not have *too* much to do before a few hours are past. There's a hurricane in the air—I am sure of it."

"Stuff and nonsense!" I rejoined. "The barometer stands firmly at 30; it has rather gone up since yesterday."

"My dear boy," returned he, emphatically, "I have been thirty years a resident in the West Indies. During that time I have witnessed eight hurricanes. The last three were foreshadowed by my own sensations. These sensations are now aggravated tenfold. A terrible day is before us."

That forebodings like those under which my friend then suffered, are unerring, I have since that time ascertained. They are produced by two causes, namely, physical derangement, and observation of meteorological peculiarities. In his treatise on European Colonies, Mr. Howison observes, "Persons long resident in the West Indian islands are able to foretell the approach of hurricanes with tolerable accuracy, by the observation of certain atmospherical phenomena; but this kind of knowledge proves, unfortunately, of little avail, either on shore or at sea; the violence of the tempest generally rendering impotent all precautions that may be employed against its destructive effects. On the day preceding the hurricane, the weather is almost always calm and sultry, and the sea-breeze does not set in at the usual hour, or, perhaps, is not felt at all; the sky is red and hazy, and the horizon surcharged with clouds; the noise of the surf seems particularly loud and distinct; and thunder, more or less distant, is heard incessantly. At length the wind begins to blow in shifting gusts, and to lull again; these increase in strength and frequency, and ere long the blast comes roaring from one quarter with concentrated fury." This, no doubt, is generally correct; but it does not precisely describe the morning witnessed by me.

As I perceived my friend to be so much in earnest, and that he was suffering greatly under his apprehensions, I gave into his humour, and promised to note accurately the appearances of the weather, and the movements of the mercury in the barometer.

This assurance seemed a little to relieve him.

"I shall leave all preparations and precautions to you," said he. "I

am quite unnerved, as is always the case when these fearful tempests are breeding in the air. The hurricane will be upon us within twenty-four hours."

It cannot be supposed that a young man who, for five years previously, had been knocking about in all parts of the world in small vessels, could sympathise with the climate-worn and sensitive planter. I, therefore, left the bed-room in excellent spirits; not only without apprehension, but actually longing for the hurricane to arrive, as excellent fun; so rash and thoughtless is youth.

Outside the house I met Betsey, the staid black housekeeper, feeding the poultry.

"Well, Betsey," said I, "massa say hurricane come to-day."

Never did a few words produce such a change in the person who heard them. The woman's gabble to the cocks and hens ceased suddenly. A grave, disconcerted look supplanted the good-humoured smile which had played about her thick lips. I might almost say she turned *pale*; and the measure of corn fell from her hands. It was evident that until now she had heard nothing of her master's prognostications.

"Oh ky, ky!" sobbed she. "Massa always right;" and off she ran in violent perturbation.

"The devil!" exclaimed I, "here's a pretty kettle of fish!"

In a few minutes, the whole household was in violent commotion. Messengers were instantly despatched to the sugar-works (about half a mile inland), and also to the cove, where an establishment of small vessels was kept for various purposes, such as sugar-droghing, collecting coral to burn into lime, &c. Meantime, the table in the dining-room was removed, disclosing a huge trap-door leading down to a spacious cellar. Into this chasm, contrived as a place of refuge during hurricanes, the scared nigger-kind conveyed all the most portable articles of value.

By nine o'clock, all needful preparations were completed, and a hurried breakfast was snatched. The barometer certainly had a downward tendency, having fallen .03 but there was no other perceptible indication of a change. A light air from E. N. E. had now set in—the usual trade-wind; but all was placid and beautiful as before. In the yard grew a magnificent tamarind-tree loaded with nearly ripe fruit. The pods hung in large and tempting clusters, and the foliage, gently agitated by the breeze, gracefully waved to and fro.

The domestic animals were evidently disturbed: their manner was hurried and uneasy. They clearly had a knowledge of impending evil.

Not being so sceptical as to disbelieve these signs, slight as they were, I kept all my senses on the alert, watching alternately the mercury in the barometer, and the signs of the weather. By eleven o'clock, a more decided fall in the glass was evident; it had gone down to 29.80 To the northward the horizon had darkened considerably. The trade-wind, however, still swept gently and refreshingly over us; but at two P.M. it died away, and then the mercury fell considerably.

All doubt about the approaching tempest was now dispelled. The inhabitants of the small cottages in the vicinity, belonging to the estate, flocked up to Dry-Hill House, to seek consolation from companionship with the white people.

A light breeze soon sprang up from the north, and as it rose, the mercury fell. At three o'clock a furious gale was raging. Being anxious to observe the proceedings of the shipping, I slipped out at the back part of the house, and went down towards a cliff overlooking the anchorage.

To my great disgust as a sailor, I perceived, amongst the twelve merchant vessels lying in the roads, that only four were making any preparations to withstand the tempest. Three were at single anchor with a short scope of chain, and topgallant yards across, and one brig with royal yards and head-sails loosed. Such bare-faced and lubberly carelessness is almost incredible. Old Columbus knew better. *He* soon made himself master of the signs preceding a hurricane in the West Indies. "When he was off the principal Spanish West Indian settlement in St Domingo, he foresaw that a fearful storm would shortly arise, and sent to Ovando, the governor of the place, to request that he might be allowed to take refuge in the harbour; but this being refused, he was obliged to stand out to sea, and face the storm. 'What man, without excepting even Job would not have died of despair,' says Columbus, 'to find that, at a crisis when the lives of myself, my son, my brother, and my friends were in danger, I was prohibited from approaching that country, and those ports which, under the blessing of God, I had purchased for Spain at the expense of my blood?' At this time a fleet of twenty-four ships was about to set sail for Spain, carrying large quantities of gold and pearls, partly the revenues of the king, and partly the property of those private individuals who were passengers on board. Columbus, notwithstanding Ovando's inhumanity, advised him to detain the fleet a few days, because a hurricane was likely soon to occur; but his warnings were treated with contempt, and the vessels were suffered to proceed on their voyage. Before the close of the following day, twenty of their number with 1500 persons had foundered in the tempest. The loss of treasure on this occasion was so great as to affect the financial resources of Spain for several years after."*

As the wind still steadily increased, I considered it best to get back to the shelter of the house. To enable me to do this conveniently, it was necessary I should creep along under the garden bank, which offered some protection against the gale. Not having the slightest idea that the force of the wind would be so enormous in this early stage of the hurricane, I attempted to walk past a gateway, and being instantly struck by the full power of the blast, was rolled over, and driven as by a giant's strength violently along the ground. For a moment, I gave myself up for lost, as the harbour of St. John was directly in my compelled course. Fortunately, before coming to the open water, the land declined into a bushy marsh. Here, assisted by the underwood, I clung firmly to mother Earth.

After resting awhile and collecting my thoughts, I succeeded, by taking advantage of the nature of the ground, which sheltered me in some measure from the wind, in regaining the yard of Dry Hill House. The stunning roar of the blast continued, and the noble tamarind-tree, writhing seemingly in agony, was grinding its huge limbs, whipping off

large branches, and throwing them and the fruit violently about, as if by this oblation it hoped to appease the demon of the gale. Alas! the sacrifice appeared only to incense and provoke its rage.

I entered the mansion, and sat down to regain my breath. It now became necessary to close and barricade every door in the house, and nail the windows firmly down. A crowd of women and children were huddled together on the floor in silence. Conversation was impossible, on account of the furious noise.

My imagination had been very much excited by the dismemberment of my favourite tamarind. The idea of its apparent torture held me in thrall. Through a crevice in one of the shutters, I painfully watched its throes. Its main branches (the growth of a hundred years) wrestled obstinately with the opposing force: their groaning was heard above the mighty wind; and soon nothing was left but a few jagged stumps on the blackened trunk.

Darkness now closed upon us. The violence of the tempest waxed stronger and stronger; the noise increased to such an overwhelming roar, that the strongest efforts of the human voice in closest proximity, became totally useless: they were "as a whisper in the ears of death, unheard." Loud cracks now gave notice that the house began to complain. The women and children were immediately roused from their sitting position, and, by signs, desired to go below. This movement was speedily effected, and the ground-floor was left in possession of the manager and myself. Our attention was now divided between the barometer which fortunately hung near the open trap-door (our last retreat), and the perilous vibration of the building. The walls appeared to bend and give before the raging blast.

Suddenly, a violent shock was felt, sending a thrill to our hearts. This was afterwards ascertained to be caused by the demolition of the kitchen, stables, and outhouses adjoining the dwelling, which, with all their contents, had flown away on the wings of the wind. Not a vestige was ever recovered or seen. Numerous smaller shocks succeeded, like reports of cannon. Huge stones hurtled through the air, battering and tearing away the verandahs that surrounded the house.

To crown our dismay, a large spout of heavy wood, intended to convey the cane-juice from the mill to the boiling-house of a neighbouring estate two miles to the northward, came, spear-like through the air, penetrating the roof, piercing the table, and fixing itself into the floor close to us. The part which projected above the roof caught the gale, and acted as a powerful lever, shaking the house as if it were pasteboard. In a moment more it parted, leaving the lower portion still fixed.

At this time, the barometer had fallen to 28.50. We felt, or fancied we felt, the house giving way. Taking a farewell look at our faithful monitor, we prepared to descend into the cellar. To my intense astonishment, the mercury suddenly fell a quarter of an inch. In the excitement of the moment, I seized hold of the manager, roaring the information in his ear; but, as before, the human voice was of no avail in such a turmoil. By dumb show, I succeeded.

On a sudden, we were aware of a marvellous change in the state of things. "Great heaven!" I ejaculated, "what can *this* mean?"

There was a dead calm—a profound silence, disturbed only by the

low wailing sobs and incoherent prayers of the women and children in the cellar. We were in the vortex of the hurricane! It is impossible to describe the horror of this period. A door was unbarred and opened, and, with a lighted candle, I stepped out. The flame took its upward course steadily. All around was black, and calm, and silent.

But the stillness was of brief duration. In a short time, a distant rumbling noise was heard, when I quickly re-entered the house, drawing bolt and bar. A slight tremor shook the ground: an earthquake was added to our ills. Again came the hurricane from the opposite quarter, overwhelming our senses with its fierce impetuosity. The house, already shaken, now rocked to and fro, threatening instant destruction. We immediately descended into the cellar, fastening down the trap-door with a strong lashing. During several dreary hours, we remained in suspense, stunned by the hellish disturbance overhead, our feelings being occasionally varied by the horrible and sickening sensation of the earthquake. Some bottles were thrown down by the agitation of the ground, and the long rows of rum-casks heaved and fell.

At four A.M., there was a sensible diminution of the gale. We proceeded carefully to unfasten the trap-door. On its falling back, *the moon was plainly visible*, throwing light on groups of dense, black clouds, driving furiously across the heavens. Nothing was above us but the sky! The upper part of the house was gone!

My friend proceeded with me to a rising ground, waiting in anxious expectation for daylight. His agitation was extreme. Dawn was in the east. "Look towards the mill," he said. "I cannot do it. It must be gone. Nothing could withstand such a night. I am a ruined man."

My eyes were strained anxiously in the direction of the mill. At length I exclaimed, "Cheer up. The works stand firm and strong. All yonder seems to be right."

The sun now appeared with the serenity which marked its rise on the preceding day; but the scene of devastation that met our eyes baffles all power of description. Had a hot blast from hell passed over the whole island, the effect could not have been more destructive. Vegetation, human habitations, animal life, all had vanished.

On our return to the house, we passed through what had been a group of lofty cocoa-nut trees, of which nothing remained but stumps, standing only a few feet from the earth. The huge tops, foliage, fruit, and remainder of the trunk were gone. A solid stone wall, two feet high, surmounted by iron railings, had surrounded the house. This, railings and all, were blown away in masses; some of two hundred weight were afterwards found a mile off.

The previous day we were in the midst of plenty and luxury, now we were glad to banquet on a decayed ham luckily found in the cellar.

Reports soon came in from the different parts of the property. We understood that the cove-house was blown down, and that all the small vessels were driven high and dry, far above high-water mark into the jungle on Rat Island. The overseer of the works, a black, reported all destroyed except the boiling-house, which, however, had sustained serious injury. Its steam-engine chimney was blown down, and the earthquake had made a rent in its wall.

"Is any one killed?" asked I.

"Yes, massa," returned the overseer, "three nigger missing."

"But is any one *killed*?" I repeated.

"O, no, massa, nobody kill, only big rock 'tone mash up poor Peggy head."

"You don't mean to say she's dead?"

"Um head mash quite up, massa. Big rock 'tone come tro de air, tro de roof, hit um so, kill um dead."

I ascertained afterwards, that the poor woman had been killed in the manner described.

The natural anxiety of a sailor again led me down to view the shipping. Never did I behold such a scene of wreck! Two of the largest craft had foundered with all hands; the lower mast-heads still sticking above the water. The small vessels, as already stated, I found a long way above high-water mark. Three had ridden out the storm, and amongst them, to my surprise, the brig. There she lay, still at single anchor, the main royal-yard still crossed, but the fore-top-mast head twisted off, and all the upper gear gone. Who can account for this?

The poor steamer (to which I was attached) in English harbour, had fared very badly. In the first part of the gale she had dragged the huge moorings and gone broadside on to the wharf. On the gale shifting, not being able to snap the numerous fastenings by which she was lashed to the buried guns, she had torn down the whole length of the wharf whereto she was secured.

MEN AND THINGS IN THE NEW WORLD OF AUSTRALIA.

PART III. .

If I desired to give a general notion of the topography of the Australian colonies in the fewest possible words, I should request my auditor to take any of the latest maps of those regions which have been published, and beg him to note that the great island of New Holland appears, either from our actual knowledge, or default of precise accounts, from certain deductions familiar to geologists, to be in the nature of a large terrestrial bowl, whereof the line of country, which forms the somewhat broad brim, is composed of ranges of hills and mountains, which send short rivers down to the coast, and long rivers into the interior: that this circumference of elevated country, which extends about an average of perhaps 150 miles from the coast inland, embraces every variety of soil—sometimes swelling into mountains covered with impenetrable forest, sometimes expanding into elevated plains bearing good pasture and free of timber, sometimes, and perhaps chiefly, taking the form of long sweeping undulations of moderately elevated rocky forest land, commonly of small value, and frequently of none at all, and sometimes affording choice agricultural lands along the valleys of the rivers and watercourses.

Like most general descriptions, however, this one serves only as a peg whereon to hang exceptions. In the Port Phillip district, at the south-

east corner of the continent of New Holland, the country is of better character than it is in the twenty counties comprising the old colony of New South Wales; and in the new country again, north of the said twenty counties, the land is generally superior. There is a smallish patch of very fine country again in South Australia; but then, as you proceed west from Port Lincoln, there is a coast line wholly worthless until you bring up at King George's Sound, in the territory of Western Australia; not a single fresh-water stream debouching into the ocean through the whole of that great length. Then, as you proceed north from the Swan River settlements, you alternate between much worthless, and little good country, and so on. The interior rivers of this great island you will find making capricious detours, after rising on or near one coast, in order to empty themselves out at another; or they lose themselves in the big desert of the interior. That interior seems to be a great level of sand, which has gradually emerged from the ocean. This is the theory of the explorer Sturt, and what he alleges in proof seems reasonable; but confessing to profound ignorance of geology, my own convictions in the matter are rather to be regarded as the result of faith than of demonstration. The forest country must not be regarded as anything like the wooded districts of other parts of the world, whether Europe, Asia, Africa, or America. It is covered chiefly with that class of trees vulgarly called gum-trees, but which botanists call eucalypti. These are all evergreens, commonly very unpicturesque, having tall straight stems and slightish branches, with the scantiest amount of olive green foliage, every leaf of brittle consistency and high aromatic odour. Now and then in the marshes and on the river banks, a gum tree will assume a tolerably graceful and umbrageous appearance, but otherwise they are melancholy objects, and the artist likes to contemplate an Australian wood when mistified into "breadth" by distance. Go to the top of a hill, and see long sweeps of forest receding until they become undefined masses of cobalt in the haze of a hot wind, and you have a sight a painter remembers for future use; and, which a skilful arrangement of rock and kangaroos in the foreground converts into a picture which will make unsettled people in England wish they were in Australia.

Of this coast country, so to call it, a length of upwards of 2000 miles is occupied after a fashion by English settlers—that is, starting from the northernmost settlements of New South Wales, and proceeding south into Bass's Straits, and thence westward to Port Lincoln, in the colony of South Australia. The average width of this coast occupation is, perhaps, not more than 100 miles; still, however, making a large superficies of earth. When we knew that the entire population of the two colonies of New South Wales (including Port Phillip), and South Australia, comprises at the present time only about 250,000 souls, and that of this total considerably more than one-third reside in the towns, the reader will comprehend that, taking a general view of this extensive sweep of territory, it is very much in the way in which it came from the hands of the Creator. In proportion to mere population, there is a large amount of production of every description, and plenty of lands cultivated. In proportion to extent of territory, what man has done becomes relatively nothing—but in saying this we are to remember, that a large part of the country in its natural state is a sheep-walk. You shall ride 100 miles

and not meet a human being, or see any evidence of human existence. In the better description of country, you may come across a flock or two in a day's ride, and have your sight refreshed with a solitary shepherd seated on a fallen gum-tree, smoking his short pipe; suggesting to you how dissimilar the modern truth is to the ancient fiction of the poets. But as you near the oldest towns the rural population increases, and in certain parts of the old "counties" of New South Wales, within fifty or sixty miles of the metropolis, you will see all around you cultivated land and farmsteads; and young settlers, whose grandfathers were born in the colony—who know not their lineage in the mother country—who have an aspect which is no longer English, but distinctly Australian—who have no great affection for the old country—who have a shrewd notion that Sydney has a high rank among the cities of the world, and are not quite clear but that their native-born patriot is the greatest of living orators.

Those of my readers who may be curious to know where, in this quarter or that, forest land begins and open country ends; how exactly high this or that range may be; how particular rivers turn and twist in all points of the compass from their sources until they run into the ocean; how many are the varieties of the eucalyptus and mimosa in every degree of latitude and longitude, and what the soils, and sub-soils, and deeper strata of the earth; what the length to which particular kangaroos' tails run, and what the domestic habits of marsupial dormice:—upon all these and such like curious and important points they must refer to the hundred and one admirable compilations with which the British press is now teeming. My design in the description I have above attempted, is to convey in the fewest number of words some general idea of the regions referred to. I have a special desire to divest the reader's imagination of hedge-rows and turnpike-roads, and up-and-down trains, and to enable him, by a comprehensive glance, to realise the present aspect of our possessions in New Holland. This effected, and I have done with geography. I have afforded myself a wide field to roam over, and I shall jump from one part to another, as the caprices of recollection shall incline me.

Upon one occasion, a few years since, I was called to the country north of the Upper Hunter. To proceed there from Sydney; the better course is to go by the steam-boat that leaves every day for Morpeth, a small town at the end of the navigation of the Hunter. There are some excellent boats running this "line," fully equal for size, speed, and accommodation, to the best of our channel steamers; and a man fresh from Europe sees nothing, perhaps, that so much surprises him as the steam flotilla of Port Jackson. I remember the reply of a squatting friend of mine to a question I had put to him, "What most struck you on your arrival in this part of the world?"

"Why, I think I was most astonished with the steamers. Perhaps it was because upon our ship first tacking into port, we met a Port Phillip steamer, a fine long iron boat, on her outward-bound course, with plenty of people on deck, all looking as unconcerned, and as familiar with such a mode of transit, as though they were going from London to Ostend. My first impressions of New South Wales, I find, are always associated with that occurrence."

"But when you got on shore?"

"Why then I was chiefly led to admire the very current use of the latest English 'slang.'"

The time of departure for the steamer to the Hunter is ten o'clock at night. On going down into the saloon I found the passengers mustering, and in anticipation of their arrival I may at once describe them. There were a judge and lawyers going this "northern circuit"—a jolly party of New England squatters, all tall active fellows, one a perfect Hercules in stature and muscle, and famed for his intrepidity and good nature—a Maitland auctioneer—two country dealers who had come up to town "to go through the court," and having availed themselves of that method of balancing their accounts were returning with a choice assortment of goods to recommence business—half a dozen settlers going back to their various homes 'on the river—an officer of engineers proceeding to the inspection of some expensive military works—a Catholic priest—a minister of the Wesleyan connexion—and a police magistrate hastening back to his "district" before his extended leave had expired, and after a patriotic newspaper had inquired, whether, since the "district" had done so long without his presence, it might not be found possible to dispense with it altogether? Perhaps this might be regarded as a good average sample of a boat load of passengers to the Hunter.

The gentlemen of the law had not yet arrived when one of the settlers, a tall raw-boned Northumbrian, dressed in well-washed "colonial tweeds," with a Panama hat, flung his portmanteau on one of the beds, of which a double tier was ranged on each side of the cabin; this being the well known ordinary method of "taking possession." The act was seen by the steward, who bustled up with the air of a man who had an assured right to be peremptory. "That, sir," said the steward, "is taken by her majesty's attorney-general."

"But where's her majesty's attorney-general's portmanteau?" interrogated our settler with a severe look.

"But the berth is bespoken," urged the steward, evading the direct question, and laying great emphasis on the official dignity, "the berth was bespoken this morning, for her majesty's attorney-general."

"Her majesty's attorney-general be d——," said the settler.

The steward stared aghast at the profanation; but reading in the settler's look that he might prove a rough customer, he quietly hastened to secure another berth for the lawyer, taking care to symbolise his right in the ordinary manner. The settler, on the other hand, as if to put the matter beyond the possibility of further doubt or discussion, seated himself on the berth, flung off his boots, and laying himself at full length on the bed composed himself, all habited as he was, to sleep.

I found an acquaintance among the other River settlers—a chatty, gossiping fellow, who had been many years in the country. I turned an inquiring look upon him after the above brief dialogue, when he observed—

"I know Grimes well. A better fellow does not exist, and he would have given up the berth in an instant if the steward had quietly told him he had been requested to keep it for a gentleman; but when he swagged up with his mouth full of attorney-general, you see Grimes, who has a distaste for men in office, stood upon his rights. You will, perhaps, have noticed that there is a pretty general distaste for men in office among the colonists?"

"In truth I have: it seems to furnish your community with its standard topic of 'discontent.'"

"Yes—the fact is, *office* has had so much to do with the comfort and well-being of us settlers. First, through the favour of office we got, or

fancied we got, good grants of land, or large grants of land; or through its *dis-favour*, bad grants and small grants. Then, until the last few years, there were convicts to be distributed. Those who got civil and industrious malefactors were supposed to have 'good interest'; those who got insufferable ruffians were in disfavour. Latterly we have questions raised about our 'runs,' police assistance, and the enforcement of quit rents, all bringing settler and squatter perpetually in contact, and often collision, with jacks-in-office; and whom, being all appointed by the people at home, the people here look upon as a foreign dominating caste. Grimes, I know, has his own grievance just now: it is that which has brought him up to Sydney; and I imagine he has gained nothing by his trip, but lost both time and money. This, no doubt, made him so crusty with the steward, when he tried to come the attorney-general over him."

Our company had all mustered at the last bell, summoning passengers to be on board; and shortly after ten we were steaming away down the harbour of Port Jackson. It was an insufferably hot night, after two or three days of "hot wind." The wind had now ceased to blow, but the air felt dry and heated, as if you were in the neighbourhood of a furnace. The last few days' wind having come off the shore, and being now succeeded by a lull, we found the sea outside the Heads unusually calm. There was, indeed, scarcely any perceptible swell; and, in consequence, we were spared the abrupt attack of sea-sickness, which landmen usually experience in coming out of this harbour. The due allowance of cigars having been smoked on deck, and ale and brandy-and-water drunk in the cabin, most of the passengers "turned in," congratulating themselves on a tranquil, if hot, night. I had, however, remained on deck, feeling much incommoded by the heat of the cabin. One could see no lights along the shore, except the revolving one in the light-house at Port Jackson Heads, which we were fast leaving astern. With that exception, the coast appeared as when Captain Cook sailed along it; and such, generally, is the aspect of the coast line of New South Wales—a succession of gum-tree or she-oak hills, or bare cliffs, or sandy beaches, backed with forest or swamp—no indication of the flourishing community of Englishmen, hard at work at their wool-growing, their trade and their politics within.

"We shall have the wind from the southward before long," said the mate, looking up at the sky and then at the dog-vane, and holding up his hand to catch any motion in the air; "but I hope we shall be well on our way to Newcastle before it comes."

The mate was right. A hot wind ends in a calm, and the calm, after lasting a few hours, generally terminates in a fierce gale from the south; cooling the atmosphere upon approved scientific principles. In ten minutes from the time of the mate's prediction the wind tore up from the south all of a sudden. It brought with it in half-an-hour a heavy swell, and the air became so chilled that all on deck got into their pea-jackets. It brought also the skipper on deck, whose voice was soon heard contending with the noise of wind and sea. After seeing that my horse (for contemplating a long journey I had provided myself with a likely little nag) was well secured against injury in his berth between the paddle-boxes, I remained on deck, as I had an old fancy for watching the progress of a gale. We were soon running before such a sea as European tourists rarely have an opportunity of witnessing, unless crossing that classic region of gales,

the Bay of Biscay. I doubt if in any part of the world a heavier sea is found than along this coast with a southerly gale. It was fortunate we had not to contend against these moving masses of water. Our little steamer did her work beautifully. As each swell in succession seemed to threaten to sweep her long deck fore and aft, she quietly lifted her stern to it, and it rushed on until it appeared a-head in the moonlight like a mountain in flight. I call it a mountain in deference to custom; but the truth is seas never do run mountains high, notwithstanding all that has been sung and said to the contrary. Masses of water, each as big as Primrose-hill, are a common enough affair, and quite ugly enough in appearance when coursing after each other at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and your craft is a little sluggish, and you get the few thousands of tons of water which one of them may be mathematically computed to contain, slap on board of you.

I was once on the poop of a sailing vessel, watching these succeeding swells, as we were scudding away before them,—you could have touched them from the stern with a beat-hook. The vessel rose, heavily,—each time I felt we should get the sea; but still on she went. We wanted more head-sail, however; and while they were bending a new fore-sail (the old one having blown out of the bolt-ropes), we at length got it. Our boats on the quarters were filled. Myself and another were brought up by the mizen-rigging, or we should have gone overboard, and many cries arose from the interior of the poop below. I descended to the quarter-deck, and hurried into the cuddy. Behold every bulk-head flat on the deck,—in a moment some dozen cabins smashed into one, and half-a-dozen families floating about in their night-apparel. That was a prodigious misery to all concerned; but “it was well it was no worse,” said the captain, consolingly, next day—“such another slap might have sent us all to the bottom.”

There seemed no fear of a similar accident with our steamer; and we hoped three or four hours would round us quietly into the Hunter. Nevertheless, on descending to the saloon I found matters rather different from what they were on leaving it. The steward and his mates were hurrying about with basins, and bench and bar, squatters and dealers, settlers and engineers, priests and preachers, were all vigorously sea-sick. All the affectations were postponed, and our common humanity proclaimed. Even our gruff Northumbrian had suspended his ill-will to gentlemen in office, and was actually exchanging condolences with the very functionary he had so lately anathematised.

By six o'clock in the morning we were in the Hunter, off Newcastle, a small town just at the entrance of the river, on the south side. It is called “Newcastle,” as being in the neighbourhood of the great coal mines of New South Wales; to which probably it mainly owes its existence. It presents no remarkable feature, except a large range of buildings then in course of erection as a military barrack, upon which I was assured a preposterously large sum of British money had been expended; though there can be no permanent necessity for any large force being stationed there. What greater gratification in the world than to run in from a gale of wind at sea into a snug harbour? It becomes a positive pleasure to be able to walk according to the ordinary laws of gravitation and dynamics, and to be enabled once more to regulate your “point of sight” at your own good pleasure. I went to see how my nag fared after the tumbling about which he had experienced.

during the night; and was happy to find that, with the exception of a slight abrasure on his shoulder, he appeared quite well; and I was also pleased to think the animal already knew me. It was desirable that a friendly understanding should be established between us, as I contemplated many a long day's journey in company with each other.

After landing a portion of our passengers at Newcastle, we proceeded up the river. For a few miles we were in the midst of low, swampy, mangrove flats, no living thing seen but an occasional stork standing gravely on one leg on the mud-banks left uncovered by the ebbing-tide. By degrees the mangroves ended, and we got to patches of cultivation, and small *slab* huts on the low banks, out of which young colonial urchins, with skins bronzed and hair blanched in the fierce sun of an Australian summer, rushed to stare and shout at the passing steamer, their mothers standing quietly by with the last baby in their arms. Then we got to sloping banks, and began to find the wealthier class of settlers' houses, an occasional one being built on a more ambitious scale, and designed to look like the "country seat." And now boats would be seen putting off to inquire if the master had come down, or to be told that there was nothing on board for him this trip, or perhaps to receive the said master himself, while the steamer condescended to stop for one minute and a half.

"These steamers, you see," said my chatty friend, the settler, to me, "are a great daily event in this river of ours. It was not ten years ago when we could only get here once a week in a sailing smack, or we had to travel a long roundabout by land over a mountainous track. Now we have our steamer daily, our produce is shipped handily to Sydney, and our dealers along the river are kept well supplied with goods. Then we get the daily gossip of Sydney to our own and our wives' great delight, while we settlers are kept wide awake to the manœuvres of government, or the perfidious designs of the mother country. It is true our press—our *very* free press—are somewhat given to the discovery of mares' nests; but we should be cruelly plagued if we had not a proper supply of grievances."

"But are you serious in talking about the perfidious designs of the mother country?"

"Why, no, hardly, myself—but one drops almost unconsciously into the language. Nor do I think, after all, that many of us seriously think so. My own belief is, that out of the Colonial-office few care to give us a thought. I tested the matter myself when I went to England, where I stayed nine months, with a sore throat all the time, and where you never see such a sky as that," pointing to the cloudless blue above us; "when we have wrong done us it is through the ignorance, or the indifference of the great men at home. They can't or won't afford time to think of us; and then they are too apt to take all for granted that their subordinates here tell them."

"But you will soon find a remedy now you have your representative legislature at work; and that the people at home seem disposed to leave you to yourselves?"

"That will be the case, no doubt. When we pass bad laws of our own concoction, or if we ever have what the Canadians call responsible government and can initiate a *policy* all our own, I dare say we shall still see plenty to grumble about; but then we shall have men on the spot to exercise our fury upon."

"Which at present goes to Downing Street."

"Yes; or to those in the colony, who are supposed to be in league with Downing Street; while popularity has been confined to those of our colonists who are most skilful in finding out that we are oppressed. It will no doubt be a great thing when we can say to these men come and do better. Fair play between all, I say."

My attention was here arrested by a native in his canoe—a small caracol constructed of bark, and which he could have run away with on his shoulders. He had but one paddle with which he propelled his vessel. He was an aged man, very meagre, with white hair, and displayed entire unconcern at the great result of modern science which was gliding past him. He never even glanced at us, but kept deliberately plying his paddle, while his little craft was being tossed about in the waves caused by the steamer.

"The steamer has ceased to be a wonder to these savages, if indeed it ever excited their astonishment; for it has ever been a feature with these people to betoken little surprise at any of those ordinary exhibitions of civilised art with which the wonderment of the barbarian is bespoken. A gun let off caused no remark, nor the old tick of the mirror. I know many sensible men," proceeded my gossip, "who pretend to detect uncommon intelligence among them. I never saw any, further than that instinctive cunning which leads them to entrap their prey."

"But they have prodigious skill with their weapons?"

"Yes, as a tiger is clever at a spring. Some accident taught them that flinging up a piece of wood in the form of their 'boomerang,' with a certain mode of propulsion, brought it back again to their feet. I grant you their lever stick has the look of invention; and it is remarkable that no other spear-throwing people that I ever heard or read of, had hit upon this contrivance. I have no doubt, however, that this also was an accident; or, at best, the happy thought of some mechanical genius in past days among the tribes, and is now handed down as part of their nature, like running, or climbing gum-trees."

The aged native, who had given rise to these remarks, we had long left behind us. He and his craft, and our steamer and its burthen, afforded one more of the contrasts, constantly afforded in these parts, between the rudest nature and the highest civilisation.

"You observe that farm there—you see not a stump left in the large extent of cultivation. You see a good barn, and a small house; though a tidy, clean little house. No money or labour appears to have been spent uselessly; and the wife and family were no lovers of finery—ran up no long accounts at the 'store;' still the owner—poor fellow!—has just gone through the court."

"I am sorry to find you have so many men going through the court."

"You are right, sir. The phrase, unfortunately, has become a household word with us. Our very children get hold of it. We have had the strangest state of things. The value of everything has so fluctuated. You people in the old countries can't imagine it. You have a tolerable average every year for everything. But who could reckon how his affairs stood, when one year we had wheat at thirty shillings a bushel, and then in two or three seasons at half-a-crown; sheep one year at two guineas a head, and in a year or two after at two shillings; and land falling in the like proportion."

"You have all been speculating too much, I fear, and, bye to every rational test of value, have gone into the land of fiction for your prices, and when at length you get into the land of reality and low prices, you find yourselves ruined. Is it not so?"

"In great part, I must confess it is. We have been, most of us, gambling for fortunes; but the worst of it is, that, like my prudent and industrious friend with the farm yonder, the hard-working and prudent are brought into the general ruin. But, it is not *wholly* speculation either. We have many causes of personal ruin at work which you at home are exempt from. First, our population takes fits and starts: it is not a matter of regular progression, by way of breeding, as in England. In a few years, we perhaps double our population by active immigration, and then we have a lull again. Then we have fresh tracts of good land being ever and again discovered, all coming suddenly into our land market, and affecting the price of *that* commodity. Then our staple exports have a wide range, in value in the markets of England. Who can always provide against the combined effect of fluctuations like these? A man's debts are recorded against him in a non-fluctuating commodity. What he hopes to pay with, ranges from bottom to top in the scale of money value."

"But that makes your colonial prosperity a very ticklish affair?"

"Why it has made the prosperity of individuals uncertain; but our annual yield is great in proportion to our population, and so we have substantial wealth for the whole community. The result of this great change in the value of things has been to transfer property extensively, and to make *going through the Insolvent Court*, not, as in England, a stigma, but a process of equitable adjustment adapted to the social necessities of the place. Then it is surprising how men suddenly start again into prosperity, when honestly disencumbered of old debts."

"Still all this is very unsatisfactory. A man who loses his property must be a great philosopher to be consoled by the reflection that the community at large remains as well off as ever."

"We must all act thus in future, sir. We must remember all these risks we have to run in young countries, and be just prudent *in proportion*. We should remember that our population must always, at least for a century to come, be small in reference to our territory. We must be content, therefore, to lower our standard of money profit; and to look to our great privilege as colonists to consist in exemption from heavy imposts, and in plenty to eat and drink of our own production. We must teach our sons to work more and think less of being young bloods—not that I want to see them hawbucks either. We must avoid getting into debt, for however little, and rather strive to have a little money always in hand. Then we shall not be forced into ruinous sales, but may be able to hold on a bit. In a word, we must be very prudent, whereas, at best, we have been very imprudent. Then we shall not only be a flourishing people, but we shall be prosperous as individuals, and our farms, value them as you will, will be our own. But here, we are getting near Morpeth, and I must see after my luggage. You will not fail to let me see you on your return from the Plains."

An hour after this I was seated on my grey, a hardy half-bred Arab, passing through the long straggling street which constitutes the town of Maitland, the chief town on the Hunter.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PAIR OF TOP-BOOTS.

VIII.

OUR new master, Captain Devereux, was a light-hearted, good-tempered young man of five-and-twenty years of age, with good regular features, brown curly hair, a fine slashing figure, and ungovernable spirits. Moreover, he was an only son, and heir to a fine property, and with faults emanating more from the head than heart. He had the happy art of pleasing. The fair sex universally acknowledged he was a desirable acquaintance—such fun!—and one to whom they might commit their waltzing reputation, or a fit cavalier for ride or walk; while mammas, though they rather turned up their eyes when they read in the papers that he had been breaking a policeman's head, or turning off the gas of a garrison town, still—still—he—²he of course—he *must be* “eligible,” and concluded all young men of spirit must be young men until they had sown their wild oats and reaped the fruits of matrimony—and of course the reclaimed rake always made the best husband, and so on to the end of the chapter; while it was voted by public acclamation that he was a capital fellow at any mess-table, and the cream of a bachelor party.

Of course were we writing for our old green-backed friends, the sporting periodicals, whom we are truly sorry to see are sharing a like fate with honest Tom Moody, we should certainly give a detailed diary of the different runs of the different packs in the different counties around Dublin—but as our first aim is to please the gentler sex, we feel certain by so doing, we should fall many degrees in their estimation, and our history would be thought to savour of insipidity; while, should our hardier readers feel so very anxious to have an account of the runs, allow us to refer them to the descriptions with various quotations inserted in *Bell's Life in London*, and though the name of “Devereux” may not often appear there, be assured by us, on the sole of a top-boot, it was Devereux who leapt the stone ditch on his bay horse Magog, commemorated by the afore-mentioned paper; and he is the person alluded to, in the same, by the words, “—a gentleman and officer recently quartered in our district, and whose name, Mr. Bell, I could not catch, pounded the whole field on a splendid Irish grey horse. I heard Lord S—e has since offered the gallant captain two hundred guineas for the nag, which has been refused,” &c.

We suppose you know, kind reader, that the paper of which we have just made mention, is the oldest and best extant.—“Why?” “Do you ask?”

“Because Cain, B.C. 4003, took in A. Bell (Abel).”

Well! why sneer? We know it is very old and only worthy of a negro melodist at an Olympic Theatre, so *revenons à nos moutons*, and let us crave pardon for digression.

IX.

On a clear autumnal morning in October, Mrs. Macgillicuddy and her

daughter sat in a neatly furnished drawing-room in Mountjoy Square, Dublin.

"Well, my dear girl, what did you think of the officers last night? The new cavalry ones, I mean, the 'Heavies' don't they call them; I forget their number; how stupid you are, those in scarlet—I must say I like scarlet for a change. I was getting so sick of those blue jackets," said Mrs. Macgillicuddy to her daughter.

"Well really, mamma, if I must candidly confess, I have never so much as given the officers a thought since, much less their coats. I was quite sleepy last night after Katey left me, and this morning I went to visit my poor dear old nurse, who is sick of the fever."

"By-the-bye, did you remark Captain Devereux? Of course you did; how stupid I am; now I recollect, you danced three polkas and a waltz, with him, and a gallop too. Yes, I saw you," said the elder lady, with glee.

"I did, mamma, but it was simply because he asked me. He told me he was very fond of dancing, and knew no one there."

"Oh, my dear, I am not blaming you—a nice frank young man, Captain Devereux. But as for his saying he knew no one else, what nonsense! Why I heard Mrs. O'Gorman offer to introduce him to any one in the room. Why he would not be introduced, is perhaps best known to yourself."

"Well, mamma, I can only say I do not see his object in telling me a falsehood. I make no doubt I should have danced with him equally the same if he had not said so."

"No! really?" exclaimed Mrs. Macgillicuddy, as her eyes sparkled with delight, but then observing the taciturn expression of her daughter's features, she continued, "why, Ada, how innocent you are, or pretend to be. You know Captain Devereux only made that speech about knowing no one else just to excite your pity, and be assured, my dear girl, pity is the sure harbinger of love, with women."

"Oh, mamma, pray do not talk thus, and couple my name with Captain Devereux's by the word *love*," said the girl, as a crimson cloud overspread her clear complexion, "you know my affections are already engaged—truly, irrevocably."

"I beg leave to say I know no such thing," said Mrs. Macgillicuddy. "I suppose Captain Gwynne is the man; but remember you must have your mother's and your brother's consent before you can marry him, and you will never have mine, when you are rashly going to join yourself to poverty, almost beggary. Why what can the man offer you? at the most, his heart and the sunny side of a baggage-waggon. No, no, my dear girl, forget Captain Gwynne. I am sure—"

"Forget Henry, mamma! never! Has he not sacrificed his pleasures and enjoyments, and home and even country, to herd among a clan of barbarian Caffres? Has he not braved the climate, the disease, and the wars of India, to save a small pittance on which to marry me—yes, for me; and during his absence do you wish me to forget him?—never!"

"Hoity! toity! girl; so you have been reading some romantic love-sick novel, where disinterested affection, love in a cottage, is rewarded by

the death of an old guardian, and ten thousand a year. Nothing can be easier in that case, a few strokes of the pen, and a little imagination of the authoress, and there you have it. But in real life it is far otherwise—besides, my dear girl, what an alliance for us Captain Devereux would be—handsome and eligible—an only son, and heir to a good property, and brother-in-law to Lord Milford, ambassador at Naples. Picture to yourself being presented at court, at St. James's; not like this court, but where you will kneel face to face to your queen, then you will give *your balls, your at-homes, your routes*; not like these Dublin ones, but where the nobles, and the wits, and the savants congregate. You will have Lord This soliciting your hand for the next waltz; or Lord That handing you to dinner; not as here, where, at most, you know a German baron, or a titled aide-de-camp. You will have your French maid and London footman, besides a retinue of servants, people who actually reverence your high estate, who will treat you with most dignified respect, and tender their resignation at the slightest vulgarity on your part, as likely to cause them to lose caste in *their* fashionable world, for they have a circle of their own as well as you; and when the season is over you will return to Mr. Devereux's estates, to entertain your London acquaintance with battues, and hunting, and private theatricals; you would find your name paraded in print, as one of the philanthropic lady patronesses of the destitute washerwomen, or indigent sempstresses: while, I feel sure, the Countess of Blessmyheart would indite you a private note, requesting you to sit for your miniature, to grace her next book of beauty;" and, as if this was the turrets of her aerial castle, Mrs. Macgillicuddy came to a sudden pause.—"Yes, you would sacrifice all these blessings for a captain in a marching regiment, with little besides his pay! Besides, I see nothing in Captain Gwynne—heavy, grave, and stupid. I recollect he bothered me with some new plan for a regimental clothing club for the soldiers' wives, or a new Hamiltonian system for the education of their children. Faugh! as your father used to say; I'd just as soon have fancied Euripides in love, as Gwynne, while Captain Devereux rattles away about the opera, and the balls, and the routes. Oh! he quite makes my mouth water."

"Yes, mother, I would sacrifice all these 'blessings,' as you call them, for Henry's sake, and many, many more, for what I suffer is a poor return for what he has undergone for me; besides, what should I care for London routes and balls, for Lord This or Duke That, when my thoughts would be in the wilds of the Cape, or on the banks of the Sutlej—what care I for wits and poets, who would ridicule behind my back my manners, my ways, and certainly my *brogue*, and take them as a theme for their next satirical novel. Recollect, mamma, that 'fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.' What care I for the eye-service of fawning menials; why in less than a week my French maid would have turned the tables, and though in outward appearances I might be mistress, in reality—she. No, my poor old nurse's daughter Kate, is all I require, she serves from her heart, not her eye; and, although you call her manner 'grossly familiar,' I can assure you it is disinterested affection, springing from an Irish heart. No, the only temptation you held out to me was, that of doing good to my poor fellow-creatures; nevertheless,

the time may come when I may be able—not in the mere parading of my name in a printed circular, or playing the shop-girl at a fancy fair, and then giving myself no further trouble as to how the charity was diffused—but by zealous actions and personal observation. Henry assures me that few of our fellow-creatures are more to be pitied than the poor soldiers' wives. Even in the largest and most populous of our towns there are pastors, and sisters of charity, who look to the wants and actions of the poor and needy ; but when once a woman joins a regiment she is far away from home and friends—here to-day, away to-morrow ; and her officers, for the one part, are much too young and thoughtless to interest themselves about these women, while the other part are so settled and bigoted, from long custom, in their ideas, that they consider these women very comfortable, and as well off as other women of their class—just because some one has *told* them so, not from their own observation—and would feel insulted if any one argued to the contrary ; while, if there are any officers' wives with the regiment, they are either too poor, and have too many domestic duties to attend to, or else they are the married flirt, or the dashing garrison hack of the days of yore, who would think it far beneath them to give the subject a thought. No, rest assured, my dear mamma, energy is capital, and the soldiers' wives do not want money nearly so much as a Christian education, and a moral helmsman, to guide their thoughts and actions into a proper channel. Far—far better had our philanthropists look to our barracks, and the fetid streets of our sea ports, where dwell the wives and children of our gallant defenders—the sailors and soldiers—than send missionaries to reclaim a barbarian at Timbuctoo, or a heathen at Changaprang. Besides, mamma, may not Captain Devereux have his affections already engaged ?”

“Affections engaged ! Nonsense, my love ; bear away then the palm of victory, and when once married to you he will soon forget any old flame, rest assured, or you are not the girl of spirit I give you credit for. They say officers have a wife in every quarter. I cannot quite believe that, for we should see more cases of bigamy in high life in the papers—perhaps they bribe heavily to keep them out though—still I cannot quite think it ; but I do believe they have a love in every quarter—a little scarification, quickly healed by the route. Besides, why not follow my example ! Didn't I give up a fine dashing young fellow, Travers, of H.M.S. the *Vixen*—without sixpence, however—to marry your respected and departed father, counsellor Macgillicuddy, just because my parents told me to do so ?”

“Mother ! you cannot be in earnest ! Surely you never would advise your daughter to perjure her conscience—to give up a man who adores her—who has sacrificed so much for her—for a man, an acquaintance of yesterday, whom you candidly inform me you believe capable of arousing and gaining for his own *éclat* those sacred and holy feelings implanted in every innocent girl's bosom by an Omnipotent power, to throw them away again as he would a faded flower at the first sound of the route, to rush into fresh quarters to enact the same part ?”

“I suppose Captain Gwynne has bound you to him by some mean tie, wrung from you in an unguarded moment, and you, with your false and

mawkish notions of right and wrong, think yourself chained to your peerless paragon of perfection. I, with a mother's right, will absolve you from every tie, from every oath."

"Mother! Speak not so harshly of one who respects you and loves your daughter, and he, too, far, far away. He bound me by no tie, no oath, I assure you; nay more, on the eve of his departure, when we met for the last time, he released me from every word I had spoken to him; he said he feared we never should be happy, never be married, and urged me, if I found another worthy of my esteem, to accept his offers and forget for ever Henry Gwynne. No! sooner would the magnet repel the loadstone, or the sandy shore the ocean's waves, than I forget *him*, or harbour one thought save of love and devotion. I am, in truth, bound to him by some ties, honour—gratitude—love. Besides, bear in your mind my sister's fate; poor Anne! married to a rogue and a gambler, dragging out a miserable existence at Paris, the companion of adventurers or debauchees. And Julia, too, chained to that horrid gouty old Lord Rackett, who confines her as head nurse in his dreary castle in Tipperary. Oh! the horrid old wretch! To tell you a week before his marriage that though he had married your daughter he had not your family, and he has kept his word, for poor Julia has never seen one of us since she was married—or, for the matter of that, any one else."

"But I don't think Captain Gwynne loves. he is so quiet and retiring. I can't fancy him in love."

"Recollect, mamma, the deepest water always runs the smoothest, and it is the quiet, frank countenance, unruffled by a narrow, vicious heart, that is the emblem of true devotion."

Mrs. Macgillicuddy winced under every reply of her daughter; and the only parry left her was starting fresh matter.

Kind, indulgent reader turn your thoughts with us for a brief period, and let us take a stroll, arm-in-arm adown our great Babel, and tell us if you see not there mothers bartering their daughters' beauty for a coronet or gold. Ladies moving in the first circles—and of professed virtue and religion, of honour inestimable, of whom it would be death to breathe the breath of scandal, and then let us turn to yon plebeian mart, to yon close alleys, where vice struggles and wrestles with poverty, where theft is luring hunger on to the deed, and whence, having emerged into the broad path of wealth, let us listen to the curses and execrations heaped upon that starving mother of the dark, pestilential alley by a moral thinking people,—yea, even by the noble parent—who sells her daughter's beauty and virtue to a libertine for bread.

But let both mothers—the plebeian and the patrician—stand face to face at the bar of conscience, tear away the outward semblances—from the lady her gilded covering—from the peasant her coarse linsey-wolsey—dive with us then, reader, into the hidden recesses of both their hearts, show their thoughts and wishes to the broad light of day, and then tell us if the same springs do not actuate the hearts of both?

"I declare there is Lord Walter Fitzosborn's drag! Going to Kingstown, I dare say," exclaimed Mrs. Macgillicuddy.—"Ah! and Captain Deve-

reux is on the top of it—see, he waves his gloves—do look, Ada, and bow, if it is only for civility's sake."

The girl did look, and moreover gracefully bowed; but as the carriage was shut from their view by a corner of the street, she heaved a deep sigh, for she knew but too well the temptations and resistances she would have to undergo; but might they not be the just decrees of a wise power to purify and improve her character, and make her worthy of him she so truly loved.

X.

TIME progressed; so did events; and Mrs. Macgillicuddy played her cards most beautifully; no general ever manœuvred better on the field of battle, nor exhibited deeper laid tactics or finer strategy than did our exemplary mamma, and Devereux's approaching marriage soon became a happy topic for the bar and the messes, the clubs and the colleges. Captain Devereux was flattered—pleased—caught.

Miss Macgillicuddy was a pretty girl, however ugly her name may sound to English ears. She was a brunette, with good hair, fine eyes, pearl-like teeth, and a sweet smile on her fresh and blooming countenance. Captain Devereux could not help appreciating the angelic sweetness of her disposition, and total absence of selfishness in her character. Devereux had loved—or rather he *fancied* he had loved—once or twice before; he recollected perfectly well how, when first emerging from boyhood to man's estate, he had fixed his fresh affections on a dark-eyed girl (whose charms certainly had reached their full maturity, as she had arrived at the respectable age of thirty, and run the gauntlet of many a season in London, Paris, and Rome, besides the provinces), and the pang of despair with which he tore himself away from her presence the morning he left to join his regiment; and then he called to mind how carefully he preserved the parting gift she had worked him; but—and alas, for the fickleness of youth—he soon learnt to forget her in fresh scenes. Then again, a year or so afterwards while quartered in Scotland, he remembered how "sweet" he was on a certain young lady who shall be nameless, and how he had lain awake for half a night after she, unknown of course to her family—stolen sweets, in short—had risked their displeasure, and had condescended to ride his black charger, and had caressed and patted his arching neck; and how, next morning, he wrote half a letter to his father, craving his sanction and blessing, which letter, by-the-bye, he never managed to finish; and further, he recollected the bitter pang of parting with *her*, as the troop (for he was only a sub then) marched past the lodge-gate, and they wished adieu to one another in the old oaken avenue, and *the rose* she gave him *then* to hang on his bridle—a simple gift, forsooth, but one treasured by him for many, many months after with almost sacred care—but then he recollected it was with no pang of jealousy or remorse that some twelve months after he read in the *Morning Post* the announcement of her marriage with a rich old advocate of Aberdeen. Again, at —; but we are really not writing the love episodes of Captain Devereux, but our

own memoirs ; so we will, kind reader, turn again to the one that more especially concerns ourselves.

In this instance, however, the gallant captain had very different sensations towards Ada Macgillicuddy. If he saw her talking to or dancing with any one else, a sharp pang of jealousy ran through his frame, and he listened with implicit obedience and reverence to her gentle advice and mild suggestions. He could not help recalling how easily, if he had a better amusement, he framed an excuse for his non-attendance to his Caledonian love, and if the young^o lady was satisfied his conscience was ; but with Ada Macgillicuddy it was a far different case ; he would not have deceived her for all the world, nor, for the gratification of an idle hour, approached either folly or falsehood ; and it was with almost pleasure he denied himself any amusement to spend a few hours in her company ; and his blood used to boil and his passion rise, if any of his more light-hearted comrades pressed him on this subject. "Devereux was a changed man—was spooney," was soon a conclusion propounded by the major of his regiment, and acquiesced in by all his brother-officers.

But what were the feelings of Ada Macgillicuddy ? At war and enmity one with another—a hostile, implacable, turbulent war ; one that man, with his more powerful mind, his ambition, and his worldly interests, rarely, or rather never undergoes. She, in her turn, appreciated, *liked*, Devereux ; but then her natural instinct warned her, most earnestly, that it required great self-discipline to prevent this liking imperceptibly gliding into *love* ; and at the bare thought of that word she shuddered, and the frightful precipice with the abyss below, on which she tottered, opened to her imagination. Besides, she felt that she was compromising Gwynne in the eyes of the world, if she had not done so already, and that she was acting a deceitful and dishonourable part towards Devereux, in leading him to suppose her affections and wishes were free. To whom, therefore, should she turn for advice and consolation ? To her mother, a weak-minded, ambitious woman, who would sacrifice anything for her own ends ?—certainly not. To whom then ? "Surely," exclaimed Ada, "if Captain Devereux really likes and respects me, if I appeal to him as a man of honour, if I candidly confess *all*, he will release me from his attentions, and appreciate my constancy to the man to whom I have sworn eternal fidelity."

Ah ! little did the poor innocent girl know of human nature or the dangers of this mutual confidence between two beings into whose hearts the first germs of love had been implanted.

XI.

SEATED in the drawing-room of the Kildare-street Club, were two of its oldest *habitues*, quietly sipping their sherry or cracking a biscuit, while leisurely casting their eyes over the daily papers, in which the miseries of Ireland and its specifics, and the operations of its new poor-law were fully demonstrated, and the obstacles and difficulties which had puzzled our senators and commons for so many generations vanished before the mighty witchcraft of the "souls of the line of Captain

Pen," until it became not a matter which *were* the efficacious improvements and remedies for Ireland, but which were the *best*, until the new question became more difficult of solution than the original one.

"Faith! and who's that riding the black horse?" inquired one of the *habitués*.

"Captain Devereux: he is quartered at 'The Royal Barracks'—nice horse he is riding; more strength and power than our Irish ones, but not the breeding. Faith! in my day we had the three qualities combined—You recollect the mealy-nuzzled ones and the chesnuts, eh? By-the-bye, I suppose you know Devereux is going to marry old Counsellor Macgillicuddy's daughter? The old trout of a mother angles to some purpose."

"Jove! You don't say so? I thought Ada was engaged to Colonel Gwynne's son. But I suppose it is a case of 'out of sight out of mind.'"

"Exactly so. He, poor devil! is frizzling in India, little thinking his intended is about to hand over her affections and allegiance to another. They say of lawyers, *iras et verba locant*—I suppose it follows, as a matter of course, their daughters do the same."

XII.

"I'll bet two to one, Devereux marries the recruiting-sergeant before this day two months," said Lieutenant Mowbray one night, at the mess-table.

"Who the devil is the recruiting-sergeant?" inquired the major.

"Why, we call Miss Macgillicuddy the recruiting-sergeant; with her long flaunting ribbons flying about, just for all the world like a soldier on the look-out for raw recruits, and her mother eyes her manœuvres far better than the most zealous inspecting-officer. However, it is a clear case. Poor Devereux is caught, and no mistake. It is not the first little 'affair' the lady has had—oh, no!"

"Oh, dem it!—a regular garrison hack, I presume—dem it!—poor Devereux!" lisped Cornet Muff.

"Well, I never could have fancied Devereux so soft as to be spooney on a garrison hack either," said the jolly bachelor major. "But for the matter of that, all women marry for the same reason—an establishment; as for love, that is an imaginative passion, only read of, never found. Why, dem me! any girl would jilt the best-looking fellow in the regiment—for *me* even: provided I had five thousand a-year. So, dem it, boys, I neve. could, nor will marry. What are balls, but horse fairs, where girls, like horses, are got up, trotted out, and their action tried? A well-turned girl sells immediately, an ugly one goes home. Bah!—humbug! Come, Muff, the claret is out. Another bottle, my boys; and here's to poor Devereux—to be drunk, gentlemen, in silence."

"Well, major, recollect your promise—a pipe of Carbonell's best port the day you are married," said Mowbray.

"That I promise you. But, dem it, no; Major Balammy is not going to sell his liberty for the best pair of eyes in Christendom.

No, no, lads. The girl I love is this"—pointing to the claret-jug—"we married some few years ago—or, rather, her sister—old port. Halloo! Mr. Brown, you look down in the mouth."

"Oh, poor devil!" said Wiskerless, "he is spooney, too—yes, spooney—on Miss Macabe: that squinted-eyed girl in Merrion Square."

"She don't squint," replied Brown, waxing wroth, and contradicting him flatly.

"Well, a curious cast in that left eye," said Wiskerless.

"No; nor no cast either in that left eye," replied Brown, turning red in the face, and twisting a wine-glass round and round in his hand.

"Well, then, *a je ne sais quoi*," said Wiskerless.

"Come, come, boys," chimed in the major; "no quarrelling. Well, to Miss Ada Macgillicuddy again. She is a fine girl. She will do for a fancy fair."

"Won't we get jolly drunk at the major's wedding," agreed Wiskerless and Muff, who were at the present fast approaching that happy state.

XIII.

On a snowy frosty December evening, Captain Devereux stepped into a hack car, and proceeded to Mountjoy Square, where he was engaged to dine with Mrs. Macgillicuddy, previous to escorting the party to the castle ball. That day had been the longest he had ever experienced in his life. He was certain the wheels of Time had been clogged with snow, and become frozen. The clocks appeared to have entered into a compact never to strike six. And his annoyance was only increased at finding, on his arrival at Mountjoy Square, the drawing-room deserted, the fire black, gloomy, and newly swept up, and a dirty housemaid skuttling out of the back room, leaving a dirty duster in her hurry on the causeuse; nor was his good temper restored when Mrs. Macgillicuddy came bustling in, evidently disturbed from her toilet, and endeavouring to squeeze a fat hand into a very tight glove, and apologised in such unequivocal terms of disgust, that it must have appeared plain to the mind of the dullest dolt that the exemplary mamma wished him anywhere but in her drawing-room for the next half-hour. Devereux had that day determined to set his "life upon a cast," and "stand the hazard of the die," and for better and worse, to offer himself to Ada Macgillicuddy; while she, on her part, had made up her mind, at all risks, through right and wrong, to take Devereux into her confidence, and, trusting to his honour and friendship to keep her secret, entreat him to release her from any future attentions, and save her from a miserable fate.

Though the bright firmament of heaven was studded that night with a thousand twinkling stars, it was pretty evident the tutelary one of Devereux did not shine forth. Everything was unpropitious. For at the dinner-table, instead of finding himself side by side with Ada Macgillicuddy, he found himself placed between a young English heiress, who had just burst the trammels of the schoolroom, and a young gentleman who had by that day's post received his appointment as cadet in the Indian Service.

Reader! have you ever experienced a like fate at a pleasant party? If not, thrice happy individual, picture to yourself your feelings at going to hear Jenny Lind, and finding yourself obliged to return home as there is not a seat left; or going to the Chiswick *fête* in sunshine and leaving it in torrents of rain; or finding on your arrival at Greenwich, that the wit of your dinner-party is detained in his rooms by a bad influenza. The English heiress thought herself "a catch," and had been imbued with the idea that every man must immediately throw himself at her feet and worship her—fire at Cupid through Plutus, in short—and, consequently, led the conversation. The heiress informed Devereux that Miss Smith, of Grosvenor Square (a lady whose name, except as the ubiquity class of Smiths, he had never heard of), was going to marry Mr. Brown, of the Oaks (a gentleman whom he did not know existed and cared still less). She further informed him they were a very handsome couple, suited as to tastes and tempers; then followed the usual epitome of their genealogy, their fortunes, their ways, their means, the lady's *trousseau*, the gentleman's hair, and their intended wedding-tour to Baden Baden. Devereux having expressed his hypocritical sorrow at not having the pleasure of their acquaintance, the young lady informed him of the state of the health of her favourite King Charles's spaniel, little Bijou, and her piping bullfinch. So in a fit of disgust, much to the sorrow and wounded pride of the heiress, Devereux turned to his neighbour—who up to this time had not spoken a word, but ate of every dish almost to repletion that was handed round to him—and inquired, "if he liked the idea of soldiering?"

"Didn't he, that was all," and his face brightened up; but whether at the idea of soldiering or of a blanc-mange that was just handed to him we are not at liberty to say. "Sir John had given him a sword—with his name on it—presented by Sir John—Sir John was Sir John Barleycorn—of Bristol—third cousin to his mamma—a good help of jelly)—made a great fortune. He had employed Sir John's bootmaker, Hobbs, of Bristol, and Sir John's tailor, Snipecoat, of the Minorities, London."

Then followed the usual "ours." "Our" colonel, "our" mess, "our" shell-jackets, "our" chakoes, "our" practice, none of which, by-the-by, had the young gentleman as yet ever seen.

On the arrival of Mrs. Macgillicuddy's party at the castle the Fates were still unpropitious to Devereux. The ball was just in its zenith, and he had the mortification of seeing the newly-appointed "native" ensign engage Ada for the first waltz, and a tepid timid young gentleman of eighteen—who had had a previous engagement for the last three days—for the next polka, and then to behold, as a sort of climax, the heiress eyeing him as an original New Zealander would a fine fat white man. He had, therefore, nothing—under the rules of civilised society—left him, but to ask the heiress to waltz, much to his disgust; for at this time he was a very Timon. The band began again, and then Devereux found himself (happy man!) the partner of Ada Macgillicuddy for the next—"waltz that loveth the lady's waist." The last notes of the *Olga* floated through the arched and re-echoing rooms when Devereux led Ada to a retired seat, away from observation, constraint, and suffocation, and then and there—apart from the gay and volatile crowd—poured into her ears those generous and sacred impulses of thought and passion.

"I never, never can be yours," replied Ada, as her snow-white bosom heaved in strong emotions. I know, I have led you on—have given you false hopes—but, alas! did you know *all* you would pity rather than censure me. I love—another."

"Another!" was the only word Devereux could ejaculate, as fury, jealousy, madness, rankled in his breast.

"Oh! have you the common feelings of humanity? have you the tender conscience attributed to man? Know, then, my fate. To-night I am to be sacrificed, and you alone can save me. I—have *friendship* for you, but not—not—*love*. To-morrow my brother will ask your intentions—save me, oh! save me. Tell my brother you hate me—say—say—you—can't—can't—*love* me. For pity's sake spare me; and if my prayers can avail aught for your future salvation, rest assured they shall be daily offered up in your behalf."

But her emotions were too strong for further endurance; her blood fled from her lovely cheeks, her breath flickered, her eyes closed, and she fell senseless into the arms of Devereux.

"I hope Miss Macgillicuddy is not really ill?" said Mrs. Fairclough to our exemplary mamma. "Oh, I am so sorry (The old crocodile! food for scandal for a month)—the heat, I presume. I would not have had it happened for all the diamonds in Christendom. Poor Ada! But come let us away to supper, for I hear the plates are silent, as the folks say—come!"

"Nothing, I can assure you," said Mrs. Macgillicuddy.

"Be Jases! perhaps it was the *spurs* caused Miss Macgillicuddy to faint," suggested a regular Milesian.

Captain Devereux rushed frantically to his barrack-room after seeing Ada carefully borne to her mother's chariot. His first thought was suicide. His second to cast his eyes upon a volume of Coleridge's works that lay open on his table, and by chance the following lines caught his view—by a sudden impulse, he gathered his scattered, angry thoughts, and rivetting his attention read—

Think first what you ARE! call to mind what you WERE!

I gave you innocence, I gave you hope,

Gave health and genius, and an ample scope;

Return you me guilt, lethargy, despair?

Make out the inven'try—inspect—compare—

Then die if die you dare—

His fever of excitement had passed—his madness had vanished. As he read the concluding lines he dashed the pistol he held on the floor—his better nature triumphed, he was himself again, and with a dogged determination he threw himself into an arm chair to ruminate upon the event. As each circumstance, arose before him he could not help feeling—whether he quite acknowledged it to himself is another question—that he was in a ludicrous position, a case of *Hibernior Hibernis*. He was in love with the girl; he appreciated her simplicity, her virtues, her modesty,—he had proposed to her—his pride and vanity had been humbled by her rejection of his heart and wealth, and how was he about to reward that refusal? why by immolating himself, by making it appear to the world he had *rejected her*, by which means he immediately metamorphosed himself into a human target for the practice of an enraged

brother. What was his reward? Not the fair lady's hand. Oh, no! merely the handing it over to a more favoured suitor.

But presently his rage subsided, and as he pursued his mental investigation, his feelings took a better turn.

"Yes," he continued thinking, "though, in this instance, I have acted honourably—as a *man*—how oft for the mere *éclat* of the affair, for the mere brag at the mess-table, have I not endeavoured to sow the germs of love in the affections of an innocent, confiding girl. Have not I watched them and seen them take root, and spring into maturity? Have not I oft inwardly smiled, with disdainful, flattered mien, though I have slurred it over with a conventional rouge—as I saw the object of my supposed affections give an anxious look for me as I entered the ball-room? And have not I oft watched her delighted sparkling eye as I approached her, and her view caught my form? Have not I oft lured on the girl with false hopes, false expectations? Was I acting honourably, justly, and like a gentleman? And because it was the bravado conversation of a regiment—because I followed in the footsteps of others—because others followed in my footsteps, was that any salvo to my conscience? NO—surely is it written 'retribution cometh.' This is *my* retribution for past sins, and truly, most truly, does the felon often suffer for a lamb and escape for a steer."

Devereux penned a note that night to a brother officer, Captain O'Driscoll, requesting, in the usual strain, his services of "a friend," should they be required, and then tumbled into his camp-bedstead, to mingle dreams of duelling and love, duty and women, hunting and suicide.

BEGGARS AND ALMSGIVERS.

The horse-leech hath two daughters, crying, "Give, give."—*Proverbs*.

Oh, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal,

SHAKESPEARE.

RIGHT and fitting is it that we should all be charitable, for charity covereth a multitude of sins: but still more right and fitting is it to understand that charity does not cover the sin of its own abuse, the most mischievous form of which is an indiscriminate almsgiving to street beggars. *That* offence is not one of the multitude that are pardonable; it is irremissible. True and judicious benevolence is twice blessed. "It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;" but this false and undistinguishing bounty is more than doubly injurious, the hydra-headed mistake being equally detrimental to the donor, to the receiver, and to those from whom it is withheld, since it is an indisputable, though generally forgotten fact, that every shilling given away to idle vagabonds is so much taken away from honest industry. It has been calculated, upon trustworthy data, that a million and a half sterling are in this manner annually wasted! Of the seeds of demoralisation, debauchery, and crime thus sown broadcast over the whole soil of England we will speak presently; but, good heavens! only to think of the innumerable blessings

which such an enormous sum, if judiciously, instead of mischievously, disbursed, would confer upon our distressed and deserving fellow-creatures ! What hospitals, alms-houses, and beneficent institutions would it build or endow ! what thousands of unemployed labourers and artisans would it transport to shores where they would find instant occupation, and secure ultimate competency ! what misery would it alleviate or prevent in these over-peopled islands ! what prosperity would it infuse into those colonies which cannot avail themselves of their natural wealth from want of capital and of hands to develope it !

"Plausible declamation !" methinks I hear the reader exclaim—"this is the old cry of the hard-hearted political economists. Surely, when we see a fellow-creature in distress you would not prohibit the exercise of our sweetest Christian duty—that of succouring him ; you would not have us pass on the other side, like the priest and the Levite, instead of following the example of the good Samaritan."

My dear madam or miss (for the tribe of beggar-fatteners are generally old women in trousers, or petticoat-wearers of all ages) let me implore you "to clear your minds of cant," and not to pervert the lessons of Scripture. Instead of imitating, you reverse the conduct of the good Samaritan, who having first ascertained that the wretched object before him was really in want of assistance, bound up his wounds, poured in oil and wine, set him on his own beast, took care of him, brought him to an inn, left money with the host for his present support, and promised to be answerable for his future expenses. This is Christian duty, this is Christian charity ; but what is yours ? In order to get rid of the uneasy sensation occasioned by a morbid compassion, in order that you may lay the false but flattering unction to your soul, of having performed a duty, you stop not, you give yourself no trouble, you make no inquiry whatever, but drop your mite into the hat of a mendicant, who, in nine cases out of ten, is an arrant rogue and impostor ; after which you walk complacently onwards, inwardly thanking God, perhaps, that you are not like the hard-hearted wayfarers who pass on the other side.

"If there be not much virtue, there is a good deal of economy in all this. It is a cheap and easy method of discharging, or rather of evading, a moral obligation, of awakening self-satisfaction, and of persuading ourselves that we have put out our money at most usurious interest, as we recall the scriptural assurance, that he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. Of these habitual alms-givers, the patrons and pamperers of mendicity and mendacity, very few, I suspect, are subscribers to those really charitable institutions, whose funds, administered by discreet inquisitors, are never withheld from the really necessitous, never lavished upon impostors. No ; though they cannot refuse assistance to the feigned distress that they see, they have no sympathy with that which is unseen. Out of sight out of mind. The visible is felt, and the beholders, to relieve themselves from the pain of a refusal, relieve the beggar ; the invisible is unfelt, and therefore unthought of. So far from being dictated by any high principle or Christian duty, such alms-giving springs from the wish to get rid of a disagreeable impression, or, in plainer language, from mere selfishness."

"But surely, surely," objects a tender-hearted mother, "you will not blame me for the trifle I gave this cold morning to a poor half-clothed woman, with beautiful twins sleeping in her lap ?" My dear madam, I

respect its motive, but cannot approve the deed. Those babies were no more hers than yours. They were hired at so much *per diem*, the beauty having enhanced the price because it generally wins, though heaven knows why, an additional donation from such soft dupes as yourself. Ever interesting, ever beautiful, is the healthful sleep of infancy; but those poor victims were simply stupefied with Daffy's Elixir, or some cheap opiate. The money you gave may possibly be expended in the further purchase of similar poison; the dose will be repeated and strengthened until the wretched victims sleep to wake no more; and thus, to the extent of your misdirected charity, have you been an accomplice in the crime of infanticide! Had you and others given less encouragement to imposition, by yielding less blindly to your feelings—in other words, had you been less selfish, these poor victims, restored to their real mother, might have lived to bless your refusal of aid to the counterfeit parent who would have poisoned them:

"Nay, nay, this is an overcharged picture," interposes some gentle-voiced damsel; "you will not, you cannot condemn me for relieving a wretched female, standing with her naked feet upon the frozen pavement. In such a case of suffering there can be no deception."

Your pardon, benevolent but mistaken young lady! Let me invite your attention to a curious and well-known fact in mendicant policy. Never do you see a beggar without shoes and stockings in warm weather. Oh, no! it would not then excite any compassion; but with the first frost, off go those coverings, like the leaves of the ash, and as the sailor, or pretended sailor-mendicant, is supported by the leg he has lost, so do these impostors obtain constant supplies of new shoes and stockings by going without their old ones, and get what they want by pretending to want what they have. These articles, when given, may be put upon the feet with much appearance of gratitude and gladness, but they are only worn for one single walk, viz.: from the donor's door to that of the pawnbroker.

"But it is so very painful to see a fellow-creature exposed, without protection, to the inclemency of the weather."

Granted: it is painful, and to get rid of this sensation you give money or clothes to a cheating vagabond. Call not this by the sacred and much-abused name of Charity. It is nothing in the world but selfishness.

Allow me to tell you an apposite anecdote. A widow whose heart was "open as day to melting charity," but whose means were exceedingly narrow, happened to be passing over Vauxhall Bridge, when a sturdy beggar accosted her in the established whine, imploring "a little trifle just to buy a morsel of bread."

"I am very sorry that I have no halfpence," said the wayfarer, walking reluctantly onwards, whereupon the applicant clasped his hands together, cast his eyes upward, and exclaimed hoarsely—

"Then by heaven! I will carry my desperate purpose into execution!"

Smitten with compunction and alarm, the good woman hurried back, gave the man a shilling, and not doubting that he had intended to throw himself into the river, began to read him a mild lecture on the duty of resignation, and the enormity of self-destruction.

"Lord bless you, ma'am! I wasn't a thinking of no such thing," replied the fellow, with a smile.

"What, then, was the desperate purpose to which you alluded?"

"Why, ma'am, I had sworn that if I didn't get a shilling afore ten o'clock, I would positively—*go to work!*"

He did get the shilling, and instead of going to work, he went instantly to the Gin Palace.

Another fair reader expostulates with me, urging that ladies may surely bay off an unfortunate beggar when no policeman is at hand, and they may, perhaps, be exposed to insult or maltreatment. Let them do so, but let them remember, that in this case they do not act from charity but from fear, or in plain English, from selfishness, which is the predominant motive in nine-tenths of all indiscriminate alms-giving. Ye who thus waste money to save trouble, to avoid persecution, or to get rid of an apprehension, in every instance to gratify yourselves, plead not the stale excuse that alms must sometimes be thrown away upon knaves and cheats, in order that no really deserving object may be left unrelieved, even as nature wastes a portion of her rain upon the ocean, lest any part of the dry land should remain unrefreshed? The cases are not parallel. Nature wastes nothing, for the sea gives back the showery tributes in the form of vapour, which, being wafted to its shore, descends in reviving dew upon the fields and flowers; while misapplied alms, yielding no such fertilising returns, impoverish the donor, without enriching the receiver.

Nor are they less injurious to the former in a moral than in a pecuniary sense. His sympathies, not only blunted but perverted, have been so frequently excited by fictitious distress, that he loses all sensibility to real unobtrusive woe, and never dreams of extending succour to those obscure haunts—

Where hopeless anguish pours the sigh,
And lonely want retires to die.

His morbid appetite can only feed on coarse, visible, tangible woes. Wounds, sores, loathsome diseases, rags, nakedness, whining appeals, groans, squalor, feigned as they often are—for where shall we find more accomplished actors than professional beggars—have so completely engrossed his feelings, that they are dead to the genuine distress which is most delicate and undemonstrative when it is the most deep and desolating. His is the mis-called charity which

Will sate itself in a celestial bed
To prey on garbage.

So much for the evils entailed upon indiscriminating alms-givers, the multipliers and fatteners of our street-beggars. Now for the manifold mischiefs that they inflict upon the recipients of their bounty. Of these the fullest and most authentic record is to be found in our police reports, which establish the fact that no culprit is so utterly irreclaimable, and few so profligate as the professional mendicant, many of which class after being repeatedly committed to prison, and even placed in situations where they could maintain themselves by honest industry, return to the trade in which they can earn ten times more wages than in any other. Why should they dig and toil when idleness will give them a profitable and a jolly life? What though they may have been arrested scores of times! London is large enough to furnish a district where they are still unknown to the police; and when they have rung the changes upon localities, they may perform the same transmutation upon their own persons. Our accommodating metropolis contains more than one masquerade-warehouse for beggars,

where they may be furnished with complete disguises, from the disabled soldier or sailor, or railroad navvy, up to the decayed gentlewoman, and the demure white-stocked clergyman, soliciting subscriptions for the repair of some distant church. In this hospital for the healthy are also to be hired crutches, splints, wooden legs, bandages, arm-slings, eye-patches, every thing that can simulate disablement and decrepitude. Here, too, may be obtained the wigs, and dyes, and dresses that will metamorphose a pale denizen of St. Giles's into a tawny Hindoo, not forgetting his handful of religious tracts; or into any foreigner whose hue and garb may be most likely to attract attention and halfpence from wayfaring dupes. Places there are of dressed rehearsal, where may be seen congregated the counterfeit victims of every malady and misfortune that flesh is heir to, of "convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs; pining atrophy, marasmus and wide-wasting pestilence:" and here, too, let but a known policeman pounce upon the ghastly group, may be seen how instantly the lame cripple shall take to his heels, throwing away the crutches that impede his flight; how the dumb shall speak, the blind shall see, the deaf shall hear; and how the poor creature lying on the pavement in a fit, and foaming at the mouth with the assistance of soap, shall need no assistance to jump up and scamper out of sight with all the agility of a harlequin.

Not the least ingenious of the many devices employed to fleece dupes and subsidise impostors are the obscure offices, well known to the craft, where vouchers and documents are forged, and pathetic begging-letters composed, and testimonials invented for authenticating falsehood and fraud. Here may be procured certificates of birth, marriage, death, verified by clerical signatures; magisterial attestations to the ruinous losses which the uninsured bearer has sustained from fire, with a long appendage of subscriptions; documents showing how the seafaring applicant was shipwrecked at the Land's End, saying nothing but his life, and was begging his way to Leith, where he had a promise of another and a better berth, from the non-existing owner of the vessel that was never lost. Here, too, are registered the addresses, the ages, and the terms of the children ready to be hired, by the street mendicant, who naturally giving a preference to the sickly and the half-starved, takes especial care to keep them in that interesting and pence-producing state. Curious and not uninteresting is it to trace the inevitable connection of effect and cause, as exemplified in the youngsters of the upper and lower classes. The lady mamma, with mistaken benevolence, seldom allows her boys to walk out unprovided with some halfpence to drop into the scrip held by the beggar's brat. "The child's the parent of the man;" this youthful habit is continued in after-life, and the young gentleman becomes an indiscriminating alms-giver, responsible for all the evils we have been enumerating. The mendicant's offspring is not less irredeemably perverted from the right course. The first shilling that he has obtained without working for it, has enlisted him for life in the free-booting corps of the London Lazzaroni; the mistake and the vice of both parents have become hereditary, and mendicancy is aggravated and perpetuated by the misdirected efforts made for its relief.

Come hither, ye who pay blind tribute to the idle prowlers in our highways and byeways, and if ye wish to know the fruits of the seed ye have scattered by the road-side, accompany me to yonder gin palace, whose gaudy gas lamps, flashing through windows of costly plate glass,

cast an ominous and baleful glare upon the streets. Those brutalised creatures wearing the human form—those hideous combinations of filth, rags, disease, and wretchedness, that hang about the vestibule in every stage of degradation, from maudlin imbecility to incipient madness, are the victims of the great and terrible gin spirit—the worst of all demons—before whom they would again prostrate themselves, but that they have laid their last farthing upon his altar. Let us enter this glittering pandemonium, wherein is enthroned the Moloch of the liquid fire, grim and bloated, and gilded, and encircled, to the mind's eye, by the worm of the still, not less tempting and malignant than the serpent that occasioned the first fall of man. Seated in her bar-shrine may be seen his Jezabel queen, a Judas smile upon her painted face, as she distributes poison for the body and the soul to a crowd of infatuated quaffers. The worshippers are worthy of the temple. Ribald jests are their Litany—their prayers are execrations—their psalms are licentious songs—their whole devotion is to drunkenness, and its influence is manifested in foul-mouthed abuse or savage violence. Hearken, O deluded alms-givers! to the incessant rattle of pence, and groats, and sixpences. All that money passed from your pockets into those of the beggars; they are now turning it into ardent spirits; those spirits, and the recklessness they engender, will be turned into a total demoralisation; and ye, the founders and paymasters of these bacchanalian orgies, will have turned the victim of your blind bounty, first, into a confirmed idler; secondly, into a confirmed drunkard; thirdly, into a confirmed malefactor! Ye have chosen to sow the wind. What could ye expect, but that ye should reap the whirlwind?

Perhaps it may be urged that your bounty, however misapplied and perverted, was well meant. Alas! a good meaning is but a poor apology for a most mischievous consequence, especially when it has been shown that a morbid promiscuous tossing of alms to mendicants, is but selfishness assuming the garb of charity. But I will make one admission in your favour. As the drunkenness and vice which ye have unwittingly engendered and fostered, may possibly have increased the population of a certain place never mentioned “to ears polite,” your good intentions may, perhaps, have been found useful in amending and enlarging its pavement! Before ye attempt any further defence, give me an answer to two questions.

In a country like this, where so many millions are annually expended in poor's rates, where the state has made provision of some sort for all who are in absolute need of it; where private institutions for charitable purposes are to be found in almost every street; where the clergy rarely fail to give or procure assistance for such parishioners as require and deserve it; where district visitants, in the majority of our parishes, enter every house for the purpose of succouring the necessitous and the sick,—in such a country what right has any man utterly to repudiate the great primary law of nature and of Scripture, that of eating bread in the sweat of his face,—what right has he to infest and obstruct our streets with his whining lies and useless sloth, and to imitate the life of a plundering Arab in the midst of a civilised and industrious community? If he have no such privilege, no such claim, what right has the indiscriminating almsgiver to encourage, to fatten, and to multiply a demoralised class, whose importunities or menaces are a nuisance to his fellow-creatures, and whose habits, it is to be feared, can seldom find much favour in the sight of Heaven.—I pause for a reply.

KING ARTHUR.

WHEN, after the lapse of centuries, the tomb of Ogier the Dane was discovered by some of his countrymen, the giant knight, awaking from his long, death-like slumber, demanded who they were who thus disturbed his repose?

"We are Danes," replied a voice.

"Let one of your number give me his hand," returned the Paladin.

There was a momentary hesitation amongst the crowd; at length one, bolder than the rest thrust forth the heavy crow-bar, which had served to break open the tomb.

Ogier seized the iron in his tremendous grasp and gripped the unyielding metal.

"'Tis well," he cried, as he turned himself round to sleep through another cycle, "'tis well,—there are yet *men* in Denmark!"

A generation has well nigh passed away since the great æra of modern British poetry, when those whom we have lost, with the THREE who yet survive—though their voices are heard no more—compelled the wonder and admiration of all to whom our land's language is known; with their great names the spirit of song appeared to have flown; it seemed as if no more worlds were left for the poet to conquer, and that he had abandoned the earth.

Small tinklers there have been on feeble harps, laborious metre-mongers, who with

Their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scranell pipes of wretched straw,

making idiots dance to their dreary music; but of heart-stirring, soul-elevating poets, none!

The loftiest aspirations of the rhymesters of the last twenty years—"dulcet in contagion," as Sir Toby says, though, unlike the merry knight's catch, powerless to "draw three souls out of one weaver"—have been a strange chiming of "bells and pomegranates," melodious as the sounds which scared Belphegor from his wedding; rugged verses hammered out on the anvil to serve a political end; jingling lines to high-born ladies, and doleful ditties that made the reader as much "a-weary" as the subject of them was said to be; on these and on "such small deer" have praises been lavished and pensions been bestowed, but neither can flattery form, the corn-laws create, nor gold evoke the muse. The oracle still remains dumb.

True poetry, however, like genius, never dies. She may slumber for awhile, but at length the trance is dissolved, and they who have watched and waited exclaim with Ogier, "There are yet men in Denmark!"

It is scarcely a twelvemonth since a voice, which had already attracted many listeners to a theme as bold as it was original, again broke the silence whose cold chain had fettered the world so long, and proclaimed the advent of another poet. He was known only as "the author of the new *Timon*," but busy conjecture wore almost the aspect of certainty in ascribing the authorship of the first part of "*King Arthur*" to one who had achieved the greatest distinction as a novelist, and had taken a high place as a successful dramatist and accomplished scholar; to one who

could alike recal the lore of the past and unfold the secrets of the present; in a word, to the only man, except Macaulay, capable of exhibiting in one person so many and such varied acquirements.

The concealed author must be found, and public opinion, eager to award the prize, bestowed the laurels on Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. In ushering to the world the conclusion of his noble poem, he has affixed his name to a work which, he trusts, and not vainly, as we think, will be the least perishable monument of thoughts and labours which have made the life of his life.

The reasons which led Sir Edward to launch his bark unnamed are thus satisfactorily set forth :

The motives that induced me to publish anonymously the first portion of 'Arthur,' as well as the 'New Timon,' are simple enough to be easily recognised. An author, who has been some time before the public, feels, in undertaking some new attempt in his vocation, as if released from an indescribable restraint, when he pre-resolves to hazard his experiment as that of one utterly unknown. That determination gives at once freedom and zest to his labours in the hours of composition, and on the anxious eve of publication, restores to him much of the interest and pleasurable excitement that charmed his earliest delusions. When he escapes from the judgment that has been passed on his manhood, he seems again to start fresh from the expectations of his youth. In my own case, too, I believed that my experiment would have a fairer chance of justice if it could be regarded without personal reference to the author ; and, at all events it was clear, that I myself could the better judge how far the experiment had failed or succeeded, when freed from the partial kindness of those disposed to over-rate, or the pre-determined censure of those accustomed to despise, my former labours.

He hazarded the experiment of the anonymous ; it succeeded,—and in justice to the great name he has created he now claims his own, an offspring of which he may be truly proud. This is no moment to speak of discouragement ; the task is accomplished ; the battle is fought ; the victory won. There must be an end now of misgiving ; the author has taken his stand on the highest ground of the realms of poesy,—beyond the reach of the clamour of the snarling pack whose labour of love is the search of flaws and stains ; of the critic

Brisk as a flea and ignorant as dirt,

who curiously examines the amber, not for the sake of its brightness, but to discover the straw which, haply, may have found its way there ; who finds no savour in herbs that distil not bitterness.

Let us now speak of the poem which has excited so strong an interest.

To describe it at length, or attempt by numerous extracts to exhibit its pervading beauties, would, with the limited space allotted to us, be impossible. We must be content rather to indicate the theme than dwell upon it,—to cull a few flowers at random than display a broad and brilliant *parterre*.

"King Arthur," as the title at once leads us to expect, is an Epic of Chivalry, constructed, in obedience to Pope's definition, of three necessary elements, the Probable, the Allegorical, and the Marvellous. These are all made subservient to one great end ; the development of the sublimest truths that reward the toil of the patient, the trustful, the self-denying and self-relying man. Freedom for his country and the establishment of a pure faith,—the faith of the Christian,—are the great objects of

Arthur's emprise, pursued under every aspect of difficulty and danger, and in their pursuit exhibiting a constancy of purpose, a tenderness of heart, and a loftiness of soul which aptly render him the hero of so glorious an undertaking.

There are some names round which an imperishable affection clings, as the ivy round the loftiest oak. Amid such names that of Arthur stands pre-eminently forth; he is associated with our earliest recollections of

Ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth,—

and, in spite of his being, as Macaulay says, one of those "mythical persons whose very existence may be questioned," associated not only with graces and accomplishments in bower and lists, but with all the virtues that elevate, as well as all the qualities that adorn.

In the hands of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, King Arthur's character loses nothing of the charm with which it has been invested by a reverent superstition; the god descends from the cloudy dream-land where he has heretofore been worshipped, but the star increases in brightness the nearer it approaches; the worship that was paid to its far-off glory becomes more earnest and sincere. To the attributes of the hero are added the glowing heart and sympathising nature of the man; we feel with him while we admire.

The quest of Arthur is a "triple labour" to which he is impelled at a moment when he is surrounded by all the pleasures that life can bestow :—

Propp'd on his easy arm, the king reclin'd,
And glancing gaily round the ring, quoth he—
'Man,' say our sages, 'hath a fickle mind,
And pleasures fail, if long-enjoyed they be.'
But I, methinks, like this soft summer-day,
Mid blooms and sweets could wear the hours away :
Feel in the eyes of Love a cloudless sun,
Taste, in the breath of Love, eternal spring ;
Could age but keep the joys that youth has won,
The human heart would fold its idle wing.
If change there be in Fate, and Nature's plan,
Wherefore blame US?—It is in Time, not Man.

The change was at hand, but not the change of which Arthur was dreaming. A phantom summons him, whose "invisible control" compels him forth, and Arthur, leaving his court, follows it to the forest where, in a sunless pool,

As ebon black, and yet as chrystal clear,

he sees his own destiny and that of the kingdom foreshadowed. There is a terrible gloomy grandeur in the whole account of this apparition.

'Look, king, below,' whisper'd the shadowy one,
What seem'd a hand-sign, beckoning to the wave,
I look'd below, and never realms undone
Showed war more awful than the mirror gave.

Arthur beholds his kingdom desolate, his people scattered, and the Saxon lord of all. He is thus warned by the spectre :—

Then spoke the hell-born shadow by my side—
'O king, who dreamest amid sweets and bloom,
Life, like one summer holiday can glide,
Blind to the storm-cloud of the coming doom ;
ARTHUR PENDRAGON, to the Saxon's sway,
Thy kingdom and thy crown shall pass away,

This adventure, whose nature he conceals from his enquiring courtiers, he reveals to the enchanter, Merlin, whom he seeks for counsel, closing his revelation with the apostrophe, as noble in sentiment as in language :—

O thou, the Almighty Lord of earth and heaven,
Without whose will not e'en a sparrow falls,
If to my sight the fearful truth was given,
If thy dread hand hath graven on these walls
The Assyrian's doom, and to the stranger's sway
My kingdom and my crown shall pass away,—
Grant this—a freeman's, if a monarch's, prayer !—
Life, while my life one man from chains can save;
While earth our refuge, and the cave our lair,
Yields to the closing struggle of the brave !—
Mine the last desperate but avenging hand,
If left the sceptre, not resign'd the brand!

Courage is the grand attribute of the Cymrian hero ; nothing appals or shakes his steadfast fearlessness. Merlin exultingly recognises this virtue, and breathes a spell, the dark mystery by which it is attended being unshown to Arthur, by whose aid he derives the knowledge of the means that can alone enable the king to combat against the doom menaced by the phantom. They consist in the acquisition of three gifts wherewith to defend his throne :—

The falchion, welded from a diamond gem,
Guarded by Genii in the sparry caves
Where springs a forest from a single stem,
Shadowing a temple built beneath the waves;
Where bitter charms grant gifted eyes to mark
The Lake's weird Lady in her noiseless bark.
The silver Shield in which the infant sleep
Of Thor was cradled,—now the jealous care
Of the fierce Dwarf whose home is on the deep,
Where drifting ice-rocks clash in lifeless air;
And War's pale Sisters smile to see the shock
Stir the still curtains round the couch of Lok.
And last of all—before the Iron Gate
Which opes its entrance at the faintest breath,
But hath no egress; where remorseless Fate
Sits, weaving life, within the porch of Death;
There with meek fearless eyes, and locks of gold,
Back to warm earth thy childlike guide behold.

These things won, and the dangers attendant on them defied, Merlin predicts for the successors of Arthur an empire, “ broader than the Cæsar won,” and of the king he says :—

And thou, thyself, shalt live from age to age,
A thought of beauty and a type of fame;—
Not the faint memory of some mouldering page,
But by the hearths of men a household name!
Theme to all song, and marvel to all youth—
Belov'd as Fable, but believ'd as Truth.

Arthur accepts the mission, and, spite of the solicitations of his bosom friend Lancelot, the chosen of three,—the other two being Caradoc and Gawaine,—who urges for leave to accompany him, he goes forth to accomplish his destiny alone.

This is the argument of the first book of the poem, which consists of twelve in all ; the briefest notice of the remainder must of necessity suffice.

In the absence of Arthur, Merlin accords a trial to his friends, to as-

certain which of them may be permitted to follow the king, and the omens declare for Lancelot, whose path is indicated by a chrystal ring given him by Merlin, in which there is a fairy hand always pointing in the direction that Arthur has taken. At a later period of the poem, Gawaine also is allowed to undertake the search guided by a raven, the source of infinite vexation to the knight, but of great amusement to the reader. On the adventures of the Three, the whole story rests.

Strikingly true and poetical as are the personages and scenes described in the second, third, and fourth books, we refrain from citing them, as they were widely quoted on the first appearance of the poem. Few we apprehend have not read, and, reading, have not remembered the masterly portraits of Ludovick and Astutio, and the passion of Arthur for the Etrurian queen, Cēgle. We pass on, therefore, to the portions of the work which have just been published.

The fifth book opens with the council-hall of Carduel, where are assembled the twelve on whom devolved the conduct of affairs in Arthur's absence. They are distinguished as the Three Knights of Council, Cynon, Aron, and Elidir; the Three Knights of Battle, Owaine, Cadwr, and Geraint; the Three Knights of Eloquence, Drydas, Lolod, and Gawaine; and the Three Lovers, Caswallawn, Tristan, and Caradoc. Amongst these the portraits of several living British statesmen may be recognised. Here is a sketch of Lord John Russell :—

Cynon, of the high-born race,
A cold but dauntless, calm but earnest man ;
With deep eyes shining from a thoughtful face,
And spare, slight form, for ever in the van
When ripening victories crown laborious deeds ;
Reaper of harvests—sower not of seeds.

In Geraint, we see the Duke of Wellington ; the “ribald scoffer” is no less plainly shown :—

Lo ! he whose fame outshines the fabulous !
Sublime with eagle front, and that gray crown
Which Age, the arch-priest, sets on laurell'd brows ;
Lo, Geraint, bending with a world's renown !
Yet those gray hairs *one* ribald scoffer found—
The moon sways ocean, yet provokes the hound.

We recommend Mr. Cobden, if to grace his mushroom wealth he has added a coat of arms, to take this last line for his motto.

To these knights Merlin confided the conduct of the war against the invading Saxon, and the narrative returns to Arthur, guided, as before, by the companion-dove. The king is led through the sepulchral valley of Etruria to the cave of the death-god. Cēgle awakes from her swoon and misses Arthur :—

At length with one long, eager, searching look
She gazed around, and all the living space
With one great loss seem'd lifeless—then she shook
Her clench'd hand on her heart ; and o'er her face
Settled ineffable that icy gloom,
Which only falls when hope abandons doom.

She throws herself into the mountain-torrent which sweeps her to Arthur's

feet; he rescues her from the wave, but she is reft of life, and shortly afterwards the king is joined by Lancelot. The funeral wail over the Etrurian queen is sung, first by the priests of her own creed, who chaunt the *Nœniæ*, and then by the Christian monks in their Hallelujah; both are very beautiful. Arthur reveals the secret of his mission to Lancelot, who now counsels him to banish his sorrow, and redeem his vow. A leaf from Cēgle's grave, bitter to the taste, recalls the meaning of Merlin's words when he spoke of the mystic lake where the adventure of the Diamond Falchion was to be attempted; the Lady of the Lake appears in her enchanted bark, and Arthur and Lancelot separate, the former to dare the first great peril of his destiny.

The sixth book treats of Sir Gawaine and the raven, the priest Henricus, Gawaine's Irish bride, and his murderous father-in-law, from whom, after some sore handling, he gets scot-free, accompanied by a dog, —a valuable exchange for the lady, who is relinquished, by her own desire, to a "grausome carle" who claims and rejoices in her affections. Gawaine's character is all sprightliness and mirth, and laughing philosophy; he finds a salve for every evil, and keeps up his spirits through every misadventure, many of which fall to his share. In this part of the poem the author has indulged in a happy vein of playful satire, which forms a striking contrast to the earnest, thoughtful style which belongs to the more serious passages of his story. His wit, though not so stinging as Byron's, is quite as pointed; but in this respect Sir E. B. Lytton rather resembles our great bard's Italian models than himself. The next poetical of Gawaine's adventures are those where he encounters the *poboll vach*, or good people, as the fairies are called, under the hollow oak on the domain of Nannau. They are represented true to their vocation in joyously dispensing their hospitality, but prone to take offence on the slightest mistake being made, and marvellously quick of quarrel. Gawaine, after partaking their cheer, unluckily excites their anger, and the fairies revenge themselves, not only by pinching him, but by preaching at him into the bargain. The knight lays the blame of all his mishaps on the attendant raven, who, he avers, leads him into every scrape. At length he reaches the sea-shore, is delivered from the noxious bird, but falls into the hands of the Scandinavian Bersekers, who carry him and his dog across the northern ocean to sacrifice them over a slow fire at the shrine of the goddess Freya, the Venus of Scandinavian mythology.

Meanwhile, Arthur prosecutes the adventure of the Diamond Falchion, and in the seventh book we accompany him to the coral hall of the three kings, where its accomplishment is to take place. There are here much beauty of imagery and many noble thoughts, nobly expressed. Here Arthur, having rejected Wealth for Fame, makes his choice between the Past, the Present, and the Future, or Pleasure, Pomp, and Death. He decides for the latter, whose terrors he derides:—

‘Death,’ answer’d Arthur, ‘is nor good nor ill,
Save in the ends for which men die—and Death
Can oft achieve what Life may not fulfil,
And kindle earth with valour’s dying breath.’

But before the diamond sword is given to his grasp, a vision passes

before him of the great names of British history at successive epochs,—Cœur-de-Lion and the Trouvères, and all the chivalry of south and north ; the first Tudor king and his destroying son ; Elizabeth and her greater bards ; but to these we must give a stanza or two :—

With her (at either hand) two starry forms
Glide—than herself more royal—and the glow
Of their own lustre, each pale phantom warms
Into the lovely life the angels know ;
And as they pass, each Fairy leaves its cell,
And GLORIANA calls on ARIEL !

Yet she, unconscious as the crescent queen
Of orbs, whose brightness makes her image bright,
Haught and imperious, thro' the borrow'd sheen,
Claims to herself the sov'reignty of light ;
And is herself so stately to survey,
That orbs which lend, seem but to steal the ray.

After the maiden queen and her *mesnie*, come those who fought for freedom in the civil wars, with the bard who

fallen on evil tongues in evil days,

has gained an immortality as bright as that of which he sang ; and to close the scene—

Mild, like all strength, sits crowned Liberty,
Wearing the aspect of a youthful queen :
And far outstretch'd along the unmeasured sea
Rests the vast shadow of her throne ; serene
From the dumb icebergs to the fiery zone,
Rests the vast shadow of that guardian throne.

And round her group the Cymrian's changeless race
Blent with the Saxon, brother-like ; and both
Saxon and Cymrian from that Sovereign trace
Their hero line ; sweet flower of age-long growth ;
The single blossom on the two-fold stem ;
Arthur's white plume crests Cædic's diadem.

The vision fades away, and Arthur is again tested ; he is called upon to sacrifice the Dove, to ensure the freedom of his country. He thus replies :—

For Fame and Cymri, what is mine I give—
Life—and brave death prefer to ease and power ;
But not for Fame or Cymri would I live
Soil'd by the stain of one dishonoured hour ;
And man's great cause was ne'er triumphant made,
By man's worst meanness—Trust for gain betray'd.

The achievement of the adventure is now no longer withheld.

In the eighth book Lancelot reappears with Genevra, the daughter of Harold, Earl of Mercia, who tells her own story, and that of her lost friend and playmate, Genevieve, the daughter of King Crida. The poet has substituted this fair and pure impersonation for the scandalised Guenever, of the old fabliaux ; and Lancelot's love is rendered a hallowed and legitimate passion. Together they seek and find the king, before he sets out to the frozen north, in search of the silver shield of Thor. The rest of the book is devoted to a humorous account of Gawaine's tribula-

tions at the shrine of Freya, to which he was bound, in order to be roasted, and his escape from that peril, assisted by his faithful hound.

The ninth book witnesses Arthur's course through the Polar Seas, heralded by an invocation to the north, and a description of the three great agents of civilisation—

Winter, and Labour, and Necessity,
Behold the Three that make us what we are!
The eternal pilots of a shoreless sea,
The ever-conquering armies of the Far!
By these we scheme, invent, ascend, aspire.
And, pardon'd Titans, steal from Jove the fire!

The poet's description of the wonders and sublimities of the Arctic Ocean is most magnificent; but here, where we most willingly would have quoted, we are compelled by want of space to refrain. We are able only to glance at the rest of the story. The following passage, however, we must give :—

He comes,—the Conqueror in the Halls of Time,
Known by his silver herald in the Dove,
By his imperial tread and front sublime
With power as tranquil as the lids of Jove,—
All shapes of death the realms around afford :—
From Fiends God guard him !—from all else his sword !

The picture of the Valkyrs weaving their noiseless skein, grand though it be, we are forced to omit. After a fearful struggle, vigorously portrayed, the king wins the second gift, he returns to England and the dove leaves him. The last boon, the guardian-child, the representative of Conscience, is finally accorded, and the marvellous ended, the heroic warrior effects the liberation of his country by mortal means ;—in Genevieve, saved from sacrifice, he find consolation for loss of Egle, and by his marriage with the daughter of Crida unites the Cymrian and the Saxon races.

Independently of the main current of the epic as affecting Arthur, there are episodal scenes—the self sacrifice of Caradoc, for instance, on which we have been unable, in this imperfect notice to touch.

We trust, however, that we have done enough to impress our readers with the conviction that in “*King Arthur*,” the country has a poem worthy to take its place only beneath the loftiest reach of modern poesy. That some defects are to be found in its composition who can doubt? A perfect poem never yet has been, nor ever will be written. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's chiefest faults, in our estimation, are a too frequent use of inverted phrases, a profusion of imagery, a display of classical lore which sometimes impedes the merit of his verse, and, occasionally, an arbitrary employment of words less English than German. But these blemishes how slight beside the numberless beauties of the poem !

The author declares that he takes his stand on the subject that has haunted his ambition from his earliest youth. He may safely do so. *King Arthur* will live.

SIR WIGOLAIS OF THE WHEEL.*

BY JOHN OXENFORD, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

HOW SIR WIGOLAIS SET OUT FOR COROTIN, ACCOMPANIED BY A SULKY DAMSEL.

NOTHING could be more dismal than the commencement of Sir Wigolais' journey to Corotin. By his side rode a damsel on a palfrey, richly attired, and behind her stood a dwarf, who kept his position on the horse by resting his hand somewhat heavily on her fair shoulder. The young lady was deep in the sulks, and all attempts of the knight to draw her into conversation proved miserably abortive. His modest endeavours to do the agreeable were met by a chilly silence, or by still more chilly monosyllables, though certainly no one could be more modest and unpretending than the youthful Sir Wigolais. The dwarf was manifestly annoyed at the very cool manner in which the poor young man was treated, and whenever the horses were at a convenient distance from each other, he did not fail to whisper a good strong lecture into the damsel's ear. However, people do not like lectures from their inferiors, and the only effect of the dwarf's wholesome admonitions was to make the lady pout and frown more than ever. Sir Wigolais feigned not to see her ill-humour, but it was so very obvious, that he could not persuade himself into cheerfulness, and his spirits sank at last under the ungenial influence.

To explain the cause of the damsel's ill-humour, we must inform our readers, that she had been to the court of King Arthur, at Carlisle, requesting that some gallant knight of the Round Table might be allowed to go to Corotin, and deliver that place from great misery and inconvenience. She had anticipated that the great Sir Gawain would have been chosen, but as it turned out, a young man, named Wigolais, who had come nobody knew whence, and who had that very day been admitted as a member of the Round Table, supplicated King Arthur so hard for leave to undertake the adventure, that the good monarch could not find it in his heart to refuse him. Now Sir Wigolais was not only very young, but extremely young-looking; he had one of those baby-faces that obstinately refuse to look manly at any age, and a chin that seemed destined never to wear a beard. When the Corotinian damsel saw the champion who was to redress her country's wrongs, she looked upon the case as very desperate indeed; and her face, which had not naturally a very pleasing expression, lengthened and soured to that degree, that the good King Arthur winced while he gazed upon it. In vain was it represented to the fair messenger, that Sir Wigolais had proved himself a most worthy knight in a recent tournament, that on that very account he had been admitted to the Round Table, and that he enjoyed the special patronage of Sir Gawain; the damsel looked at the baby-face and mistrusted the

* Founded on a German *Volksbuch*.

statement. In vain was she told that the moral character of Sir Wigolais had been incontestably proved, by the fact of his sitting on an enchanted stone, kept at Carlisle as a sort of touchstone of virtue, whereas many knights, who were considered highly respectable, were unable to approach it within a good arm's-length. She shook her head dubiously, as if she thought manly vigour much more important than moral character, although she did not venture to utter so free a sentiment.

Under these circumstances the expedition to Corotin commenced, as we have said, most dismally. The damsel despising Sir Wigolais, and at the same time being forced to accept him as a companion, perfectly detested his society, and would not be consoled by the opinion of the dwarf, who looked upon him as a promising young man. Finding that his conversational powers were of no avail, Sir Wigolais did a smart thing or two on the road, in the hope of gaining some degree of favour. A strong castle by the road-side gave him the first opportunity of coming out. This was kept by a sturdy old gentleman, who made a point of fighting everybody that asked for shelter. If he vanquished the traveller, he inhospitably dismissed him with a kick, but if the traveller was victorious, he was admitted into the castle, and feasted royally. Sir Wigolais complied so well with the conditions of the establishment, that he not only came off victor, but left the old gentleman a corpse before his own gate. Even this pleasant feat did not elicit a smile from the sulky young lady, though the dwarf clapped his hands from pure enjoyment.

A couple of hulking giants, who were treating a country-girl with great discourtesy, gave Sir Wigolais the next opportunity for displaying his prowess, for he killed one, and sent the other off to Carlisle, together with the maiden, on his making a solemn promise that he would put her under the protection of King Arthur, and tell that monarch who had sent him. A little white dog, with one ear red and the other yellow, that ran across a field, was a third cause of adventure, for the sulky damsel took a fancy to the animal, and Sir Wigolais at once dismounted, picked it up, and placed it before her. She received the gift with a thankless expression of countenance, and rode somewhat in advance, till she met a knight, who recognised the dog, and asked her in a severe tone how she had got it, at the same time proclaiming that he was the rightful owner. This led to a squabble between the stranger and Sir Wigolais, which resulted in the death of the former. The dwarf was beside himself with admiration, and shouted his applause into the ears of the sulky damsel, but she simply shrugged her shoulders, and rode on with the same predilection for monosyllables as before.

As for Wigolais, who was the most kind-hearted creature, he felt somewhat displeased at his own unequivocal successes. Every one of his exploits had ended in a death, however trifling had been the cause of dispute, and he could not help feeling a sting of conscience.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE SULKY DAMSEL LOST HER SULKINESS.

PRESENTLY they saw at a little distance from the road a damsel on horseback, who rent the air with her wailings.

"Let me go and inquire the cause of grief so great, in form so fair?" said Sir Wigolais, to his companion, carefully rounding his period.

"You may go to the —," began the sullen damsel, hastily; but suddenly checking herself, she said, "Go or stay, just as you please; I shall pursue my own path." A reply which the dwarf heard with infinite disgust.

At last Sir Wigolais obtained a more regular permission to address the weeping maiden, and rising up to her he accosted her, asking her the cause of such excessive lamentation.

"In me," said she of the streaming eyes, "you behold the most humiliated person in the universe."

Sir Wigolais bowed for further information.

"Know, oh courteous stranger," she continued, "that the king of a country, called Ireland, of which, perchance, you may have heard, sends every year to these parts a talking parrot and a magnificent palfrey, as a gift to the lady whom adequate judges shall decide to be the finest. Now, when the last horse and parrot came, it was generally supposed"—here the maiden dropped her eyes—"it was generally supposed, I say, they would have been awarded to me."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Sir Wigolais, with more surprise than was consistent with politeness; but he saw his error at once, and added—"Of course—of course."

"On the day preceding that on which the adjudication was to have been made, a strange knight with red hair came among us, with his mistress, and without asking any questions about the matter, put her in possession of the valuable horse and parrot, together with the gold cage in which the latter was confined, and which, I forgot to mention."

"Proceed," said Sir Wigolais.

"Proceed!" exclaimed the maiden. "Have I not already told you the greatest wrong that ever lady endured on this earth?"

A somewhat awkward pause ensued, but Sir Wigolais at last said, with a great show of enthusiasm,

"Oh yes, certainly it was a most foul wrong, and the red-haired knight who perpetrated it must have been a——"

Here his own affair with the white dog unpleasantly crossed his mind, and an uneasy notion that there was a similarity in the two cases stopped the shower of hard words he was about to bestow on the red-haired knight, and produced another awkward pause.

"With the permission of yonder fair one with the serious countenance, I will gladly restore the horses and the parrot," suddenly shouted Sir Wigolais; and the boldness with which he extricated himself from the conversational difficulty did him infinite credit.

Permission being obtained from the sulky damsel, who gave it with the readiness of indifference rather than of kindness, the whole party proceeded to a plain, where tents were set up, belonging to every nation in the world. Here was the Emperor of Greece—there was the King of Mauritania—here floated the banners of the Marquis of the Illyrian Frontier—there stood the temporary residence of the Exarch of Ravenna. Austrian dukes and Ethiopian counts were there by dozens. The Soldan of Egypt, and the King of Babylon, vied with each other in magnificence. There they all were, met together with that noble disregard of geography and chronology which thrives so well in a purely chivalric atmosphere. The feasting, the love-making, the harp-playing, the singing, the piping, that were going on in all these tents, gave so much life and cheerfulness

to the brilliant scene, that even the face of the sulky damsel lost some of its rigidity. And when the lady who had been despoiled of the horse and parrot took her new friends into the tent of her cousin, the Queen of Persia, who received them with royal magnificence, the sullen countenance became almost amiable.

After they had sufficiently refreshed themselves, the injured lady took Sir Wigolais, as well as the sulky damsel and the dwarf, to the tent of the red-haired knight, who asked a question so discourteous, that we blush to record it.

"What the d—— do you and your women want with me?"

Sir Wigolais, who was the very pink of courtesy, said blandly,

"We are here, sir knight, for the sake of your own honour,—if you rightly understand the expression. This Persian princess being manifestly the most—beau—tiful per—person in this august assembly—hem——"

The voice of poor Sir Wigolais began to falter as it uttered this startling untruth. The eyes of the red-haired knight met his own, with such a peculiar expression that, in spite of their present hostile position, it was evident they perfectly understood each other.

"The Princess of Persia," resumed Sir Wigolais, "*considering herself* the most beautiful person in this august assembly—('Stick to that,' muttered he of the red hair)—is therefore entitled to the cock and bull—psha!—I mean the parrot and the horse, of which you have so—so *curiously* deprived her. The least you can do is to give them back."

The red-haired knight said that he would *first* see something happen to Sir Wigolais, which we do not wish to transcribe; and it was agreed that on the following morning lists should be set up, and that the matter should be fairly fought out.

We shall not minutely describe the combat that took place; for if we allowed ourselves to go into details of fighting our tale would be longer than the Iliad. Of course spears were shattered, swords drawn, and sparks, elicited by heavy blows, flew from glittering helmets. The whole affair ended with the red-haired knight falling senseless from his horse, while Sir Wigolais bowed gracefully to the throng of admiring spectators.

When he of the red locks was in a condition to hear and to understand, Sir Wigolais told him, as he had previously told the giant, that he must go to Carlisle, and inform King Arthur that he had been vanquished by the "Knight of the Wheel." As he said these words, he struck the wheel which—we have omitted to state—was pictured on his shield.

"As your device is not remarkably ingenious, and there might easily be half-a-dozen with the same bearings, you would perhaps add your name," suggested the red-haired knight. "You are evidently a world's wonder, but I should not like the credit of being worsted by some scurvy fellow, who might be a 'knight of the wheel' without a fifth part of your mettle."

"Say then, 'Sir Wigolais of the Wheel,'" said the victor, not displeased at the suggestion.

When the red-haired knight had given the horse and the parrot to the Persian princess, and was about to set off, on his way to Carlisle, he took an opportunity of whispering to Sir Wigolais, in this fashion:—

"Sir knight, you have had the best of it, but, between ourselves,

you must admit, that as for the Princess of Persia being the handsomest person—”

He did not finish the sentence, but Sir Wigolais, squeezing his hand, looked unutterable things; and again the two knights thoroughly understood each other, and parted the best friends in the world.

A day or two afterwards, the great assembly of nations which had met—goodness knows why—broke up, and the occupants of each tent set off for their own proper homes. The Persian princess magnanimously gave the horse and the parrot to Sir Wigolais, whereupon he courteously presented them to the sulky damsel, who certainly, as far as the question of beauty was concerned, was more entitled to the King of Ireland's gift than the fair one of Persia.

Our three friends now continued their route to Corotin, taking with them the precious gifts; and whether it was that these gifts excessively pleased the damsel's fancy, or that the mighty valour of Sir Wigolais at last made an impression, it is certain that the sulky expression vanished completely from her countenance, and that whenever she addressed the knight she put on a most beaming smile.

“Matters are clearing up,” thought the sagacious dwarf.

CHAPTER III.

BEING A MOST USEFUL CHAPTER FOR THE UNDERSTANDING OF THIS HISTORY.

As they drew near the land of Corotin, the damsel began to look from time to time at Sir Wigolais with a most rueful countenance, and at last fell into a violent fit of weeping.

“Oh, mirror of chivalry!—oh, pride of the Round Table!—oh, lustre of Britain!—oh, flower of King Arthur's court!—too fresh and young to die!”

Thus said the damsel, whereupon Sir Wigolais observed: “Your exclamations are highly flattering, fair lady, but I do not exactly see to what point they tend.”

The damsel remained silent for a few moments, during which even the dwarf looked very mournful, and then spake as follows:—

“Oh, Sir Knight, whom I at first mistrusted on account of your youth, but whom I now admire beyond all mankind on account of your wondrous valour; oh, Sir Knight, to what an adventure have I brought you. I am taking you to a land of horrors never known to any one but the knights who have visited it already, and of those, none, alas, have returned to tell the tale. Learn the cause of our national woes. My late sovereign was King of Corotin, and having the defect of being too easy in his friendships, he protected at his court the accursed Roas of Gloys: nay, even raised that individual to the highest honour.”

“You don't say so!” exclaimed Sir Wigolais, with courteous surprise, though he had not the remotest notion who the said Roas was, nor why he was called the “accursed.”

“This vile wretch,” continued the damsel, “accompanied by certain comrades, second in wickedness to himself alone, crept one night into the chamber of the king, and foully murdered him, together with the best knights of the court, who lay fast asleep. As the king was universally beloved by his faithful subjects, the base Roas was naturally execrated

after the atrocious deed; but he is a magician of such mighty power that no one is able to lay a finger upon him."

"Now I see the difficulty," said Sir Wigolais, "which I confess I did not perceive before."

"Since the death of the king," resumed the damsel, "all Corotin seems to have lain under a heavy curse. Not only does the base Roas live at Castle Gloys, as a creator of evil, but every sort of nuisance in the shape of dragon, giant, dwarf, &c. &c. has infested the land."

"By a sort of attraction, perhaps," suggested Sir Wigolais.

"May be so," said the damsel. At all events, every knight who has undertaken the adventure has been destroyed, or imprisoned by something or other, for none have been heard of since. The prize for him who rescues the fair land of Corotin from its present evils is the hand of the Princess Laria, daughter of the murdered monarch, who was fortunately not with her father, but in the impenetrable Castle Raymund, when the great slaughter occurred."

During this discourse, which was frequently interrupted by the sobs of the damsel, they came within sight of Castle Raymund, where the princess still resided.

CHAPTER IV.

SHOWING THE INGENIOUS CONVERSATION SIR WIGOLAIS HELD WITH A REMARKABLY WELL-INFORMED GHOST.

AT the castle, Sir Wigolais was most nobly received by the Princess Laria, who had once been excessively handsome, and with whom, though she was now a little *passée*, the knight at once fell in love, as in duty bound.

Next day he heard mass, and was provided by the princess with a sort of bread, the strengthening qualities of which she highly commended. He was to set off alone, and the signal for his departure was to be the appearance of a certain handsome snake, with a crown on its head, which was in the habit of coming every evening, and which had been followed by all the unlucky wights who had already undertaken the adventure.

The snake appeared according to custom, and Sir Wigolais departed, watched by the weeping eyes of the princess, the damsel, and the dwarf, who had made up their minds they would never see him again.

Formidable as the accounts of Corotin had been, the knight kept up his courage as he followed the crowned snake. When day closed, and the sky grew darker and darker, his heart was still firm. But when the moon rose with uncommon brilliancy, he certainly felt rather nervous, for he saw the snake gradually change into a human figure, with the crown still upon the head. This transformation took place in front of one of the most magnificent castles ever beheld.

"You are doubtless surprised," said the human figure, "to perceive this transformation." Sir Wigolais bowed assent. "Know that I am the deceased King of Corotin. Being too easy in my friendship, I protected at my court——"

"Excuse me," interrupted Sir Wigolais, somewhat impatiently, "but I know all about Roas de Gloys, and the murder."

"Very, good," returned the ghost, somewhat piqued; "if you know all about me I'll tell you something about yourself, which you do not

know. This adventure is reserved for you, as the lawful son of the incomparable Sir Gawain."

"I, the son of Sir Gawain!" exclaimed the delighted Wigolais. "To be sure," he added, "I do not know whose son I am; and, therefore, I may as well be the son of Sir Gawain, as of anybody else."

"Yes," said the ghost, "you are the lawful son of Sir Gawain and the Princess Floria, of the Secluded region, properly so called, because, without the aid of a magic scarf, no one is allowed to enter it. When your respected father took leave of your respected mother (you were unborn at the time), he had the misfortune to leave the scarf behind him, and he was, consequently, unable to get back again. That will account for your remaining strangers to each other."

Sir Wigolais, who knew that his mother was the Princess Floria, was highly delighted at this intelligence, when the good ghost further increased the obligation by showing him where to find a wonderful spear and sword, that would be highly useful to him in his encounters with voracious monsters.

While all these civilities were going on, some three hundred knights, all dressed in coal-black armour, and uttering hideous shrieks as they rode up to the spot, interrupted the friendly couple. Sir Wigolais, nothing daunted, attacked the foremost warrior with his new spear; when, lo! the point of the weapon shone with a bright blue light, and the whole body of knights stood in an attitude of reverence.

"Your courage is proved," said the royal ghost, "and the forms you see are the shades of my murdered knights, who have come hither to test it. Farewell, may Heaven protect the right!"

With this common-place sentiment the ghost resumed the form of a snake, and entered the castle-gates, followed by the other three hundred ghosts, who moved along wailing and howling so dismally that it was enough to ensure one the blue-devils for a twelve-month. When all had entered the gates, flames burst from every part of the earth, and a flock of white doves, emerging from the blazing edifice, soared into the sky. Sir Wigolais concluded that these were the souls of the three hundred and one defunct persons; and we are not in a position to say that his surmise was incorrect.

CHAPTER V.

SHOWING THE HOST OF WONDERS WHICH SIR WIGOLAIS MET IN AN INCREDIBLY SHORT TIME.

DEEPLY edified with all that he had seen, Sir Wigolais pursued his solitary way, and soon came to a spacious plain in which about sixty spears were set up in very neat order. He thought this looked like a combat of some kind, and was highly delighted at the number of weapons, since there was evidently material enough to prevent the fight from coming to an insipid termination.

Presently he saw a big, thick-set individual ride towards him with a threatening countenance. This individual was called the "Dwarf Karios," not because he was smaller than the rest of mankind,—since, on the contrary, he was considerably larger,—but because he was excessively stout in proportion to his height, which gave him a remarkably squat appearance.

"Unhappy wretch!" shouted the dwarf. "Fate has played you a sorry trick.—has verily selected you for her foot-ball. Evidently you are brought here for the express purpose of being slain by me."

A combat was the natural result of this insolent address, and the end of the combat was a blow dealt with such vigour on the dwarf's head by Sir Wigolais, that the unlucky monster lost the few wits he had. Fleeing from the spot, and not knowing whither his steed carried him, he rode into the middle of a bituminous marsh, which was one of the nuisances brought into the land by the king's murder, and there he stuck fast. A thick smoke constantly rose from the marsh, which left a pitchy deposit on every object which it chanced to touch. Poor demented Karios was first suffocated by the smoke, and then gradually converted into a black equestrian statue, which adorned the marsh, just as a spouting Triton ornaments a modern pond.

Sir Wigolais scarcely knew whether to laugh or to shudder at the strange fate of his adversary, but his attention was soon occupied by the more important consideration of getting across the marsh. A river flowed right through it, and a bridge placed over the river was the only means of passage. The nearer end of this bridge was ingeniously fitted up with a revolving wheel, composed of sword-blades, which went round and round, and would infallibly slice into pieces, like a cucumber, any one who attempted to make his way across.

Sir Wigolais gazed on the revolving wheel with silent despair. Here was an enemy that no valour could conquer, that no courtesy could persuade, and that was at the same time a very prosaic, inglorious sort of adversary. What was he to do under the circumstances? He could only stand and stare, and, as it turned out, this was the very best course he could have adopted. For while he stood with his eyes and mouth wide open, the wind happened to change, and sent upon the wheel a thick bituminous cloud, which deposited such a thick coating of pitch, that the machinery was completely clogged, and all further revolution was impossible.

As the sword-blades that composed the wheel were placed at considerable intervals, Sir Wigolais had no great difficulty in creeping through them now the wheel was still. But he had no sooner crossed the bridge, than he met with the monster Marinus, which was the ugliest thing he had ever clapped eyes on. This detestable being had four feet, but, nevertheless, walked upright, displaying, with much self-satisfaction, the long claws with which the foremost paws were decorated. The head was like that of a dog, with a pair of eyes resembling burning coals. From the chin to the waist, there was something of a human appearance, and the rest was more like a horse than any thing else, if we except the scales, that guarded the monster like a stout suit of armour.

Sir Wigolais had hardly caught a glance of this monster than it fell upon him with such fury that he did not know where he was. For it kicked him with its hoofs, and grappled him with its claws, and hallooed into his ears from its throat, till he thought he was not encountering one adversary, but was in the midst of a whole legion of devils. At last, he flung the spear, which the ghost had given him, at something which looked like an erratic star in the midst of the confusion, and as this happened to be the monster's eye, Marinus set up a hideous howl, and fled to its cave, leaving the knight time to recover himself. Its absence was not

for long, but it soon returned, with a huge earthen vessel, full of magic fire, which it pitched dexterously on the knight's head, and which, being shattered to a thousand pieces, surrounded him with a heavy shower of flame. The good knight saw nothing from sheer brilliancy; but a blow which he struck at random with his sword, took off the monster's head, and the streams of gore which issued from the wound, at once extinguished the fire, though not until the knight's horse had been miserably consumed, so that the knight himself was reduced to the painful necessity of continuing his journey on foot.

CHAPTER VI.

SIR WIGOLAIS ACHIEVES THE ADVENTURE.

THE adventures of the pitched dwarf, the revolving-wheel, and the monster Marinus, had followed so close upon each other, that the mind of Sir Wigolais was completely puzzled, and he could scarcely tell whether he had been in a dream or not, especially as his organs of respiration were still embarrassed by the smoke from the infernal fire-pot.

He walked on in the moonlight, with more of instinct than consideration, when he was suddenly called to his senses by a dense cloud, that covered over the moon, and occasioned a complete darkness.

"Woe to thee, Roas," said an awful voice from behind the cloud; "thy reign of iniquity is at an end. Woe to thee for the wrong thou hast done to thy liege lord and sovereign. Lo, the avenger is at hand, and all thy wicked arts shall avail thee nought."

The words uttered by the voice were consolatory enough, but the circumstances under which they were spoken were so awful, that Sir Wigolais trembled from head to foot.

As the cloud passed from the moon, Castle Gloys stood before him. He was close to the gate, and, after a few moments of nervous hesitation, pulled a huge gold ring that offered itself to his touch. At once there was a ringing of bells through all the edifice, that threatened to last for ever,—and the gates slowly opened, without a visible porter. Sir Wigolais again felt dreadfully uneasy, and had half a mind to turn on his heel, and make the best of his way back. There was a sort of solemn ghastliness in the affair that was ten times more terrible than the palpable enemies he had already encountered. However, he plucked up courage, and in he walked, when the gates, with a thundering noise, closed behind him. This was the worst situation of all. Horrible indistinct voices seemed to mutter at him through the darkness, and at every step he took he fancied he trod upon some soft reptile, which writhed and wriggled under his foot.

A door which flew open and revealed a chamber brilliantly illuminated by torches, held in the hands of a dozen young ladies richly attired, promised a lively change; but Sir Wigolais, on entering the chamber, was greatly horrified on perceiving that the eyelids of the ladies were occupied by mere colourless balls. They all moved their lips very fast, as if they were jeering the knight, but not a word was heard, and this visible, though mute, derision, was more awful than all the rattling abuse in the world. Presently, opening their mouths, as if shouting with

laughter, but still remaining as voiceless as before, they dashed their torches against the walls, and completely extinguished them, leaving Sir Wigolais once more in the dark, to reflect on the pleasing sights he had witnessed.

A bang on the head, similar in force to that which he had endured from the earthen pot, first aroused him from his meditations. He returned the blow, and struck something like armour, when another bang came upon his helmet. This combat in the dark continued for some minutes, when at last Sir Wigolais felt something yield to his sword, and then heard it fall with a heavy clang to the ground. At the same time the room became illuminated with a blue light, and he saw a number of fiends, bearing a headless body through a cavity in the floor, while the sightless damsels ran round and round the apartment, clapping their hands, and moving their mouths, as if shrieking with despair, though still without giving any sound. Presently the whole castle fell in with a crash, and Sir Wigolais found himself in a beautiful garden. The souls of the slain knights fluttered about his head in their dove-like form; the shade of the murdered monarch, who sat near him on a glittering throne, smiled on him benignantly, and the voice, which had spoken from behind the cloud, now said, in milder tones: "The reign of enchantment is over; the hateful Roas has received the punishment due to his crimes, and Wigolais is the bridegroom of Larie, and sovereign of the fair land of Corotin."

A WALK IN THE LANDES OF BORDEAUX.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

Territory of the "Vins de Grave"—The Landes—Aquitanian Celts—La Teste de Buch—Anecdotes of Jean de Grailly—Descent of Henry IV. from the Captals of Buch—Basin of Arcachon—A Night on the Downs—La Biscarosse—Lagoons and Quicksands—Extinct Port of Mimizan—The Pinadas—Couzeats—St. Julien—A Cagot—St. Leon—Vieux Boucau—Vineyards of the Landes—Cape Breton—The Marensin—Bayonne.

WHEN at Bordeaux, now some time back, on my way to the Pyrenees, I took a fancy to explore the Landes more intimately than was generally done by passing travellers. I was aware of certain general facts—of extensive heaths, dark pine forests, a remote, uncouth population, shepherds on stilts, and vast regions of sands—and this was quite sufficient to excite a wish to see such things a little more closely. Add to which there was something exciting in the idea of a wilderness. It was a change from the formal parallelogranism of cultivated fields and hedge rows, and a still greater relief from the monotony of cities, avenues of trees, and town entrances. Who has travelled much and has not sometimes felt that so many humble shops, so many more ambitious gable ends, and a few towering rickety steeples, belong to all town entrances?

But in the days I now speak of it was a more difficult matter to get to the Landes than it is at present, when railway carriages convey about

two travellers per day to the Bassin d'Arcachon. The highway from Bordeaux to Bayonne makes an especial curve inwards to avoid the Landes and yet many who have thus only contemplated these great plains from their periphery, have deemed themselves qualified to speak in ecstasies of their boundless expanse and their unexplored recesses. Inquiries of a very limited extent soon satisfied me, that to see the "Landes" the only plan was to send on my portmanteau to Bayonne, and to place my reliance simply on a well shod and resolute foot. And what was it? A walk of exactly 100 miles as the crow would fly. It might be 150 with deviations. This was nothing to one who had performed the "short" and "long" tours in Scotland, in humble peripatetic fashion.

Full of my object, yet little prepared for the mishaps which were to attend upon me almost at the onset, I started one fine morning guided solely by the compass, and as lightly equipped as possible. Those only who are accustomed and partial to foot travel,—not a saunter along a highway dotted with pictures and other artistical insignia of places of refuge and refreshment, but across-country, in unfamiliar lands, and with the horizon as a prospect,—can enter into the feelings experienced on emerging from the crowd and bustle of a great city into the open country, without a restriction upon the will. Time is now your own. You have no coach, nor horse, nor sullen guide to attend to. Means are also your own. Your feet tread the springy turf as if incapable of fatigue. There is a buoyancy that almost communicates to the frame the lightness of a bird, and is so utterly at variance with gravity, that you find yourself involuntarily engaged in a hop, skip and jump progress, which ends in knocking off the heads of a harmless clump of thistles with the end of the sole companion of your journey—your favourite stick.

The sands and gravel (tertiary arenaceous deposit), which constitute the soil of the Landes, extend from the banks of the Garonne to those of the Adour, so that in reality the traveller is no sooner out of Bordeaux than he is in the Landes; but for some little distance he still meets with cultivation, and more especially those vineyards, which afford the wines called *les vins de Grave* from their growing on *les terrains graveleux*. The Bordelais consider their wines according as they grow on strong soil without gravel,—which is the case both in high and low Medoc for an extent of nearly twenty leagues,—on the alluvium of the river (*vins de Palus*), or on the gravel (*vins de Grave*). The *vins de Palus* have more body and colour than the others, and are often used to give body to the inferior wines of Medoc, not to the Lafitte, Latour, and Chateau-Margaux, which are in the high Medoc, but to wines of the lower Medoc, and they are also preferred for long journeys. At the time I am now speaking the "*clos*" of Larose, now so fashionable in the canton of Pauillac was only esteemed as a second claret, but the *travail à l'Anglaise*, as they call it in the country, can effect great changes.*

But to my gravelly wines. The red are produced by the varieties of grape called Carmenet, Verdot, Tarnex, Malbek and Balouzat. They possess deeper colour and greater strength than those of Medoc, but

* The *travail à l'Anglaise* consists in allowing a second fermentation to take place, the year after the harvest, which is effected by adding to every barrel about eighteen pots of Alicant or of Benicarlo, one pot of *vin blanc muet*,—wine the fermentation of which has been arrested by sulphurous vapours—and a bottle of spirit of wine.—*Manuel du Sommelier*. Par A. Jullien.

less bouquet or flavour. The white wines are the produce of the Sauvignon, Blanc-doux, Semillon, Cruchinet, Verdelette, and Chalosse. The Haut Brion is the only first class red vin de Grave; it ranked some years back with the Lafitte, Latour and Chateau-Margaux, as one of the four first class clarets, and was by many preferred over all others for its superior body, roughness, and aroma. It, however, required seven years in the *chais* or cellars before it attained maturity, whereas the other three only required five. The white *vins de Grave* have a dry taste, and a flavour which has been compared to the odour of cloves and of a gun flint! The Sauternes and Barsac are the best known, but they are gathered upon a particular principle. There are also several distinct vineyards attached both to Sauternes and to Barsac.

The district called de Grave extends for many leagues in some directions, but in that which I was following I was out of the boundary of cultivation, and upon the open heath after about an hour's walk. The first day's progress did not present much that was very striking. The eye wandered over a great monotonous waste, only interrupted here and there by a cottage or two surrounded by a few fields of maize or millet, or an occasional oxen cart, wending its way over the pathless heath. There were as yet no shepherds to be seen mounted on stilts, but there was the grandeur of solitude and expanse, and the impression was by no means of a feeble or uninspiring character.

"The Landes," says M. Theophile Gautier, "are immense sheets of gray, violet, bluish land, with more or less distinct undulations. A short and rare moss, ruddy heaths, and stunted brooms, form the only vegetation. It is the sorrowfulness of the Egyptian Thebiad, and every minute one expects to see dromedaries and camels defile; one would say that man had never passed that way."

This is much more poetical than exact. The soil of the Landes, generally sandy, is certainly variously coloured, chiefly from the presence of numerous mosses and lichens. During four months of the year these plains are in part covered with water, which collects in the hollows, forming shallows (*mares*) of little depth, which in the summer are covered with short grass. These collections of water are sometimes so great as to give rise to streams, which work deep furrows in the sand, laying bare the roots and carrying away the shrubby plants, and leaving beds of white micaceous sand behind them.

The sterility of the Landes appears to be in main part owing to a hard and compact bed (called *alios* by the natives) of a dark brown colour, from some inches to several feet in thickness, formed by a quartzose sand, bound by a cement, in which iron oftentimes exists in so great a quantity that it has been wrought for with various success, and in the time of Napoleon upon a large scale.

It is a curious fact that our distinguished countryman, Arthur Young, not only pointed out that the growth of trees on the Landes showed a moist bottom, but also that there was a bed of marl or clay under all the country. The opinion that the soil is so very bad, that all the money spent would be sure to be lost, originated, this experienced observer relates, in a M. Rollier of Bordeaux having made a trial of cultivating them, and succeeded very ill. "I guessed how such improvements had been attempted, and told my informants what I supposed had been done; and my guess proved exactly right: corn—corn—corn—corn; and then the

land pronounced good for nothing. It does not signify telling such people that the great object in all improvement of wastes are cattle, and sheep, and grass, after which corn will be sure. Nothing of this kind is comprehended from one end of France to the other."

Modern research has shown that the sandy soil of the Landes belonging to the upper marine formation and lying on quartzose, iron-stone, sands, and shelly marles, also further reposes on coarse limestone (*calcaire grossier*), beneath which again are the molasses and marles of the first tertiary arenaceous formation, all alike deposited on a chalk bottom, or rather with the alluvium of the river beds, the fresh water deposits of the lagunas and the vast sand floods filling up a basin in the chalk.

The vegetation of the Landes presents much greater variety and much more to interest one than would be at first imagined. It is not all, as Arthur Young described it, dwarf furze, broom, whins, ling, and fern. The principal heath, the most characteristic plant of all, is a novelty to an Englishman's eyes—at least it does not grow wild in this country except in Cornwall—the *Erica Ciliaris*, and it is one of the prettiest among European species. There are two kinds of broom properly so-called (*Spartium*), the *Retama de escobas* of the Spaniards, and three of what are also called broom (*Genista*), the *Jenista* of the Iberians. There are also the beautiful and fragrant trailing *Daphne* (*D. Cneorum*); the pretty umbelled squill; a curious representative of the genus rather rudely designated as *Silene* by botanists, because generally covered with slaver, like the drunken god; the scarlet fumitory, saw-wort, flax, garlic, rest-harrow, a lanceolate leaved violet, and a variety of vetches, vetchlings, tares, and bird's foot. Then again among all these pretty flowers an infinite variety of insects are seen running or fitting about, none more curious than the praying Mantis or the *Phasma Rossii*—vagaries of an exhaustless nature—which are by no means uncommon on these sunny plains.

The occasional waggons that are met with drawn by oxen have a truly Homeric and primitive aspect. The oxen are harnessed by the head to a common yoke, decorated with a coverlet of sheep-skin; they have a look of gravity and resignation, that is quite sculptural and worthy of the bas-reliefs of Egina. The generality of them, also, wear a caparison of white linen, which preserves them from flies; and nothing is more amusing than to see these great creatures in their shirts raise their moist muzzles towards you and stare with those great blue eyes, which the Greeks, so sensitive to beauty, admired so much as to make of them the sacramental epithet of Juno: *Boopis Erè*.

The sun-burnt, hatchet-faced waggoner, who disturbs the exchanged looks of admiration on your part, and wonder on that of the oxen, by a poke with a long and pointed stick, and the lonely shepherd, who rests so listlessly upon another, as he continues his long and weary watch from some heath-clad monticule, without vouchsafing to turn his body round, are the only human beings met with on crossing these plains. Yet, in olden time, we are told, that a race of strangers, the *Vivisci*, or *Vibisci*, sprung from the Celtic tribe of *Bituriges*, dwelt on these wildernesses.

Hæc ego, Vivica ducons ab origine gentem,

says Ausonius, the Burdigalensian poet and prefect of the fourth century, in the 488th verse of his "*Mosella*," and the said Celts lived, Cellarius tells us, "*in angulo, quem Garumna cum Oceano facit*," and

what is equally curious, these Celts had, according to Ptolemy, a city called Noviomagus on the sea-side, the fifth of that name, one of which, ten Roman miles on the road from London, to where dwelt the Rutupian robber, also sung by Ausonius, gave its name to a well-known prandial club of learned and bibulous antiquarians. The fierce Bituriges, who, according to Caesar, burnt twenty cities to deprive the Romans of food and refreshment, are now gone without a trace from these desert regions; whether their blood still mingles with that of the people of the *ci-devant* province of Berry (now Cher-et-Indre), must be left to ethnologists to determine.

It was not with me, as with the above-quoted poet of Bordeaux, to whom his horoscope promised all kinds of good luck and fortune; perhaps because I had no maternal grandfather, with a high-sounding name, like Cæcilius Argæius Arborius, skilled in judicial astrology, to erect a scheme of my nativity, and by promising advancement to ensure the accomplishment of the prediction. Certain it is, I became so buried in musings as evening crept on, that night overtook me without a cottage in sight, at the same time that the dreary inhospitable moor began to arouse a sense of considerable discomfort. That feeling, however, was shortly relieved by a twinkling light, which was immediately converted into a beacon to which to proceed *au pas accéléré*. Nor did a churlish welcome await me. The first momentary hesitation at the intrusion of a stranger over, and a chair, such as it was, was tendered. The inquiries gradually instituted with regard to the state of the larder were not so successful. Flesh or fowl there was none. "But," said the hostess, with a smile of considerable self-satisfaction, "I can make you a *petite-soupe*." Accordingly, in a very brief time, a purely provincial mess was laid before me, principally composed of the seeds of bird's foot (*Dolichos unguiculatus*), cabbage, turnips, and a little pork. The Gascons, curiously enough, resemble the Chinese and Japanese in the use of the above seeds. The Kitjap and Tau hu of the former, and the Soja of the latter, being chiefly composed of seeds of *Dolichos*. It was homely fare, but the peasants were so civil, that it was impossible not to be satisfied. Fate had ordained bird's foot soup for supper, and a *grabat* for a bed—but of the last the less said the better.

The very earliest dawn saw me once more on my way; this time round the easterly end of the *Bassin d'Arcachon*. A dense fog limited the prospect to within a few yards, and the copious mist had so bedewed the deep ling and fern, that in less than half-an-hour I was as wet as if I had been walking through the basin itself. As the day advanced, a powerful sun broke through the fog, and I smoked and dried away like all the other surrounding objects. As I stole round the south-easterly end of the basin, I got involved in marsh and forest, in the midst of which I at length discovered a corduroy road; but as such roads are proverbially bad for man or horse, several awkward steps added mud to where there had only been previously wet.

A quiet, cleanly, and well-provided, albeit, rustic hostelry at La Tête, or Teste (as it is more properly written) de Buch, fully rewarded me for these first little mishaps. I had a French *déjeuner* and an English lunch rolled into one, only the landlady expressed exceeding, and I thought un-called-for, indignation at my inquiries after some of the funny tribes for which the *Bassin d'Arcachon* is renowned. "Imagine," she said, turning

round to a submissive-looking guest; "*ce monsieur comes from Bordeaux to La Teste to eat fish!*"

My repast concluded, I enjoyed half an hour on a bench at the door of the hostelry, shaded by a far-spreading vine. I was soon able, from such a position, not only to contemplate all La Teste—a rural village of about a 100 houses, with wood and marsh on one side, the *Bassin d'Arcachon* on the other, and wooded downs between it and the sea—but also to make acquaintance with the physiognomy of its inhabitants, which did not present much is worth recording.

Yet the Teste de Buch, the Boios, or Testa Boiorum of the Romans, is, for so out of the way and insignificant a spot, both of some antiquity and importance. In the first place it traces back its origin to the first ages of the Gallic era, when it constituted one of the twelve cities of the Novempopulania; in the second, it has been from a remote period the seat of feudal chieftains, known as the Captals, or Chaptals de Buch, who attained power sufficient to rank among the *grands vassaux de l'empire*, and who played an important part in the most interesting epoch in the history of Aquitania—the period when it was under English rule. The right of seignioralty that appertained to La Teste de Buch was, indeed, not abrogated till the Revolution.

Among these Captals figured Jean de Grailly, who lived in the latter part of the fourteenth century, and who was a *preux chevalier*, and one of the greatest captains of his time. Two years after the battle of Poitiers, while Jean le Bon was a prisoner in London, and the revolt of Marcel had driven the court from Paris, the princesses, ladies, and daughters of the *grands seigneurs*, to the number it is related of 400, took refuge, trembling and affrighted, at Meaux. A band of seditious peasants, led on by a chief, who assumed the name of Jacques Bonhomme (a name of contempt applied by the noble to the peasant, and whence "*La Jacquerie*"), besieged the court, in this, their last stronghold. Happily Jean de Grailly, Captal de Buch, and the Count de Foix, passed by Meaux on their way from a distant expedition. They offered their services, as knights, to the ladies; and it can be easily imagined with what pleasure they were accepted. Their squadron admitted by one gate, issued immediately by another. • "*The very lustre of their arms,*" says Mézeray, "*dazzled and terrified the mob of ragamuffins; they drew back, and fell one upon another; they were cut down in heaps, crashed, and their throats cut, like beasts, so that there perished that day more than 7000, between killed and drowned.*"

When at the advent of Charles V., Louis of Navarre claimed the assistance of the English to defend his strongholds in Normandy, Jean de Grailly was appointed to the command of the auxiliaries. But the Captal allowing himself to be drawn from his strong position at Cocherel, by the wily da Guesclin, the allies were defeated, and Jean de Grailly himself made a prisoner. After the *Traité des Landes* the Captal was set at liberty, and the king conferred upon him the Lordship of Nemours, to attach him to the crown. The Captal did homage to Charles, and became a vassal of France. But this new fealty did not last. Having, when peace was re-established, had an opportunity of communicating again with the Black Prince, he returned to his ancient trust. He sent back to the king his title of Lord of Nemours, retracted his homage, and fought with all his olden gallantry in the service of England. But the prince

having been called to England by the illness of the king his father, Jean de Grailly, to whom a chief command had been entrusted, was unable to hold out against the prowess of du Guesclin, and was ultimately once more made a prisoner at Soubise. The King of England offered a large ransom for the gallant Captal, and every influence was used to procure his liberty, but Charles was inflexible, and Jean de Grailly died "of *ennui*!" says Anquetil, in the tower of the Temple after five years' imprisonment (1377).

Jean, the rival of De Guetclin, knight of the order of the Garter, and seneschal of Aquitania for Edward, was succeeded in the Captalet de Buch by his younger brother, Archambaud de Grailly, who had married Isabelle, sister of Mathieu, Comte de Foix, and who dying without children, the Graillys became Counts de Foix. Jean, Comte de Foix, son of Archambaud, joined the standard of Charles VII. in 1424, to repair the disaster of Cravant, but only (notwithstanding the aid of Scotch auxiliaries) to meet with more signal disgrace at Verneuil. Gaston, his second brother, was father to Jean, who married the heiress of De Candale in England, and founded the illustrious family of Foix-Candale, the inheritance of which passed, in 1587, by Marguerite, daughter and heiress of Gaston IV., to the house of La Valette. The last of the Foix-Graillys was Catherine, Countess of Foix, and Queen of Navarre, who carried both one and the other title in 1484, to Jean d'Albret, her husband, son of *Alain le Grand*, as a petty Gascon seigneur, Viscount of Tartas, was called in those days of feudal magnificence. From this marriage sprang Henry I. of Navarre, whose daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, bore her inheritance to Antoine de Bourbon, and brought up her son, Henry IV. of France, in the Protestant religion. Thus the origin of one of France's greatest monarchs can be traced to the remote little known Captalet of Buch.

In the time of Henry III., the captalet passed into the hands of the Nogaret-Epernona, no doubt from the marriage of the favourite (Jean Louis Nogaret de la Valette) first Duke of Epernon, to Marguerite de Foix-Candale (1587)—a marriage which was solemnised by a magnificent ball, at which the king was present with his great chaplet of death's heads. It appears, however, to have subsequently returned into the possession of a branch of the Foix (Foix-Candale), and ultimately passed into the hands of the family of Gontaut.

Before starting from the seat of the captainship of Aquitania in olden time, I was induced, from my misadventure on the previous evening, to make inquiries as to the next stage, and learnt, that on the other side of the downs I should find a pleasant village of fishermen.

"Yes; and there you will get *royan* and *ruten* to please your delicate stomach," added the fat landlady—who had not forgiven me my request for fish, and who gave her information with a malicious chuckle, lost upon me at the time, for which there is but one excuse, that it was only my second day's acquaintance with the Gascon. *Royan* and *ruten*, it may be necessary to mention to the uninitiated, are esteemed varieties of Sardines peculiar to the Bay of Biscay, and most commonly caught in the *Bassin d'Arcachon*.

In the innocence of my heart I purposely prolonged my afternoon's walk, by taking the coast line towards the mouth of the bay, instead of crossing the downs in a direct line. The *Bassin d'Arcachon* appeared

to me to be a wondrous shallow sheet of water, a mere lagoon with an outlet ; and as the entrance is already nearly blocked up, I should fear that the attempt to give it importance as a harbour, by opening a railway, will be found less effectual than deepening its outlet. It is, however, a splendid haven, nearly twenty miles in circumference, in the form of a triangle, and thoroughly protected, having only two narrow entrances, the *Passe du Nord* and the *Passe du Sud*. In the centre is the Island of Birds, about two miles in circumference at low tides. This island is constantly increasing in size, and a bank of sand courses from it, tending to unite itself with the northern shore and to block up the pass of that side totally.* What was formerly called the basin of the Pilot has been filled up for several years, while the island, variously designated as Mat or Matou in the maps, has no existence whatsoever. Several pines, arranged in the form of a cone upon the downs, are made to serve as beacons. They are called by the Gascons *Balises*, and some men are employed to keep them, so that they shall always be in a line for ships entering the channel, the direction of which is liable to frequent changes.

My road to this point lay among hills of sand, well wooded with pine, oaks, tamarisks, and other trees and shrubs. "Singular scene," says Young of a similar spot witnessed by him on the road from Dax to Tartas, "of a blowing sand, white as snow, yet oaks growing in it two feet in diameter : but a broken ground discovers a bed of white adhesive earth like marl, which explains the wonder."

Progress through these sandy forests was not particularly easy, as the sands yielded to the foot, but there was a sternness in the aspect of nature that was peculiarly exciting, and the silence and solitude of the forest were broken by the rustling of leaves, and the whoops and shrieks of occasional sea birds.

This was all very well, but where was my fisherman's village ? I felt certain that I had receded southward from the outlet of the haven and along the sea side, beyond the parallel of La Teste, but as yet I had seen no signs of human habitations. My field of vision was limited by sand hills and trees, and as evening came on I mounted range after range of wood-clad downs with a quickened and anxious step, but without greater success. At last no alternative was left. I must make up my mind to sleep where I was, for it was getting so dark that it was impossible to proceed except by a kind of groping process. The sands were dry, the weather fine, but there were also reminiscences of stilts and wolves ; so after due consideration I deemed it advisable to dispose of myself like a bird in a tree, but not having, like perching birds, a bone by which the muscles are at rest while the animal is upright, I sought for my purpose the convenience of a fork. *Royan* and *Ruten* had their revenge : not a wink of sleep could I get. For the first time I made acquaintance with the yells of the wolves of Gascony, and when these ceased, there were so many shrieking, whooping, and whistling things, that I never rejoiced so much as when the first long streamlets of light fell from the east, athwart the silvery sands, to be again mirrored forth from the

* Great quantities of wild ducks are captured in the dark nights of winter on the shallows of the *Bassin d'Arcachon* by means of nets, from 300 to 400 feet in length, fastened to poles nine or ten feet high, and disposed in zigzag, so that the birds are entrapped in the sweep which they make in their descent.

almost unbroken surface of the Bay of Biscay. I wished it had blown a hurricane. All those lesser indescribable and never ending sounds which had disturbed me during the night might perchance have been absorbed in the roar of a good boisterous storm.

The coming light enabled me to find my way to the sea-side. Here a glorious vision presented itself. The boundless ocean on one side, in the middle a nearly level strand, of from half a mile to a mile in width, and to the left a high down of moving sands, no longer wood-clad, but as white as drifted snow. Most persons are accustomed to form their ideas of downs from what they have seen on the coasts of Great Britain, Ireland, or the north of France. But while they generally (even in the sand floods of Donegal) only attain an elevation of from twenty to thirty feet, the downs of the Bay of Biscay attain an elevation of several hundred feet; instead also of a few hundred yards in width, they form ranges of hills several miles in depth, with transverse and longitudinal valleys, and with parallel chains of varying elevation and forms; and it is, indeed, a most curious spectacle to see hills whose origin and progress lie before the eye, following the same order and presenting the same aspect as a range of ordinary hilly land. From their extent and elevation and from the continued level of the Landes, these hills are seen from the east at a distance of thirty miles and more, and when the air is heated, refraction increases their height, and they appear like a distant range of snowy mountains.

An individual curious in figures has calculated that the ocean deposits upon the coast a quantity of this sand, equal to 34,9383 feet, for every 6,5618 feet, or 44,104,380 cubic feet for the whole distance of 766,132,61 feet from the Garonne to the Adour. (*Journal de Santé et d'Hist. Nat. par Capelle, Bordeaux, 1797.*) "Alas! poor man," some one will say, "the task he undertakes is—'numbering sands'!"

In most of these tracts, no attempt is made to regulate the motions of the outer ranges of downs. They are regarded as under the dominion of the winds and waves, and beyond the control of man, and it is only on their advance into the interior, (a progress sometimes attended with as much devastation as, if a flood had broken upon the land,) that a barrier is attempted to be made by plantations, first of all in the valleys, and then gradually up the acclivities to the tops of the innermost ranges. In addition to the proceedings generally adopted to effect these objects, the planting of lyme grass, reeds, rush-leaved Lygeum, furze, broom, clematis, briony, pines, and other plants, to bind down the sands, and prevent them from shifting, other methods less common are adopted on a coast where the phenomenon presents itself on so extraordinary a scale. Among these are what is called in the country *clayonnage*, and which consists in forming, on the surface of the down, small compartments in clay and straw, from twelve to eighteen inches in height, parallel to the direction of the winds which most frequently prevail, and sowing the seeds of the above-mentioned grasses and plants. These maintain the soil to which the pine is afterwards confided. But by far the most remarkable proceeding is the erection of long walls of deal planks, forced into the sands in close approximation along the crest of the outer range. This is a proceeding which must be attended with enormous expense, and I only saw it practised in one or two places.

I had walked for an hour or two along the coast, gazing one moment

on the sparkling hills of sand, stopping at another to pick up some curious shell or marine production, when I suddenly perceived a cottage among the downs, out of which two or three men came forth, shouting out at the top of their voices. As I was at the moment exceedingly wroth with every thing Gascon, and there was a distance of nearly half a mile between where I was walking on the beach and the downs, I continued my progress without paying much attention to the summons. The shout being, however, re-iterated, I turned round, and saw two men running towards me armed with guns. There was therefore no alternative but to stop, and it was soon made apparent that the men belonged to the coast-guard, and that they insisted upon seeing my passport. This being produced and found to be *en règle*, the men laughed at my mode of travelling, and urged me to repair to their station. I did not want much pressing, and soon found myself in one of two or three cottages designated by the name of La Biscarosse, where a tidy good-natured woman busied herself so effectually, that in a few moments, a repast of fish and a bottle of wine were laid before me; nor when I went away could I prevail upon my entertainers to accept of remuneration.

Here, in answer to my inquiries, I learnt, that the fishermen did build a few temporary huts in the downs from Lent to Easter, when the fisheries take place in the open sea. The fishermen of La Teste, of Cape Breton, of St. Jean de Luz, and of Biarritz, meet in nearly the same parallels to cast their nets in spots known to them by the name of Can, a word of Gascon origin, signifying margin. These *cans* are generally of considerable depth, and have rocky bottoms. The principal are *de la Barrière, de la Carriscarix, du Tambour, &c. &c.* They are from 130 to 240 fathoms in depth, and large corals are brought up from the latter.

Fortified both in mind and body by the hospitality of the guardians of the coast, I renewed my journey with lighter step, and higher estimation by several degrees of Gascon character. I had hitherto kept to the coast, but I now felt sufficiently adventurous to wish to explore the inner ranges of downs. So I was no sooner out of sight of La Biscarosse, than I ascended the first range, and another, and another, till I came to the shore of an extensive lagoon, bordered on the other side by more downs, among which I now began to perceive pine and cork-trees, and vineyards. Walking along the lagoon was, however, so laborious that I turned back again into the downs, which are here very high, at the first opening I came to. I then took my way along moist and marshy valleys within the downs, called by the Gascons *Lêtes* or *Lesques*, and which extended for miles. When covered with brushwood these valleys are called *Barthes*. As I was going along I began to feel the ground tremble beneath me, and when I stood still to ascertain the cause, I perceived that I was sinking very rapidly. I soon hasted away from the treacherous soil to the firmer sands of the hills, and I subsequently learnt that quicksands, called by the people *Bedouses* or *Trembluns*, are common in the *Lêtes*, and that the pedestrian is only safe when following the tracks of cattle.

A laborious progress in yielding sand, the uncertainty in regard to direction, the fear of quicksands, and the refracted heat, drove me at length once more to the sea-side, where dusk again overtook me before I could attain my next intended station, Mimizan. Putting my best foot

foremost, however, and that after walking from daybreak to sunset, with a short repose at La Biscarosse, I came just as it grew dark to where open and green country made me certain of habitations, and I soon heard a sound which has since so often cheered me under similar circumstances in far more inhospitable lands—the loud bark of the watchdog. Difficulties still lay between me and the houses. A deep stream of water compelled me to follow its banks till I came to a bridge, and although by crossing it I got into a beaten track, I was perplexed which house to go to. In this dilemma I luckily stumbled upon a peasant, who volunteered to show me the way to the inn.

My delight was great on finding myself in a house of entertainment, however small its pretensions. To the first inquiries usually instituted under such circumstances, the answer was, "Monsieur could have an omelette." Where there are eggs, said I to myself, there are fowls, and I asked for one.

"A fowl!" exclaimed the landlady, eyeing me from head to foot, "I could not let you have one of my fowls for half-a-franc!"

"Perhaps," interrupted a rather dark looking damsel, "it is monsieur's saint day."

"Yes," said I, taking advantage of the suggestion, "and I should like a fowl and a bottle of your best wine to celebrate the festivity."

Mimizan I found by the light of the ensuing morning to be composed of a handful of houses grouped around a church, which by its size and goodly architecture, appears to have belonged to a once opulent place. The ancient post of Mimizan, mentioned in the "Catalogue des Rôles Gascons et Normans," is, however, buried under the sands. The place where the old church was, is pointed out, but is now covered with downs from 90 to 100 feet in height. The steeple of the present abbey was also formerly a lighthouse, but it is now separated from the sea by three ranges of sand-hills, and is nearly three miles from low water mark.

In order to vary the scenery, and at the same time make myself acquainted with the Landes under as many aspects as possible, I kept the next day within the downs, and prosecuted my walk along pine and cork-tree forests, open glades, and the marshy, but no longer sandy, borders of lagoons. The mass of these pine-forests, or *pinadas* as they are called, is composed of a pine of which Thore, a French botanist, has made a distinct species under the name of *Pinus Syrtica*, I suppose from the Latin name of the Landes, *Ager Syrticus*. This tree attains a height of from 80 to 100 feet. The *Pinus Genevensis* was introduced some time since, and has completely succeeded. There are also four kinds of oak, but the most valuable is the cork-tree (*Quercus Suber*). The bark of this tree forms, next to the produce of the pines, the most lucrative branch of commerce in the Landes. Arthur Young observed in his time of the Landes, that so far as they are covered with forests, they are not to be esteemed wastes; but on the contrary, occupied with a very profitable culture, that does not yield less than from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. an acre annual revenue. The value has since materially increased. The produce is now estimated at more than 20,000 francs annually. This is derived chiefly from turpentine, resin, pitch, and tar, obtained from the pine-trees. The tree is at its perfection when between seventy and eighty years old, but it yields turpentine at the age

of forty. The operations for procuring it commence in the month of May: the outer bark is stripped off for six inches, so as to expose the inner smooth bark, near the foot of the tree, and a small piece is chipped off, which is economically hewn into a vase of very simple construction. The resinous juice soon begins to exude in transparent drops, but part of it concretes in the wounds and is called *barras*. Fresh incisions are successively made till September, when the cold checks the further exudation. A healthy tree is thus made to yield from six to twelve pounds of turpentine annually, for a century.*

The necessity there is for keeping the wounds open, and collecting the produce, gives employment to a large portion of the male population, but the result of their labours is any thing but pleasing to the eye. The yellow colour of the great wounds inflicted on the side of the trees, contrasts badly with the grey and dark tints of the bark, and the flowing sap gives the appearance of sickliness and suffering to the trees, which after a time lose their verdure, and have only tall naked branches to hold up as if in reproach for the injuries inflicted upon them.

The pines intended to yield tar are decorticated and left for a year, after which they are felled, and the roots and branches of the trees cut into billets, split, and piled in a kiln, and covered with turf; or they are placed in a conical cavity digged in the ground, and piled up in large stacks, which are covered with turf, with space left for air to pass, to keep up combustion. Fire is then applied to the top of the pile, and it is suffered to burn downwards with a slow smothered flame, which continues for ten or twelve days. During this time the tar is formed by the decomposition of the resinous juice; it flows to the bottom, and runs out through a small channel, cut for the purpose, into barrels. Pitch is condensed tar, procured by evaporation—five barrels of tar yield two barrels of pitch.

These conical piles, like the heaps of the charcoal-burners in the Black Forest, are to be seen in numbers at the outskirts of the pinadas, and some life is imparted to the gloomy forests by the ox-waggons employed in removing the billets of wood. The temporary huts of the woodmen are also often seen circularly arranged round the kiln, and the fire arising from the latter at times light up the forest borders with a ruddy glare.

Sometimes, the pinadas have themselves caught fire. On the 23rd of August, 1803, a fire broke out near Pinsole, which was not completely extinguished for two months afterwards. It communicated itself to the pinada which borders the lagoon of Soustous, and destroyed all south of that lake as far as Labielle. Among the downs which form part of the parishes of Teste de Gujan and Teste de Buch, there exists an extensive forest, totally burnt in 1716, but which was soon afterwards a blooming forest of young and vigorous trees—a result which generally attends upon these accidents.

As I was strolling along through the pinadas, the sound of voices gradually introduced me to a party of Landais in holiday clothes, whose spirits

* The proper turpentine is purified by being exposed to liquify in the sun's rays in barrels perforated in the bottom, through which it filters. The oil of turpentine is obtained by distilling the pure turpentine and *barras* with water. The average proportion is sixty pounds of oil from 250 pounds of good turpentine. When rectified it is called spirit or essential oil. Resin is the residue of the distillation.

were evidently heightened by early sacrifices to Bacchus, an indulgence to which the Landais is notoriously addicted. These fellows were inclined to be rude on meeting a stranger; and not receiving any satisfactory answer to their numerous questions, as to who I was, whence I came, and where I was going to, would have almost proceeded to personal inspection of pockets and papers, had I not assumed an air of dignified resentment.

"Never mind," said one, "I know he is a sailor, he rolls so when he walks."

"He is a trumpeter," exclaimed another, "look at his cheeks how they are puffed up."

"Nonsense," said a third, "he is a tailor, look at his hands how white they are."

And then they went away, laughing heartily at their respective conjectural wisdom.

These Couzeots, or Cocozates, as the dwellers in the Landes call themselves, were miserable looking fellows, of low stature, attenuated, and of a yellow atrabilious tint. They were neither fit to be sailors, trumpeters, nor tailors. The stunted growth and sickly aspect of the Landais are owing to the prevalence of intermittent fevers and habitual indulgence in drink. Some of the men had glossy black hair, which they allowed to fall in ringlets on their shoulders.

A little further on, the murmur of numerous voices intimated the proximity of a town or village, and it was not long before I found myself in what might be termed the square of St. Julien; except that the square was an open space covered with verdure; the houses wooden structures irregularly dispersed along the skirts of the forest; and as there were no bye streets, it constituted square and town all in one. There was a St. Julien, which, with its so-called harbour of Conti, was situated at the base of an arm of the sea, and which is alluded to in the "*Catalogue des Rôles Gascons, &c.*," as *ad costas maris de Sancto Julieno seu de Sart*. But even the situation of the ancient town is now unknown, and the actual village is about three miles from the sea.

It was a holiday I have said, and groups of peasants—men, women, and children, greeted me on the village-green. These poor inhabitants of the pinadas were evidently little accustomed to see strangers, and they flocked round me as if I had been a dancing bear. With some difficulty I made my way to the public house, which consisted of one large wooden room, like a barrack, with a double row of tables fragrant with wine and tobacco. There was no alternative, so I sat down near one of them, surrounded by a crowd of curious peasants, who luckily, in their impetuosity, answered their own questions. Suddenly, however, a tall masculine woman, with brawny, sun-burnt arms, and very marked countenance, the features being large yet sharp, and her head surmounted by a straw hat with a luxurious expanse of brim, entered, or rather stalked into the room, and elbowed her way up, to the evident disapprobation of my first friends, who now became silent, and exchanged looks of anger and annoyance, which, however, in no way affected the tall lady of St. Julien, who at once rather ordered than requested that I should go with her, that this was a public-house without convenience, and that her house was at my disposal. While this harangue was going on, my little group had disappeared one by one, and the last that went

whispered in my ear the ominous word "Cagote." Is then this rude, yet hospitable, this tall and sinewy specimen of female humanity one of the accursed Pariah race with whom I was soon to make more intimate acquaintance in the Pyrenees? Well, I thought persecution has not stunted her growth, nor has repudiation shaken her self-confidence. I had been civil before, as a matter of taste, but I now felt it was necessary to be civil as a matter of prudence. The Cagote did not look as if she would allow want of civility to go unpunished, so hastening over my slight repast, I expressed my regret at not being able to avail myself of her kind offers, but stated that I was obliged to continue my journey.

I struck down from St. Julien to the lagoon of the same name. It was a beautiful sheet of water, well wooded with beech, alder, hornbeam, hazle, lime, willow, and other trees and flowering plants. I must not here omit to mention, that a magnificent holly near St. Julien was nearly three feet in circumference, and about thirty feet in height. A grass I had not seen in the other lagoons—the *Triglochin maritime*—abounded on the shore of that of St. Julien, and the acclivities of the downs on the opposite side were positively gilded with the bright yellow blossoms of the common shrubby *Gnaphalium*, the flowers of which are a well known tribute to the dead with the French.

These lagoons abound in fresh water fish, tench, carp, and dace, Perch, the Landais say, came last, and have not been long denizens of their waters. They also affirm that the eels migrate to the sea, with the fall of the alder leaves. I nearly lost myself in the thick woods of the borders of the lake; and the ground was so treacherous, that I got immersed several times. Evening brought me to St. Leon, where I found repose in a mansion, something in the style of an Indian wigwam.

Beyond this the Landes opened more to view, and I had the pleasure of treading once more the heathery expanse. Shepherds mounted on stilts, or *xanques*, as the Landais call them, were now frequently seen. The support for the foot, I observed, was generally the thigh bone of an ox. They were also armed with guns, to keep off the wolves from the sheep. A flock of vultures had in one spot gathered round the carcase of a dead sheep. A Roman road once passed by St. Leon, and was visible many years back crossing the lagoon, in the same neighbourhood.

A short and pleasant walk brought me to the lagoon of Mouson, about 150 yards wide, and which discharges itself by a streamlet into the basin of Boucau. This *Vieux Boucau*, or "Old Mouth," is the ancient outlet of the Adour, and the lagoon is said to derive its name from a Captain Mouson, who neglected, upon being informed of a sudden change in the sands, to make his escape with his vessel, which was consequently left in what remained from that time a mere lagoon twenty-six feet deep, and having no communication with the sea but by a little rivulet.

Shortly afterwards, I came to Vieux Boucau itself, composed of about thirty houses, but in a ruinous condition, many indeed uninhabited; and which, with the abandoned vineyards, and the green but uncultivated strand between it and the sea, gave a strange appearance of desolation to a sunny spot, and what was once a flourishing port and a mart of commerce. From 1242 to 1483 this town was of little importance; it was only when the inconstant Adour came in 1597 to bathe the territory o

Plech (Plays or Boucau), that it increased, and became opulent. In 1630, the harbour is said to have been still capable of receiving men-of-war.

The downs of Vieux Boucau, as well as those of Cape Breton, of Soustous, and Messanges, produce a red wine of the first quality, possessing much colour, good body, strength, and fine aromatic flavour. There are about 450 English acres of these vineyards grown on moving sands, and producing wine of the most recherché description. The Landes altogether possess about 49,000 acres of vineyards, producing about 320,000 hectolitres, or about 70,406 gallons English, of wine, of which 36,900 English gallons are consumed by the Landais, the rest being sold or converted into brandy (which is the case with all the white wines), and disposed of at Mont de Marsan, as *Eaux de vie d'Armagnac*.

The great lagoon of Orx, nearly eight miles in length by one mile in width, and covering about 8000 or 9000 English acres of ground, led the way to Cape Breton, which is situated on the right bank of a rivulet fed by the waters of the lagoon, and separated from the sea by downs mostly covered with vineyards. Like Vieux Boucau, this was a place of some importance once, but it is now a mere village, poverty-stricken and in ruinous condition. In 1302 Edward I. granted privileges of commerce to Cape Breton similar to those possessed by Bayonne, but in the present day they have been transferred to the latter town and Bordeaux alone. Cape Breton also once contained a monastery of Templars, afterwards given over to the knights of Malta by Jean XXII. (Jacques d'Eause), pope and testamentary executor of Philip V., and allowed to crumble to ruins in their hands. The ancient name of the place—Caput Bruti—has countenanced a supposition that Brutus founded a station here, when he passed into Novempopulania after the battle of Pharsalia. Several relics of Roman times have been occasionally met with in the vicinity, and as late as in 1736 a M. Dupuis dug up a considerable number of Cinerary urns.

The country around Cape Breton is called that of Marennnes or Maransin, and the inhabitants no longer style themselves Couzeots, but Maransins. As evening came on, the Pyrenees presented a magnificent appearance as viewed from these open plains. The sun was setting upon the loftier heights of the crest, and the silvery summits came out of the sky with remarkable distinctness. The towering pinnacles of the Maladetta and of Mount Perdu, the conical summit of the Pic du Midi and the rugged cylinders of the Marboré, could be readily distinguished. It was a most splendid scene.

At length I arrived with wearied foot at St. Esprit, the northerly suburb of the Baya Ona, or "good port" of the Basques, a city where the bayonet was first invented by the French and the rocket was first used by the British, on that memorable occasion when the scarlet uniforms emerged from the shelter of the sand-hills at the mouth of the Adour, to force the passage of the river despite of the tremendous fire of the French flotilla (Feb. 23, 1814).

A VISIT TO MY UNCLE.

A STORY OF THE LATE IRISH REBELLION.

I AM not a yachting-man myself, though I have a certain tendency that way which might have led me to belong to the T. Y. C. had my means and leisure allowed me the opportunity of doing so. But whenever I can get a run down to the Nore on a match-day, or spare time to go round the Wight in a friend's craft, I gladly avail myself of the chance.

In September last year, when my holiday came round, I had the good luck—as I then thought—to be offered a trip to the coast of Ireland by an old college chum, named George Keating, whose schooner was then lying in the Severn. This answered my purpose very well, as it had been my intention to pass the long vacation in that country, having an uncle living in the county Cork, whom I had not seen for some years.

"I shall kill two birds with the same stone," thought I, "and save my money into the bargain;" so I wrote back to my friend to name the hour when he might expect to see me, took the morning express train to Bristol, threw myself into a steamer that was crossing over to Cardiff, and by six o'clock the same evening was comfortably seated at dinner at the Bute Arms *tête-à-tête* with Keating, without, as sportsmen say, having turned a hair.

The next morning we were under weigh, with a fine clear sky overhead, and a fresh breeze from the westward, which was but a slight impediment to the Happy-go-lucky, for she could keep as near the wind as any vessel of her rig I ever sailed in, and her speed was extraordinary. We had a very pleasant time of it down the Bristol Channel, and the wind veering round a little to the southward, we were able as soon as we got well outside, to lay her head for Cork, and ran right in without shifting a tack.

It was the season of the Cork regatta; Sir Charles Napier's fleet was lying at Cove,—there was a strong muster of red-coats in the garrison, and the resident gentry were in tolerable force, their presence being the more welcome on account of the number of handsome daughters and sprightly nieces who came to take their share in the aquatic *fête*. A merry fortnight we passed among them,—yachting all day, and dancing all night, with just sufficient time between for dining at mess one day, in the gun-room of a frigate the next, and taking only just as much sleep as was necessary to make us fresh for our work. This kind of thing was too jovial to last for ever, and at the end of the time I have mentioned, Keating said to me one morning, that he had received an invitation to take a week's shooting at Castle Knockaway, somewhere in the county Limerick, and that he meant to be off the next day. What made the fellow in such a deuce of a hurry was, I suspect, something more attractive than feather or fur, the three Miss Knockaways,—fine, dashing girls,—having just been carried off by their Ma' in that direction, and with each of these three young ladies, the eldest in particular, George Keating had established a very substantial flirtation,—far as a thing of that sort can be called substantial.

"But," added Keating, in making this announcement, "I don't want to cut the ground from under your feet, Matt, my boy. You know you're going down to see your uncle,—he lives, you say, not far from the coast,—there's the schooner quite at your service,—do whatever you like with her, except bump her ashore, pay your visit like a dutiful nephew, and when that's over bring back the Happy-go-lucky to this port, and we'll see what will turn up next."

There was nothing better to be done than agree to this proposition, so we shook hands upon it; as we parted, Keating said:

"Keep a bright look out, Matt, going into Bantry Bay. There are some awkward rocks to the eastward of the Sheep's Head; they call them the 'Hen and Chickens.'"

"Never fear, George," replied I, "I'll have my weather eye aboard; I recommend you to do the same. Those rocks are not the only dangerous 'Hen and Chickens' that I've heard of."

He laughed, and shook his fist at me, and was soon pulled ashore. As soon as the boat came back we hoisted our sails, and I proceeded on my destination. The Happy-go-lucky was a small craft, and easily managed; her crew consisted of only two men and a boy, one of whom, named Dillon, acted as cook and valet to Keating, and now served me in the same capacity. He was an Irishman, as his name implied,—a smart, active fellow, and could turn his hand to any thing. He knew the coast very well, being a native of Clonakilty, so that I was in no want of a pilot. We had a fair wind down the Channel, and I hoped, if it lasted, to make but a short trip of it to Glengarriff, where my uncle lived; but before we could weather Cape Clear, it chopped about, and began to blow rather fresh, and provisions running short, I asked Dillon if he knew of any snug place on the coast where we could run in and get what we wanted, for it would have been no treat to beat about at sea with nothing to eat.

"Sure, sir," said he, "there's Baltimore harbour just under our lee."

"Baltimore!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean in America?"

"Ameriky is it, Mr. Dawes? Well, then, I do *not*; but just a small little place of the same name—a good-sized town once it was—on this side of Barlog Bay, and not far from Skibbereen. It's milk and eggs we'll get there, at any rate, and maybe bread, though that's a scarce article in them parts."

"Up with the helm, then," said I, "and let her go free; we'll make the best of Baltimore."

We altered our course accordingly, and stood in for the shore.

It was many years since I had been in this part of Ireland; indeed, not since I was a child; I therefore knew little about the locality, but remembering the name of Skibbereen, too recently associated with a tale of sadness, I inquired of Dillon how far it was to Bantry, the principal town in my uncle's neighbourhood.

"Oh, then, sir," was his reply, "it's only a fine morning's walk; about twenty miles, I should think, if you don't go round by the roaring water and Ballydahob, but take the hill right across."

"And how long," said I, "should we be getting round to Glengarriff in the schooner?"

"He only knows," replied Dillon, "if this wind lasts, which it generally does for three or four days at least when the weather gets

durty. We mightn't fetch it in a week ; it all depends upon whether you'd like to try."

My passion for the sea was not of so violent a nature as to induce me to forego every description of comfort to enjoy it ; so I told Dillon I should probably try the land journey, and leave him in charge of the schooner, either to take her round to Glengariff, or remain at anchor in Baltimore harbour, as I might afterwards determine. We ran in between Sherskin island and the main, came to anchor in a snug little cove, and then, with Dillon as my guide, carrying a good-sized basket, I went ashore.

An Irish village was a novelty to me, "and if they all resemble this one," said I, "defend me from seeing any more." Notwithstanding its high-sounding name, Baltimore was little better than a heap of mud-built cottages. A little better, did I say ? I ought to have said a good deal worse. It was a heap that had been scattered, and that without the slightest regard to order or harmony in its distribution. Poor as the district was, the inhabitants seemed poorer still ; and as to buying what we wanted, it was totally out of the question, though the unfortunate creatures said, and truly I have no doubt, that if they had had any thing to give it should have been ours. In the depth of my ignorance of Post-office accommodation in Ireland, I had formed the idea on my way up to the town, for I suppose I mustn't call it a village again, of writing a note to my uncle to prepare him for my visit ; but even if such unknown quantities as pen, ink, and paper, could have been found in Baltimore, there was nothing in the shape of a post-office through which a letter could have been transmitted.

"Where was the use ?" said Dillon, when I expressed my surprise. "I'll go bail there isn't a man or woman in Baltimore ever saw a letter, or troubled their heads about one."

"But the parish priest !" I observed. "He, surely, must write, and receive some occasionally ?"

"You may be right there, sir," answered Dillon ; "but as there isn't a house here fit to hold his rivrence, take my word for it, he's not to be had nearer than Skibbereen, and that's where your honour must go."

This seemed to be true enough ; and learning, moreover, that the next day was market-day, I resolved to walk over and sleep there, procure what was necessary, and regulate my proceedings accordingly.

As there was but one road, we had little fear of losing our way ; and just as the evening was drawing in, we came within sight of the place which has recently acquired such a dreary celebrity. The poverty and starvation to which it had been devoted, did not, however, prevent me from finding a very tolerable inn, called "The Cat and Sceptre," where a good supper of smoking rashers and eggs was soon got ready by a sturdy, active, barefooted, but by no means bad-looking damsel, who answered to the name of Biddy.

There was no parlour, it is true, but the common room answered my purpose as well, especially as Dillon was with me ; he made some difficulty in sitting down at first, but being pressed, his timidity gave way, and the ice being broken, nothing stood between him and his appetite. I was rather sharp set, too, so that Biddy had plenty to do. The ale was excellent, and the whisky unexceptionable, and when we drew near the blazing turf fire, for the evening had set in cold and wet, I was not at all sorry

to have exchanged the little cabin of the Happy-go-lucky for such comfortable quarters. We were seated, as I have observed, in the common room, in which a good many guests were assembled. They were mostly farmers or small tradesmen, and the discourse turned principally upon the late events in Tipperary, the capture of Smith O'Brien and his friends, the escape of the other leaders, and the approaching trials. Having no interest in the matter, or rather having been bored to death with the subject by the newspapers, I paid little or no attention to the conversation, but smoked my cigar in the chimney-corner in silence.

Dillon, I fancy, lent a readier ear to it than I did, though he, too, was engaged with a pipe, for next morning he gave me the benefit of his observations on what he had seen and heard. Had I been disposed to listen to what was said, I believe I should have profited but little, the brogue was so rich, and mixed up with so many genuine Celtic words when they did not altogether speak Irish. This was no difficulty, however for Dillon, who, as I have already said, was a Munster man.

Once or twice a question was addressed to me, but whether from fatigue or pre-occupied thoughts, I was in no mood for talking, and such answers as I made were as brief as they well could be. It appeared afterwards that my taciturnity did not operate to my advantage.

After desiring Dillon to be ready early next morning, I went to bed without having accomplished my intention of writing to Glengariff, for the simple reason that there was not a sheet of letter-paper in the "Cat and Sceptre," and the only stationer of Skibbereen, as he was called who sold everything, was gone to a wake some miles off. For the benefit of future travellers in this part of Ireland, I may say that, though there are possibly grander hotels to be met with than the "Cat and Sceptre," it wouldn't be easy anywhere to get a more comfortable bed, or be shown up-stairs by a livelier chambermaid than Biddy O'Rourke,—though she must have got another name by this time. In spite of certain melodious characters down-stairs, who sang the most pathetic ditties at the top of their voices, I slept undisturbed till morning. As soon as I was dressed I sallied forth: Dillon was at his post, and together we went to the market. On the way he told me that his prognostics with regard to foul weather were likely to be realised, the wind still blowing fresh from the westward. Leaving him to market, as only one Irishman can with another, I hunted out the stationer, Mr. Maguire's establishment. There was a strong smell of whisky in the shop, which predominated even over the soap and cheese, of which he was the chief distributor in Skibbereen, but whether it was owing to the tremendous strength of the article in the cask, considerably "over-proof," or to the fact of his having taken more than one "morning" to recruit the spirits exhausted at the previous night's wake, I will not take upon me to say; though, from a certain flightiness of manner and wig rather awry, I should be inclined to adopt the latter opinion.

"It's the best Bath paper, then, you'll be having, sir?" said Mr. Maguire, "with the gould idge? finer was never seen at Darrynane. Dan O'Connell—to his memory be praise—niver flourished a pin over smoother. That's tuppence a sheet, sir, barring you tuck a rame, then, maybe, we'd let you down a bit cheaper."

"I'm not going to write a history of Ireland," I observed. "I simply want to write a letter."

"Oh, then," exclaimed Mr. Maguire, with some bitterness of tone,

"there's not so much to be said about such a country as we are now, that you couldn't add to your letter by way of a postscript. It's a country, I tell you, sir," continued he vehemently, and striking his fist on the counter, "a country without a friend; and them that has the bouldness to set up to be the friends of Ireland, is the man the — Peelers shoots down, and hunts and drives into the bowels of the earth; bad cess to every man of 'em that ever wore a straight collar—the Jessamys!"

"Well, my good fellow," said I, "I'm neither a Peeler nor"—with the temptation to alliterate, I was going to add, a Papist, but I checked myself in time—"nor any thing else that I know of, except a man in a hurry; therefore, the sooner you give me what I ask for, the better for both of us."

Mr. Maguire looked at me for a moment very attentively; a sudden thought appearing to strike him, he gave a glance at my wide-awake straw hat, another at the ugly frieze coat I wore (for, roughing it along the coast, I had not been very particular as to my costume), and then, after giving me a knowing wink, turned round to a shock-headed boy who was standing staring at the other end of the counter, and cried out,

"Tim, you blaggard, hand down that parcel from the shelf over your head; the one in the whitey-brown cover, with a band round it; stir for the life of ye. Is it one that'll do you, general? Take two—take twinty; keep the tuppences, you'll be wanting 'em before all's done; the divel a bit do they cross this counter. Stay, it's a could, raw mornin', the Cape Clear fogs wet a man through inside and out; try this, and then put the bottle in your pocket, and what you have to do, do quickly, for, take the word of an honest man, this coast has a bad reputation."

Mr. Maguire accompanied these words with so much rapidity of action, rolling up the paper, rejecting the money, producing the whisky, and literally compelling me to swallow a glassful, though I was nearly choked in making the attempt, and then, in a friendly way, hustling me out of his shop so quickly, that the whole affair was over before I well knew what had taken place. I concluded, as a matter of course, that Mr. Maguire's morning draught had been too much for him, or had followed too closely on the heels of last night's computations; or else, that he was slightly touched in the upper story.

"Who the deuce does he take me for," thought I, "calling me 'general,' and making all those shrugs, and nods, and grimaces; there's not much of the general officer in my costume, at all events—nor in any thing else about me that ever I heard of. These Irishmen are strange fellows, certainly. However, when I come back to Skibbereen, if I find Mr. Maguire sober, I'll settle accounts with him then; meantime, a sheet of paper and a glass of whisky are no great matters."

I had forgotten the bottle he had crammed into the pocket of my frieze coat.

As soon as I returned to the "Cat and Sceptre" I accomplished the feat of writing the letter which had been attended with so much difficulty. I told my uncle the circumstances under which I had arrived at Skibbereen, and added, that I should shortly be with him. It was my intention to hire a car to drive over to Bantry, but as I had nothing with me but what I stood in, it was necessary that I should go on board the schooner again, in order to pack up some traps. As soon, therefore, as

I had breakfasted and settled the bill, we set out for Baltimore, Dillon carrying the basket as before, only this time, though heavier, it was better worth the trouble, being well filled with provisions.

"You were very merry, I suppose, last night, after I went up-stairs," said I to my companion, as we trudged along.

"A thrifle, sir," replied he, "the boys sang a little."

"Yes, I heard them before I fell asleep; I knew the tunes, but not the words. What were they?"

"It was mostly the millodies, Mr. Dawes,—maning the ould ones, your honour—such as 'The Fox's Sleep,' 'Coolon Das,' 'The Bunch of Green Rushes that Grew at the Brim,' and more of them sort."

"Had you the 'Ninety-eight?"

Dillon screwed up his eyes and knit his brows, and after a pause, said, in a lower tone,

"No, sir, they dar' not; there's too many Peelers about just now; ever since the business up there in Tipperary.—sorrow a man can open his mouth without having a policeman down his throat. And that, Mr. Dawes, puts me in mind to tell you that I've seen one or two of them chaps dodging about this mornin' in rather a quare, suspicious kind of way."

"What can that signify to us?" said I; "the 'business,' as you call it, doesn't concern you or I."

"That's thrue enough, sir. In coorse *you* can't have any thing to do with it; you've just come from England,—it's *I* that know that, and so I tould 'em."

"Told who?"

"Why, sir, the boys that was askin' last night who your honour was."

"I thought they looked rather inquisitively at me; who do you think they took me for?"

"There's no sayin', sir;—they've a power of fancy in their heads, them boys. Tom Moore, sir, or the Duke of Wellington, or may be General O'Brien himself, who knows?"

General O'Brien! thought I. I dare say that booby Maguire had some such notion in his drunken pate.

We now stepped out, and soon reached Baltimore. From the height where it stands we could see the schooner lying at anchor, though the intervening shore was hidden by the inequality of the ground. Dillon shouted, and I made a signal by waving a handkerchief, to which the man on board replied by running up the ensign, and then hauling it down again. We then followed a narrow winding path, and quickly gained the beach. The boat had put off from the schooner, and was making for the shore; I sat down on a rock watching her, and while I was thus engaged, was not aware, until I heard footsteps close behind me, that some one had come to the place where I was sitting. I looked up, and, somewhat to my surprise, saw that it was a policeman. He was observing me very attentively; he touched his hat, and after wishing me good day, said something about the weather being rough.

"So rough," replied I, "that I have given up the idea of cruising any further at present."

"So I should think, sir," observed the policeman, with a smile which I did not understand.

"I'm going on board the schooner," continued I, "to get my portmanteau; perhaps, as you know the people about here, you could get me a man to carry it to Skibbereen?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the policeman, "but I can't allow you to leave the shore."

"My good fellow," returned I, "it's not my intention to ask your permission. Do you know who you are speaking to?"

"I think I do, sir," replied the man, in a firm but respectful manner.

"Well, then," I exclaimed, "if you know that, you must know that my name is Dawes—Matthew Dawes—in case your inquiries haven't extended so far."

"Come, sir," said the policeman, "this won't do. I know better than that."

"Know what you please," I answered, angrily; "you'll not prevent me from going on board that schooner. Dillon," I continued, "put the basket in the boat, and stand by to shove off."

"I should be sorry to use force to any gentleman," was the policeman's remark; "but if you oblige me, sir, I must. See, I'm not alone."

And looking round, I perceived six or seven of his men suddenly coming up in different directions, and hemming us in on all sides. At the same time, he who had been speaking to me drew a pistol from under his coat.

Things now began to wear a serious aspect.

"I have no desire," I said, "to resist the authority of the law, but I should like to know first of what I am accused."

"You are not accused of anything, sir; but I've good reason for suspecting that you are one of the rebel leaders in the late affair at Ballingarry, and as such, it's my duty to make you my prisoner."

"And what's to be the upshot of that?" I asked, as calmly as I could.

"I must take you before a magistrate; his worship will settle what's to be done with you afterwards."

"This is pleasant," I observed; and then added, "I suppose you won't object to let me go on board to change my dress?"

"It's as much as my life's worth," he answered, "to let you leave *terra firma*."

I expostulated, but it was of no use; the man was firm as a rock, and I was obliged to yield myself his prisoner; nor was I alone in my glory, the capture including my friend Keating's factotum, Dillon. The man and boy were put under surveillance as well as the schooner, on which an embargo was laid, and we were marched off across the country, in the direction of Castle Townshend, where the magistrate

This was, to say the least of it, a disagreeable interruption to the visit, so long deferred, which I was about to pay my uncle; however, I comforted myself with the thought that the affair could easily be set to rights when I saw the magistrate. Glengariff was not so far off but that my uncle's name must be known to him, and then I should be set at liberty. Abandoning, therefore, all idea of escaping, which, indeed, would have been impossible, ignorant as I was of the country, and nar-

rowly watched by half-a-dozen policemen, I quietly moved on by the side of my captor, who held the rank of sub-inspector.

There was nothing churlish or overbearing about the man, so I resolved to put a few questions to him.

"And pray," I asked, "since you will have it that I am one of the rebels, as you call them, which do you take me to be?"

"That's soon answered, sir," replied the sub-inspector; "its not asy to mistake a gentleman like your honour for any but one. I should say now, sir," continued he, looking me steadily in the face, "though you call yourself Mister Matthew Dawes, *that* wasn't the name you marched out of Clonmel with?"

"What was it, then?"

"What do you think, sir, of Michael Doheny?"

"And why Michael Doheny?" I inquired.

"Beca'se of the description," was the reply. "See here, sir," continued he, taking a paper from his pocket, which proved to be the "Hue and Cry,"—"here it is, chapter and vurse."

And he forthwith proceeded to read, referring to me every now and then with a glance of his eye, as if to make assurance double sure:—

"'Michael Doheny, barrister, forty years of age,—that's about it—(I assure the public I am only twenty-nine)—'five feet eight inches in height,—no mistake there—'sandy hair'—isn't it sandy—(not a lady of my acquaintance but calls it auburn)—'coarse red face, like a man given to drink,'—(here he threw his eye on the neck of the bottle that was sticking out of my pocket, and I inwardly cursed Mr. Maguire's whisky)—'high cheek bones,'—umph—'wants several of his teeth'—(I have unluckily lost my two best molars)—'very vulgar appearance'—('the devil take this wide-awake,' said I to myself)—'peculiar *coarse unpleasant voice*,'—right enough—(the fellow took advantage of a cold in my head, otherwise I have a very agreeable voice)—'dress indifferent,'—so it is—'small short red whiskers,'—them's plain enough to be seen. There, sir, if that doesn't correspond with your personals, my name's not Tim Brady."

He folded up the newspaper with the most satisfied air in the world, and began to whistle "*Garryowen*," as if he had quite settled the question.

It was bad enough to be mistaken for any of the rebels, but to be set down for the worst-looking of the lot was a little too mortifying. I felt that it was useless to expostulate just then, and reserved myself for a triumphant vindication before the magistrate.

A smart walk of three-quarters of an hour brought us to Castle Townshend.

The resident magistrate, or R. M., as Mr. Brady, with professional technicality, called him, did not happen, as is often the case in Ireland, to belie his designation; he was on the spot, and, after a brief delay, the whole party were ushered into his presence.

"Well, Brady," said Mr. O'Kelly (that was the magistrate's name), "what's in the wind now? Who have you got here?"

"I'm thinkin', your honour," said the policeman, stepping forward, and speaking in that kind of under-tone called in Ireland "a pig's whisper," which, like a stage-aside, is heard by everybody; "I'm thinkin' I'll be in for the five hunder'."

As he spoke, he pointed with his thumb over his shoulder at myself and Dillon.

"Whoo—oo—oo!" whistled the magistrate gently, but in a prolonged note, and looking stedfastly first at me and then at the other prisoner. "Is that it? Now, then, let us hear all about it."

"Your honour knows," said the sub-inspector, "what sort of game we've been huntin' lately, though small the luck's been till this day,—and how the intilligence of the force has been selected for the duty to give a good account of the hide-and-seekers. The pawty under my command was at Skibbereen yesterday evening, and Michael Quin comes to me at the station, and—

"'Mister Brady,' says he, 'how they ever come there it's not I that can tell you, but there's quare guests at the Cat and Sceptre this night, abscondin' and smokin' in the big room of that same.'

"'Quare?' says I; 'what's the likes of 'em like, Mick?'

"'One's a big, black fellow,' says he; 'and 'tother's a smart-sized, red-headed chap; both's wet and durty,—they've been through the bog, I'll go bail.'

"In coorse, your honour, I looked at the 'Hue and Cry,' in my pocket, and findin' the head-marks correct,—'Mick,' says I, 'go round, and warn the force; sind some of the boys down to the shore to keep a look out from Ballydahob to Baltimore, it's for the say-side they'll be makin'. We'll drive 'em into a corner, and there catch 'em.' I tuck four men besides meself, and posted 'em so that there was no gettin' to Roscarberry or Bantry way without their knowin' it; I then promiscuously intered the Cat and Sceptre, and sure enough, I see the prisoners; they sat smokin' by the fire side, as asy and comfortable as if they'd been in the lord-leftenant's drawin'-room. 'Out of Skibbereen,' says I to meself, 'you'll not get, my fine fellows, and Tim Brady's eye not on ye; but I made no stir, only watchin' 'em till they went to bed, and up and down all night in front of the public, lest they'd try and bolt in the dark. Mornin' comes at last, your honour; and what do I see the first thing, but my Two comin' out of the house, and lookin' about 'em like foxes turned out of a bag before they know which way to take. The black prisoner has a basket at his elbow, and after a short colloquing, off goes he to the market-place, and the red one steps me into Mister Maguire's, and axes for letther-paper. 'If it's biddin good-bye you mane,' says I to meself, 'there's no hurry, there'll be plinty of time for letther-writin' yet. As I was standin' convanient to Mister Maguire's, it was asy enough to hear what he said. Pat Maguire has a voice ye may hear from this to Kinsale, especially when he's fresh up,—and my suspicions was conformed. Back again does the prisoners go to the Cat and Sceptre and breakfasts; it was a gowld sov'rin' the black one changed in the market at John O'Dowd, the butcher's, and butcher's mate and bread that was in it—the basket—that's now to the fore,—and while I was watchin', out comes a sprig of a gossoon, little Terry Donovan, own grandson of the Widdy O'Rourke, with a letther in his fist.

"'Terry, *me bouchal*,' says I, giving him a gentle grip by the shoulder, 'how long have you been the postman of Skibbereen?'

"'Lave your bould of me,' says the lad, 'for it's a tinpenny I'm gettin' to bring this to the post-office.'

"'Sorrow a bit,' says I to meself, 'the post-office shall see that same;' but I tould Terry I was going, and would take care of it while he went to play. Glad enough was the lad to go and spend the tinn-penny that was burnin' in his pocket, and so the dokiment, your honour, fell into my hands, and here it is. I made bould to open it, as I rade writin —"

"Is it possible, sir," exclaimed I, indignantly, interrupting the policeman's cool statement, "that strangers are treated this way in Ireland by those who ought to protect them,—that the sanctity of a sealed letter should be violated,—that —"

"Pray, sir," said Mr. O'Kelly, "be quiet; if the man has exceeded his duty he will be properly dealt with, but in the meantime," he added, glancing at the open letter, which he held in his hand as he spoke,— "in the meantime, I must say appearances seem to justify the course of proceeding he has adopted. Be kind enough to reserve what you have to say till he has done. Go on, Brady."

"As to the sanctity of voilation, your honour," said the sub-inspector, making the sign of the cross, "the back of my hand to the charge; it wasn't a saled lettther at all, there was nothing in it but a little durty bit of a yellow wafer, as wet as when it was first spit upon, more by token that it stuck to my thumb, so I couldn't be breaking sales any how! Well, your honour, prisintly out comes my Two again, and makes towards Baltimore at a goodish pace, the black prisoner carryin' the baskit, and the red one close alongside of him convarsin and quite playful. I follied them at a distance till they got to the town-ind and then tuck a short cut down to the say-side, where I got the men of the force together and surprised them as they was going on board of a schooner that was waitin' to fetch them, quite handy. Then it was I heard this prisoner," pointing to me, "call the other 'Dillon;' and this is all I have to say, your honour."

"Well, prisoners," said Mr. O'Kelly, addressing us both, though he seemed to expect me to answer, "you have heard the constable's statement. What explanation have you to offer of the very suspicious circumstances of the case?"

"I am at a loss, sir," said I, "to conceive how so very simple a fact as that of leaving one's yacht for provisions while cruising about the coast, and wishing to go on board again when I had got what I wanted, can be construed into anything suspicious."

"Which you mean to say is the whole question as far as you are concerned?"

"Certainly, sir, I do."

Mr. O'Kelly smiled incredulously.

"Now, listen to me, sir," he observed; "this officer of police, whose assertions I have not heard you deny, informs me that yourself and your companion are discovered in the dusk of the evening in the town of Skibbereen, into which you had effected your entrance in an unusual manner—don't interrupt me, sir;—that you were evidently desirous of not attracting the observation of the persons who frequented the public-house; that at an early hour in the morning you were both a-foot, ostensibly for the purchase of provisions but in reality to afford one of you the means of communicating with your friends before you left the country, to do which you addressed yourself to one of the most notoriously disaffected

men in the place; that after despatching your letter, as you thought, to its destination, you left Skibbereen as furtively as you entered it, and made your way to the sea-shore, where a vessel was lying to take you off, into which, notwithstanding the tempestuous state of the weather, you were at once about to embark, when the police arrested you. You will excuse me for saying that I think the latter have acted upon very justifiable grounds; indeed they would have been wholly wanting in their duty if, in times like the present, when the country swarms with fugitives anxious to escape the pursuit of justice, they had not arrested you in the way which has been described."

"I have no fault, sir," replied I, "to find with the statement made by the policeman; he has related the facts correctly enough. What I object to is the inference which you draw from them to our disadvantage."

"It is my province, sir, to make inferences," retorted the magistrate, "especially when, without any denial of facts, the accused seek to give their own colouring to the transaction. I have not lived so long in the world without having gained this experience, that there are always two ways of telling a story. Yours is plausible enough as far as it goes, but that is not quite far enough to satisfy me. Your personal appearance exactly corresponds with the description of one of the most notorious of the rebel leaders in the late lawless affairs in Clonmel and Tipperary; that of your companion is, perhaps, rather less accurate, though the policeman distinctly swears that he heard you, in a moment of excitement, when you were thrown off your guard, speak to him by the name of another rebel leader; and to sum up the matter, with what in my opinion is the most conclusive fact of the whole, here is a letter addressed to a person unknown, and signed with the very initials of one of the persons suspected, in which, as openly as you have thought it prudent to speak, you have alluded to events in which I, at least, have no difficulty in recognising the type of your recent adventures in endeavouring to effect your escape. I shall read this letter to you, that no doubt may exist in your mind as to the motives by which I am guided."

Mr. O'Kelly accordingly read as follows:—

"Skibbereen, October 12, 1848.

"DEAR UNCLE,

"I am so far on my way, though it has been rather a round-about one, but, thank God, a few hours more will see me safe under hatches. You have, I make no doubt, been anxiously expecting some tidings of me, but it was not in my power to let you know before; my movements, for the best possible reasons, being so very uncertain; indeed, at one time I almost despaired of ever seeing you again. Since I left my friends I have had rather a rough time of it, but I must not complain, for I chose my own course. What changes have taken place since you saw me last! I feel quite sure you would not recognise me; so completely am I altered in appearance by the sort of life I have been lately leading, to say nothing of the costume by which I am now disguised. However, these are trifles, and *by the time the sun shines again, I trust I shall be a new man.* This is all I need say at present; it will not be long before you hear in the way I believe you most wish, from your affectionate nephew,

"M. D."

"There, sir," said the magistrate, as soon as he had ended, "I think it will give you some trouble to persuade me, after this, that you are not the man I take you for. It is useless to mince the matter, Mr. Doheny,—everything tends to confirm the fact; there is not a syllable in this letter that is not applicable to the circumstances of your position since the occurrences in July, and, do you mark me, sir, I am not ignorant of the meaning of the passage you have marked in italics."

"I wish, sir," I returned, somewhat testily, "that your acquaintance with its meaning extended to the whole of the letter. The very superscription might, I think, have enlightened you."

I could see by his heightened colour that Mr. O'Kelly's Irish blood was up at this remark, but remembering, probably, that he was on the bench, he suppressed the anger that was rising.

"Sir," said he, emphatically, "that's another point that makes against you;—the letter is without any address; it was given with private instructions and a piece of money to a boy named Terence Donovan to deliver. What the orders were which you gave him, I do not pretend to know, but I have no doubt you made them perfectly intelligible. You talk of a superscription, sir,—where is it?"

He held out the letter, as he spoke.

"Not there, certainly," replied I; "it is not the custom in England to write the address inside the letter."

"England, sir!" returned Mr. O'Kelly—his passion beginning to rise—"you're mighty free with England; but it won't do, Mr. Doheny. If it isn't inside, as you call it, I say again—where is it?"

"Most likely, sir," I answered, "on the envelope, which this very intelligent policeman has neglected to give you."

Mr. O'Kelly looked puzzled at this observation; simple as the thing was, the absence of the envelope had never struck him. He bit his lip, and turned abruptly to Mr. Brady.

"What's gone with the cover, Brady?"

The sub-inspector opened his eyes very wide, and paused for a few moments.

"Speak, sir," cried the magistrate, impetuously.

"Is it the cover, your honour! the common bit of paper the letter was wrapped in? By gor, then, I threw it away. Where was the use of kaping a thing like that? nobody writes their ideas on the outside of a letter, that ever I heard tell on."

Mr. O'Kelly got very red in the face; he saw that the policeman had made a regular Irish blunder, and that, to a certain extent, he had shared in it himself. He was resolved, however, not to be beaten so easily.

"This is all very well," he said, "but the absence of the cover disproves nothing of the contents of the letter. Pray, sir, what explanation have you to offer of them?"

"If you will be kind enough, sir," answered I, "to allow me to give you a *full* explanation of the whole affair, I think I can satisfy you that I am really what I describe myself to be, and that this man, whose name certainly is Dillon—no uncommon one in Ireland, by the bye—is a very different individual from the misguided person with whom you seem disposed to identify him."

"Very well, sir," said the magistrate, folding his arms and leaning back in his chair, "go on."

I then proceeded to relate to him, point by point, all that the reader is acquainted with, up to the time of my writing the unfortunate letter. He listened attentively, and I could perceive by his countenance that the straightforwardness of my story had begun to make some impression on him. He would not, however, receive it all as gospel, but when I had finished proceeded to cross-examine me.

"What made you say, sir, that you had been obliged to take a round-about way to Skibbereen?"

"My object," I replied, "was to get to Bantry, and from Cork, I imagine, the high road through Bandon is barely one-third of the distance by sea."

"That's all very well, but what do you mean by a few hours more seeing you safe under hatches? That looks more like wishing to be off the land than on it."

"Perhaps it does, sir, but I can only say that I spoke figuratively. Having been cruising about for three or four weeks, I suppose I have got into a nautical way of expressing myself; it is an affectation I am sorry for."

"Ah! Why, sir, should your uncle, if he is your uncle, be so anxiously expecting news of you, and how came you to despair of ever seeing him again? What was the rough time you had of it, and the changes that had taken place, and the disguise, sir? Answer these."

"I will try, sir. It is ten or eleven years since I saw my uncle last, and at that time I was quite a boy." Mr. O'Kelly looked hard at me, and a smile was almost perceptible, but he said nothing, and I went on. "I had long promised to pay him a visit and had been often disappointed, so that it was natural enough he should be anxious. The 'rough time' had reference to the gale of wind that made us run into Baltimore harbour, and the 'disguise' I think speaks for itself; the dress one wears out yachting is not precisely the same a man figures in, in the streets of London."

"All this may or may not be the fact," said Mr. O'Kelly, "but the political allusion, sir, that's what I should like to get at."

"Political allusion!" I exclaimed, "how! where!"

"Oh, sir, these things are pretty well understood; we can make out hieroglyphics. What's the meaning of this? 'By the time the sun shines again, I trust I shall be a new man.' On your honour as a gentleman, does not that mean 'the sun of liberty and political regeneration?'"

"Upon my honour then, as a gentleman," returned I, laying the strongest emphasis on the words, "it means nothing more than 'a clean shirt and a shave' before another day went over my head."

Mr. O'Kelly was staggered at the simplicity of my explanation; I saw he was vexed with himself, but at the same time half inclined to laugh at the turn things had taken. But he was magisterial to the last.

"Well, sir," he said "I have one question more to put to you. As the cover of the letter is unfortunately lost and you lay so much stress on that, you can have no hesitation in telling me who it was addressed to?"

"None in the world," I answered. "My uncle, who is my mother's brother, has a place at Glengarriff, on the other side of Bantry. His name is Colonel Desmond."

"What the devil!" exclaimed Mr. O'Kelly, startled quite out of his propriety, "Colonel Desmond!—he your uncle?"

"He is, sir, I give you my word."

"Well," said he, his energy surprising him into a sudden exhibition of brogue, "that bates Banagher! Colonel Desmond your uncle!—then Tom Desmond is your cousin?"

"The same, sir; we are not only cousins, but have been school-fellows. He was brought up with me at Eton."

"True enough he went there for his education. The rascal is engaged to be married to my eldest daughter, Grace. He's in the house at this moment. If he can identify you, I have no more to say on the subject. Here, you Tim Brady, step into the hall, and desire one of the servants to give my compliments to Mr. Desmond and beg him to step ~~this~~ way; it's on a little business I want him."

All the rest was plain sailing—if, after my previous scrape, I may venture on another nautical term. Tom Desmond knew me the instant he entered the room, but was more than enough surprised to see me there, and so situated. Of course Mr. O'Kelly made me the *amende honorable*, and as an Irishman never does things by halves, *of course* he made me stay to dine and sleep at Castle Townshend, and mounted me the next morning, when my cousin and I rode over to Glengariff together, exacting from me a promise to come and to see him the next time I came to Ireland. Just before I took leave, and while Tom was whispering something, very tender no doubt, to Miss Grace O'Kelly—an extremely fine girl, by-the-bye—her father took me aside.

"A word of advice," said he, in a low tone; "while you're in Ireland, never put your letters into those d——d envelopes, as you call them. They entirely defeat the ends of justice!"

I laughed and shook hands with him; we mounted and rode off; and this time nothing prevented me from paying the long-deferred "VISIT TO MY UNCLE."

THE PHANTOM HAND.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

Sir Walter Long, of Draycot, was twice married. The first lady was a Pakington, of Worcestershire; the second a Thinne, of Longleat. The second wife persuaded the father to disinherit the son of the first marriage. The clerk of her brother, Sir Egrimond Thinne, sat up to engross the deed. As he wrote he perceived the shadow of a hand on the parchment. He thought it might be only his fancy and wrote on. By-and-bye a fine white hand interposed between the parchment and the candle, and he could discern it was a woman's. He refused to engross the deed. It is satisfactory to know that the heir was righted at last.

THE winds of drear December were howling near and far;
With snow the hills were whitened, there glimmer'd scarce a star;
The glad hearts of each household around the fire had drawn,
Where sparkled glowing childhood, th' Aurora of life's dawn:

A lonely clerk was writing, swift o'er a parchment scroll,
Till seem'd the words before him in inky seas to roll;
Until the street was silent and cold the hearth-stone grew,
And waned the long-wick'd candle in every wind that blew.

A valiant knight lay dying—a step-dame by his side
Won him to wrong his first-born—the child of her who died.
That scroll his goodly birthright gave to a younger son,
And when 'twas written, signed, and sealed, the step-dame's work was done.

Why paused that clerk?—a shadow upon his work was cast,
A small hand o'er the parchment dimly and swiftly past.
He glanced around all doubting, the place was lone and still,
" 'Tis weary work," he murmured, " 'gainst Death to drive the quill."

He wrote on; but the parchment with white light seemed to blaze,
And lo! from out the centre there sprang a host of rays;
A hand of wondrous beauty amid the brightness lay,
The letters paled beneath it—the dark words past away.

That hand! no pulse was beating beneath its dazzling hue—
No life-blood's ebb or flowing thrilled in those veins of blue;
That hand! oh! nothing human was e'er so purely fair:
Hast seen the wild rose blossom float on the summer air?

The light bright foam that rideth upon the billow's crown?
Beneath the white swan's pinion, know'st thou the tender down?
So fragile and so spotless, upon its argent bed,
Unmoved it lay before him, the chill hand of the dead!

The clerk looked up, beside him there smiled an angel's face,
A form of human outline, bent with the willow's grace;
Hast seen the young moon looming amid an earthborn mist?
Or floating 'neath the waters—a flower the sun hath kissed?

The lustre of the night-queen streams softened thro' the cloud;
And the bright blush of the flower glows 'neath its wat'ry shroud,
So vague was she, and shadowy, so dimly, strangely fair,
A crown of silver lilies gleamed o'er her flowing hair.

Her voice—the young clerk heard it—and with his heart he heard,
Those tones the founts of being in their deep centre stirred!
"I am that young child's mother, whom thy swift pen would wrong,
"The angels took me early—earth did not own me long.

"The love I bear my first-born was lulled by Death to sleep—
"The bud lies in the dark seed till summer dews shall weep;
"Till summer suns shall wake it clad in triumphant bloom,
"The light of God awaiting, my love slept in the tomb.

"Lo! in the dim old chancel in holy trance I lie,
"The lights and shades flit o'er me as days—months—years, pass by—
"The first red glow of morning creeps up the long aisle's gloom,
"The moonbeams glance around me meet hauntings of the tomb!

"And nothing warms or chills me—I know no joy or pain—
" 'Tis well—full soon pass'd o'er me my lover's bridal-train.
"The young child's guardian angel stood in my grave to-night,
" 'Come forth once more,' he whispered, 'to shield thy son's birthright.'

"I felt the love within me kindle, and thrill, and glow,
"And through my soul's dim essence its subtle music flow!
"Though not of earth or heaven, poor disembodied wight!
"My love hath burst the barrier that shuts the dead from sight!

"Put up thy pen, good writer, and pray on bended knee.
"For one hath stood beside thee who 'mid the dead is free."
She smiled, and smiling blended into dim air away—
At dawn that clerk was praying like one in dire dismay.

And horsemen riding madly came swearing to the door;
"The parchments, clerk! ere noonday the knight will be no more."
"Not all his golden acres where bend the nodding corn;
"Nor merry trout streams gliding from woods that meet the morn;
"Not all his dewy pastures, nor goodly kine they feed,
"Should buy from my poor goose-quill that base, unrighteous deed.
"Go back and bid the step-dame and dying knight beware!
"For, lo! the blessed angels are sworn to right the heir."

COLONIES AND COLONISTS; OR, ENGLAND AND HER OFFSPRING.

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It is now generally acknowledged, by thinking men as well as by the most thoughtless, by the high and wealthy as by the poor and humble artisan, by all ranks and conditions, that as a plethoric person is revived by bleeding, so may the body politic of this densely-crowded country be relieved by an extensive emigration of her population; but it does not so satisfactorily appear that either our rulers or the nation at large consider that something more than mere emigration is required, and that the stream which gushes forth is as precious as the blood which still flows through our veins. The *laissez faire* school assert that the state should not interfere; and that, provided we are rid of our surplus population, it is a matter of indifference whether they land in British or foreign possessions; whether they amalgamate, in some sort or other, into a social body, or disappear by shipwreck, famine, or pestilence from the face of the earth. Under the auspices of that school has, for the most part, British emigration taken place, and have British colonies been formed. Thus convicted felons have been deemed fit seeds of future empires, and men, strangers to each other, have been brought together from all parts of the mother country, by one hope, by one motive only of attraction—to accumulate wealth, and bound together by one sole *neus*—gold. Most have suffered disappointment: ill-advised laws and regulations have contributed to blast the hopes of many, while their own blindness and mad speculation have caused the ruin of the majority in the younger settlements. Thus, whenever it has been considered desirable to establish a new colony, or to increase an old one, it has been requisite to send agents throughout the country, like recruiting-sergeants with drum and file, and with tales not dissimilar, to beat up for colonists; to issue pamphlets innumerable; to write books not a few; to exert the influence of the press, to laud the territory to be settled.

All this trouble and expense might be spared, and the truth might be told, if the advocates of emigration would consider that attraction will have far greater and more permanent effects than impulsion! In other words, that an enlightened system of colonisation being established, emigration will follow as a matter of course. If the first who emigrate thither find the land a fruitful and good land, and governed by wise regulations, they will persuade their relations and friends to follow them, and, surrounded by all which made England dear, they will have just reason to rejoice that they became colonists.

Before proceeding further, the two terms, Emigration and Colonisation, must be clearly defined, as they are frequently taken in a very vague sense. Emigration, it is evident, means the going forth of persons from the land of their birth, or of their late residence; but it

properly means nothing more ; it does not even comprehend the act of arriving at another land.

Colonisation, however, is a term of vastly more extensive sense. It is not only the operation of planting new colonies, but it embraces in its meaning the performance of any work connected with the colonies. It signifies not only the cultivation of land, the building of cities, the increasing the population, the formation of roads and harbours, and the establishment of laws and regulations, but it means, also, the beautifying of those lands and cities, the endowment of churches and colleges, the improvement of those laws and regulations—in fact, any act connected with the colonies. In its original and simple sense, it signifies the means by which a number of husbandmen are enabled to exist on a new territory.

To use a homely simile, emigration is to colonisation what carting bricks is to building a house. As the guiding power of intelligent workmen is required, to form a substantial and symmetrical edifice with the bricks ; so strong laws and wholesome regulations are necessary to create a prosperous and happy community. The stones should, beforehand, be cut and chiseled, measured, and fitted to their places, and an enduring and beautiful building may then speedily be raised.

As the social edifice at home is bound together by links which have taken centuries to forge, by traditional associations, by reverence, by affection, by respect and confidence among all classes, by protection afforded, by service rendered, duties on all parts acknowledged and fulfilled, so must the buildings we would erect in our colonies be united by like bonds, carried thither whole and unbroken, or it will prove unstable and ungainly, and quickly fall to decay.

We should transplant, therefore, in due proportions, parts of all communities existing at home. A scion of the leading family in each country, the younger son of the landlord of broad acres, his tenants' children, the agricultural labourers and mechanics, with their children, who have worked for them, should united cross the seas to another home, where, in the company of those they know and respect, they may live under the laws and institutions of the parent land ; where they may still enjoy all which attached them to their birth-place ; where they may dwell in a land which is Britain still. Colonise properly, govern them well, create for them good laws and regulations, protect them as well from foreign aggression as from internal disturbance, give security that those good laws and regulations shall be permanent, and that those which are found insufficient shall be improved, and no longer will there be a necessity for a periodical agitation to induce emigration ; but men of all classes will regularly resort to the colonies, to find occupation for themselves, and to form an heritage for their children.

Men of large capital will resort to them in order profitably to invest their money. Men of intelligence and education, with independent fortunes, will go thither not so much to increase their property as to find a better climate or a more tranquil existence. Men of small capitals will there be certain of employing them advantageously ; hardy labourers of finding work for their hands, and educated men for their heads, while numbers who now exist useless at home, or are compelled to spend in foreign states money which should contribute to feed their starving countrymen, will thus

become colonists, the founders of wealthy, virtuous, and happy communities.

It being very generally acknowledged, that throughout the length and breadth of the colonial empire of Great Britain, there is vast room for improving their internal regulations in order to make them attractive, we must consider what alterations are required, and how to carry them out, and in the determination of the question lies the difficulty. The inhabitants of one colony object to the means by which land is to be purchased, and the ruinous delay in obtaining possession of it; in another colony the tenure on which it is held is found fault with, the price at which it is sold by the government in others is disliked, the system of intercourse with the natives is considered wrong, and our commercial regulations with all are objected to; indeed, none of our possessions are without many and very just causes of complaint. Nor is this surprising, when we consider the vast extent of the British colonies, and how widely they are scattered over the globe, comprising one-fifth portion of the habitable part of it, and remember how few are the persons appointed to administer to their wants. It is more wonderful that they are not in a far worse condition. It must be the task of the present generation, and a noble one it is, to improve their capabilities, to make them fit residences for civilised men, bulwarks of the British crown. At the same time, while we insist on the necessity of careful colonisation, we would on no account neglect to form a well-regulated system of emigration, the means, so to speak, of transporting the materials of which our colonies are formed.

Some very sensible and very benevolent persons insist that all the government has to do is to land people, selected at random, safely on the shores of our colonies, and to let them shake into their places as they best can. This is what they have hitherto done with regard to the Australian and Cape colonies, while the emigrants to North America have been allowed to drown in rotten ships, or to die of pestilence or famine in overcrowded ones as might happen. The disorganised state of society in most of our colonies is the best proof of the effects of want of system. The most flourishing and happy settlements are those formed by private gentlemen of their former tenants, by sectarian or other bodies, and by German emigrants united under one pastor.

The necessity in New South Wales for the exertions of the energetic Mrs. Chisholm, a Roman Catholic lady, who has employed herself in conducting female servants and others up the country to find employment, is strong evidence of the want of systematic colonisation.

Again and again it must be repeated, the colonies, to be of their full use, must be attractive; indeed it may be doubted even if all the ships of the navy were to be employed and to be fitted in the most luxurious manner imaginable and provisioned with the choicest viands, whether such would increase the emigration of the educated and higher orders of society, unless a better order of colonisation should prevail than at present exists. It is much easier, it must be confessed, to point out the faults of our colonial system than to suggest the necessary improvements, but at the same time the subject is of too much vital importance to allow of a *laissez faire* method of proceeding. The interests of the nation present and future demand a change, and however difficult the task, our energies must rise to the emergency.

To understand more clearly what is required, we will take a glance at the condition of the three principal fields of British Colonisation. First in order come the North American provinces of Great Britain, next the settlements at the Cape of Good Hope, and lastly, her Australasian Colonies. Her smaller settlements are not a whit better governed, and are not in many respects less worthy of our attention; but as with the exception of the Falkland Islands, they do not afford any extensive receptacle for emigrants, we will not at present describe them.

In those last mentioned islands, however, were they well governed, many thousand persons might soon find employment and support.

The oldest settled and most thickly populated of our colonial possessions are our North American provinces. They consist of Upper and Lower Canada, now united under one government, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland, the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, not a small slice of the world, and Vancouver's Island, the whole comprising an extent of country of itself sufficient, if peopled, to form several mighty empires. yet from mismanagement, although within a few weeks sail of England, the greater portion of it still remains a desert. Here thousands and thousands of our children may find a happy and peaceful home, yet this their heritage a certain class of politicians coolly talk of abandoning as expensive and useless.

There are few portions of the earth's surface so interesting to study as the map of Canada. Let us contemplate the mighty River St. Lawrence, running through Lower Canada, and the chain of magnificent lakes which almost surround Upper Canada, and convert it into an island, and then see what the energy and perseverance of man has done to connect these lakes by canals with the boundless ocean, so that the ship which has crossed the Atlantic may float even on the inland waters of Lake Erie. See what numerous rivers intersect it in all directions, and observe the cities, the villages, and townships which have sprung up on their banks, and consider the vast unexplored tracts of country which yet remain to be peopled and cultivated.

Upper or Western Canada is far superior in point of climate to Lower or Eastern Canada, which was the first district settled by the French. The winters are shorter and less severe, and the soil is more generally fertile, and consequently the chief portion of the stream of British emigration which is not turned to the United States flows there. Unhappily, however, the greater number of emigrants go to the territories of the latter. This fact is pregnant with meaning, though for years our legislators and the public have refused to comprehend it. Neither is the climate of the United States more healthy, indeed in many parts it is much the contrary, nor is the soil more fertile than that of Canada, nor is there any want of land in our colonies. The agents of the Republic are certainly more energetic than our own advocates of emigration, but there is some more powerful cause which attracts the chief stream of emigration to New York, Boston, and New Orleans, instead of up the St. Lawrence or to Halifax or St. John's.

The great drawback to the advantages of the northern part of the American continent as a field for colonisation, is the length and severity of the winter, and the extremes of heat and cold to which it is subject; consequently, delicate persons, unaccustomed to rough it, should not venture to become settlers in the backwoods, but strong and hardy

colonists will, with perseverance, most certainly succeed, while capitalists will find ample employment for their gold. The same general observations with regard to climate, soil, and capabilities, refer to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, except that the climate of that beautiful little island is more temperate, and, if possible, more healthy than that of our other North American possessions. Yet these colonies, peopled though they mostly are with the Anglo-Saxon race, and with capacities for improvement unsurpassed by any in the world, remain comparatively poor, while the inhabitants, whether of French or British descent, are generally discontented. Thus, while the United States go rapidly ahead, their neighbour Canada, inferior in no respects to them, crawls slowly on towards prosperity. To prove that this state of things is caused by want of system, or rather by a most pernicious system, we shall quote the words of a traveller who has twice visited Canada, for the noble and philanthropic purpose of playing his own part in the work of colonisation, by planting on an estate, purchased expressly for that object, some poor families removed from his own property in England. This was real colonisation. Not content with paying their passage and bidding them go forth in God's name, satisfied to be rid of them, he led forth his tenantry himself, and saw them safely settled in the land of their adoption, under charge of a clever and benevolent agent. Their complete success has rewarded his enlightened exertions. When these families left England they were paupers ; they have now each some thirty or forty acres under cultivation, several yoke of oxen, cows, and teams of horses. The work written by the gentleman whose honourable labours we are recording, is as worthy of admiration for its keen satire as for its bold, manly, and benevolent spirit, bespeaking at once attention and respect. It was written, however, at a time when the British lion had scarcely begun to open his eyes to gaze with a near-sighted blink at the rich domains he had been accustomed in his dreams to consider his own, and therefore is not as well known as it would have been had it made its appearance at the present moment when he is fully aroused and roaring lustily on the subject.

In answer to those who loudly cry out for a proper system of colonisation, the government may assert that an apparatus for the purpose already exists. "For the information of those whose opinions may influence legislation on this subject, but whose attention may not yet have been called to its details, I will shortly state what this said supposed system really is, and will leave it to themselves to pronounce how far it is commensurate with the purposes of its existence," says Mr. Arthur Mills.

"The sale and settlement of British colonial lands, both in those colonies in which the Crown still retains its prerogative in this respect, and in those in which it has been surrendered to the provincial legislatures, has been chiefly effected through the instrumentality of land-companies. Probably not less than two-thirds of the surveyed and cultivated soil in the British colonies is either now vested in or has passed through the hands of such associations. Three millions of acres at least in British North America are now in such hands—owned, in fact, by proprietors whose only solicitude concerning their property is that it may pay them a dividend on their shares. Such a system may no doubt in some instances, if well conducted, promote the earlier settlement of a new country, whose resources may be drawn out by combined efforts,

but which may yet be uninviting to isolated capitalists. It must, however, be observed that every land company introduces into the colonial system a class of absentee speculators who, if their scheme is successful, absorb and withdraw from the colony wealth which, on the soundest principles of justice and policy, ought to be re-invested in its advancement. By the application, on the part of the government, of the purchase-money paid by such companies to the importation of labour, or the construction of roads, a sort of forcing apparatus for ripening the resources of the colony has been, in some instances, devised. The so-called South Australian scheme, born in 1836, died in 1840, is the most notorious specimen of this policy. It has been as the accessory to speculations more or less crude, not as the originator or patron of, any comprehensive colonisation, that the imperial government has hitherto borne part in the territorial distribution of our dependencies.* Much has been said and written by statesmen and economists as to the accurate proportions of labour, capital, and territory, in new countries, as to theories and systems of sales, of prices and modes of sale, and the merits and disadvantages, possibilities and impossibilities, of enforced concentration, and right application of land funds ; but, meanwhile, the lands themselves, the subject of these deliberations, have been left in *mortua manu*, vast tracts interposed between, and impeding the advancement of thin and scattered settlements, to be hereafter retailed at an advanced price by the speculators who possess them. Half-pay officers and refugees from the revolted provinces, which latter class it was deemed politic thus to loyalise and reward for their submissive endurance of bad laws, were the original grantees of estates which now engross, in the hands of their ~~tenants, or~~ ^{representatives}, many of the most valuable districts of British North America. The only consideration on which these grants were made, that of occupation, has been successfully evaded. It is a fact in the history of Canada, that of one tract of a million and a half of acres held in 1840 by 361 private proprietors, one million acres were at that time wholly unimproved, and *only six proprietors* residing on their land. In riding through the forests of West Canada in the spring of last year, I occasionally emerged into an open space of four or five acres of dwarfed underwood, in the centre or corner of which I generally observed a ruined shanty, or log-house, without a roof. On inquiry I learnt that these were what were called 'clearance duties,' and that the term imported a literal fulfilment of the terms on which the surrounding estates were granted : that the shanties had never been inhabited, and that the name of the owner was unknown, and could only be learnt at the registry-office of the district. Those who have leisure, and power to bestow thought on the subject, will require no comment from me on such a policy as this. In the course of seven years, from the first settlement of West Australia, more than a million and a half of acres were given away. Though its consequences endure, the system of free-grants is now discontinued throughout the British colonies. Its only remaining vestige is the remission to military and naval officers, of seven years' standing or more, a portion of their purchase-money, for land in certain colonies, according to their rank. Colonial lands are now sold at various advertised prices.

* The only instance in which the government has taken the initiative in this matter was in the settlement of about 400 heads of families in Canada, 1825.

I fear, however, that the commissioners who represent the crown in this behalf could exhibit but a poor balance-sheet, as compared with that of the government of the United States, which realises, from its own and British subjects, not less than a million sterling annually from land sales. The fact is, that a great proportion of our emigrant subjects, who resist the temptations of the great cheap-republic, prefer the chances of unlicensed occupation, or, as it is popularly called, 'squatting' on the crown lands in our colonies, to the certain cost of any contract with government, individual proprietors, or companies. I recognise in the unlicensed occupation of wild land in our colonies, and the discouragements to thrifty cultivation and settled habits which it entails, ratified as it is by the prescriptive law of the back-woods, the germ of that unhappy state of tenure which now degrades and impoverishes the cottier peasantry of Ireland; and I am well assured, that a continuous two or three years' stream of pauper emigrants, who, in default of labour on public works or systematic allocation on land, will have to work their living out of the wilderness, will materially aggravate the evil.

"During the last twenty years, nearly a million and a half, or an average annual number of 64,000 emigrants have left our shores.* This band of voluntary exiles has been, for the most part, poor and ignorant. Some have emigrated at the expense and request of friends and relatives who have preceded them; of the rest, the chief English element has been, since 1835, the refuse of parishes, whom the Poor Law empowers its officers, under certain regulations, to expatriate. The ordinary qualifications of such emigrants have been the weakness, wickedness, or indolence which promised to render them a burden or a nuisance to their neighbours, and they have, on this account, been selected for a career in which strength, integrity, and industry are absolutely essential to success. Reduced by vice or poverty to his last shifts, it becomes a question with the pauper whether he shall leave his country at the cost of his parish as an emigrant, or at that of the nation at large as a convicted felon. The best evidence of the ordinary low estate of British emigrants is the tax levied from them on landing in North America, as a guarantee to the communities into which we infuse them, against the contingent burden of their support.† The occasional shiploads of settlers who have, under better auspices, left this country at the expense of humane landlords, on whose estates they lived, are the honourable exceptions which prove the ordinary miseries of emigration to which those benevolent men would not suffer their dependents to be exposed.‡

"The ranks of Irish emigration have been composed of some 15,000 or 20,000 a-year, who have begged, borrowed, stolen, or earned (though the last case is rare), 50s. for their passage, and, in former years, a bag of potatoes for their food, who forsake their wretched homes to end at the port of embarkation one unhappy era of their existence, and to enter upon another which is, in many instances, unhappier still. It was not until 1840 that the state and prospects of this portion of our subjects, the

* The emigration of the year 1848 has amounted to 250,000 souls.

† By a municipal regulation at the port of Boston, provision is made for the cases of idiot emigrants; and the mayor told me that such unfortunate creatures were sometimes landed on the quays.

‡ I instance, for example, a party of 150 sent to Canada from Lord Bath's estates in 1831, and 185 sent out by Colonel Wyndham in 1839.

annual 64,000 in whose prosperity that of our colonies, and therefore of our shipping and commerce, was involved, were thought worthy of the attention of the British government. Whether this neglect is to be excused by the more engrossing cares of our foreign and domestic policy, or to be ascribed to that golden principle of non-intervention with private enterprise, even for the protection of the poor and ignorant against the wealthy and acute, I do not profess to decide: but, either from inadvertence, or on the deliberate principle of *laissez faire*, these thousands of British subjects, every unit of whom public policy and justice, as well as their own ignorance and helplessness, entitled to our fostering care, were left, till a very recent period, without even the semblance of legislative protection, to be mercilessly spoiled by extortioners of their little substance at the water's edge, and to struggle unaided to an unknown shore. Of the hardships of the voyage, and of the trials and sufferings of those who eventually succeed, I will not now speak; nor do I dwell on casualties by loss at sea, or fatal sickness, against which no caution can uniformly provide. I will simply state, and am prepared, if necessary, to prove, that the pilgrimage of a British emigrant involves (all commissioners, or agents, or acts of parliament to the contrary notwithstanding) a series of sufferings which need only to be known to be actively commiserated, and, so far as legislation can promote that end, abolished. As a sample from the records of past British emigration, I will mention that in 1832, 1700 old soldiers and sailors, whose pensions were commuted for colonial land, were exported by the government to Canada. A hundred acres of sea or sky would have been quite as useful to these poor fellows, who had neither capital nor energy to cultivate their grants, as might have been expected, and, as the chief agent at Quebec reports, they became dependant on charity, many, predisposed by intemperance, died of cholera, and about 100 returned to the United Kingdom."

Our North American provinces and Western Australia are suffering deplorably from this lavish mode of granting lands, and in consequence there is no land fund to aid in the emigration of labourers. Absenteeism is one of the great clogs to their advancement. Colonies settled within the present generation are already the victims of the curse of Ireland: nor is New South Wales altogether free.

Many of our readers may not be aware of the signification of the land fund, of which we have spoken. In the year 1840 three commissioners were appointed under the royal sign-manual to regulate the sale of colonial lands and the emigration of British subjects. All unoccupied lands, not belonging to companies or individuals, are considered the property of the crown, and are sold at a certain upset price, varying in different colonies. In the Australian colonies, at 1*l*. per acre; at the Cape, at 2*s*.; in Upper Canada, at 6*s*. to 7*s*.; in Lower, at 3*s*. 3*d*.; and in the Falkland Islands, at 8*s*. per acre. A portion of the fund raised by these sales is placed in the hands of the commissioners, under the name of the Colonial Land Fund, to be expended in the deportation of able-bodied labourers and females to the colony from whence it is derived. Coming as it does from the pockets of the colonists, it is very justly considered colonial money, and the commissioners are, therefore, authorized to select persons who will be useful in the colonies, rather than those whom the mother country would wish to get rid of. After we

have taken a glance at the colonies of Australia and the Cape, we will discuss two of the most important colonial subjects of the day, the price at which crown lands should be sold, and the possibility of arranging the means of conveyance for the yearly increase of our population to one or other of our colonies, with the probabilities of their finding employment when they arrive there.

After the disunion of the United States from Great Britain, the eastern coast of New Holland was fixed on as a place of banishment for that class of criminals which had hitherto been sent to America. Botany Bay was first chosen as the site of the intended settlement, but on the arrival of the governor, Captain Phillip, he changed it to a spot on the shore of Port Jackson, where the flourishing city of Sydney now stands. But of what materials, it will be asked, was the nucleus of this future empire formed ? Of the wisest and best, of sagacious leaders, of pious clergy, of honest merchants, of practical farmers, of hardy labourers, of skilled mechanics ? Unhappily, no. Were it not melancholy and humiliating, it would be ridiculous to describe (with the exception of the governor) how completely at variance to the above were the characters of the first settlers. As we sowed so shall we reap. New South Wales was founded by the offscourings of our gaols, male and female convicts in unequal proportions, and among them, it is recorded, not one was to be found acquainted with the common rudiments of agriculture. For many consecutive years they were on the point of perishing of starvation, for they were too ignorant to raise food for themselves. For years afterwards not a clergyman was to be found, nor had a church been erected in the colony. It was considered exclusively the rogues' land, and for a length of time not a free or honest man ventured there. The ignorant at home, taking their ideas of our colonies from the description of this one, a general repugnance to emigration arose, which even at the present day is far from having entirely disappeared.

Accounts also of the horrors of Moreton Bay and Norfolk Island got abroad, and those places being confounded in men's minds with the main colony, increased the bad estimation in which it was held. The beautiful island of Tasmania (Van Diemen's Land) was peopled in a similar, or, if possible, worse manner. Whereas New South Wales was founded by felons, Tasmania was peopled by doubly convicted ones, it being made the penal settlement to the former colony. From the time that the elder colony ceased to be a penal settlement, 10,000 felons have been annually sent to the shores of that unhappy island. This torrent of crime, sufficient, one would suppose, to sweep everything that was virtuous and good from the face of the land, was at length stopped for a time, but the stream has again been let loose under a different name, though with waters scarcely less turbid and foul. In truth, it has been owing to no virtue in the system that the whole land has not become a perfect pandemonium, but we have to thank the extraordinary capabilities of a country which can afford abundance of employment, and, consequently, where fewer temptations to crime are to be found than at home. The harsh-sounding term convict being abolished, these emancipated felons are to be sent out under the mild appellation of exiles, to meet their old friends and comrades. It is in no pharisaical spirit that we look upon them as worse than other men ; they have proved their weakness by committing crime, and, though happily reformed and penitent, they should not be sent

where a large mass of the population have in like manner been convicts.

The climate of New South Wales, though hot, from the extreme dryness of the atmosphere, is healthy. In certain districts, the colonists have suffered much from want of water ; but as means are found of damming up the winter streams, that great cause of disaster will be avoided. Although corn does not flourish in every part, its vast sheep-walks will be a boundless source of wealth to a large population. In the northern portion, lately opened for colonisation, it is believed that cotton will be cultivated with advantage.

While, however, slavery exists in the United States, the colonists will find themselves undersold by the Americans. The question to be determined is, shall we enable the subjects of Great Britain to compete with their slave-holding republican rivals? Shall we encourage people who, like those of the United States, consume 5s. 6d. each of British manufactures, or the inhabitants of our own Australian colonies, who consume from 7l. to 10l. a-head in the year?

New South Wales contains, inclusive of the Port Phillip district, 200,000 inhabitants. The capital, Sydney, is a large populous town, with fine shops ; coaches run from it into the interior, and steamers convey passengers along the coast, and up its navigable rivers. Indeed, the more one contemplates this magnificent country, the more anxiety one feels that it should be wisely colonised with civilised and Christian men.

Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land, to the south of the mighty insulated continent, is a very beautiful island, nearly the size of Ireland. The land is fertile, and well suited to the growth of grain. As the greater portion of crown lands are already disposed of, there is no land fund, and, consequently, there is little emigration thither, added to which, it has, till lately, been the convict settlement of Great Britain. There are 60,000 inhabitants, half of whom are, or have been, convicts. Hobart Town is the capital, and there is another town called Launceston, on the lovely river Tamar, on the north.

The Swan River settlement, on the west coast, was the next formed. The colonists were a superior class of men ; many of them being of rank and education ; but by a fatal mistake, large tracts of land were given away to persons who expended considerable sums in carrying out labourers. Other capitalists, who had expended nothing in the transport of labourers, came out, and outbid those who had. Land, also, was sold at a very low price—2s. 6d. an acre ; consequently, wages being very high, the labourers soon collected money, and becoming landowners, left the capitalists without workmen. The result was the ruin of many, and that fine country, which would, probably, had it been properly colonised, have contained 80,000 or 100,000 inhabitants, has only 5,000. It has, however, lately been progressing, and, would the large landowners make liberal grants of land to intelligent farmers, who would go out with their families and some small capital, it would very quickly overtake its rivals. It has extensive sheep-walks, and large numbers of cattle and horses are bred there. Every kind of grain is produced, and the gums collected in its forests are very valuable.

It is a grievous pity to see so fine a country remaining a desert ; and

we must urge the colonists, as the 'only method of remedying the first error committed, either to make grants of portions of their land to all farmers, in proportion to the amount expended on their voyage, or else to devote a considerable part of the sums raised by the sale of their lands to form an emigration fund. Labour they must have, at all cost.

The sad mistakes committed, on the attempted establishment of Australind, not only injured Western Australia, but brought systematic colonisation into most undeserved discredit.

A site for the settlement of Australind had been fixed on, but while the first cargo of colonists were on their way, Captain Grey had discovered another and more fertile territory. On their arrival at the first, they forthwith set off to find the second discovered ; but Captain Grey's directions not being understood, the right spot was not hit on, and the unfortunate adventurers returned to the original site. Here, the land was not surveyed ; and numerous further delays occurring, the greater number left the colony altogether.

Had moderate forethought been exerted, and proper arrangements been made, there is every reason to believe that the sanguine expectations entertained by the founders of the colony would not have been disappointed. May a more happy destiny await the intending colonists of Canterbury, in New Zealand.

South Australia was the fourth Australian colony formed ; and a new principle, which, in many respects, has worked well, was introduced, by which the amount of all crown lands sold was devoted to the transport of labouring emigrants. It was computed, that as it requires five men to cultivate 100 acres, and the expenses of each man's passage and outfit would be 20*l.*, therefore, that by selling land at 1*l.* per acre, there would always be a supply of labour in the colony. This system—called, from the name of its first advocate, the Wakefield system—although an improvement on the lavish granting of lands, is not without faults.

The plan pursued in South Australia was to put up a small quantity of land only, at an upset price of 1*l.* per acre, but which, from the speculative spirit of the colonists, was frequently bought at three or four times that amount. In fact, to such a height had speculation run in the early years of the colony, that the greater number of the first settlers were completely ruined ; and had not valuable mines of copper and lead been discovered, it would have been doomed to linger on in poverty. A contrary fate has been its fortunate lot ; and a number of well-educated and superior men having settled there, it being free from the stain of a convict's colony, it is decidedly the favourite. Adelaide, on the river Torrens, not far from the shore of St. Vincent's Gulf, is the capital ; and although twelve years only have elapsed since it was founded, it is already a flourishing city. The colony contains nearly 40,000 inhabitants. It grows abundance of corn, and has numerous large flocks and herds, but its mines are its chief source of wealth.

On the following year, the Port Phillip district was first settled, chiefly from Tasmania. It is now to be called the colony of Victoria, with Melbourne the capital, on the Yarra-yarra river. Its rise has been most rapid ; for it already contains a population of nearly 50,000 souls. It is bounded on the north by a range of snowy mountains, from whence constant streams rushing down fertilise the rich lands between them and

the ocean. It grows every species of grain in abundance, and cattle and horses, especially, thrive on its green pastures. It is acknowledged by all to be the finest portion of Australia.

Such is a very rapid sketch of the various colonies of Australia. Notwithstanding the want of system and the numerous errors committed at their formation they exist, and, in certain respects, are flourishing, for when active hands are placed on fertile lands wealth must appear, and with an abundance of food and employment a scattered population must be more free from vice than in a crowded city, when they are idle and half-starved ; but formed as the social body has been with elements collected indiscriminately from all parts of the empire, it is still unorganised and disunited, while the tone of the race-course and cock-pit prevails among more than an ordinary proportion of the inhabitants. There are, doubtless, many men of the highest character, but few venture to deny what every writer asserts, and the numerous fraudulent bankruptcies, the dissensions, the law-suits, the political and religious quarrels which are so prevalent, too clearly prove. The happiest and most flourishing settlements are, by all accounts, those formed in South Australia by German families who emigrated under their proper pastors as their leaders, and it will be found that the nearer we can imitate their example the better.

Among the numerous pamphlets on emigration to the Australian colonies, we must recommend one by Mr. J. A. Jackson, who has long resided in that part of the world. With other valuable suggestions to improve the present system, he urges the importance of having stations where the government might afford occupation for the surplus labourers who might, for a short time, be unable to find employment with the settlers. He strongly advocates the necessity of lowering the present upset price of crown-lands in Australia, and also the necessity of forming as many new settlements as possible along the extensive coast-line of that vast territory, that emigrants may be disembarked at various spots so as to avoid the mischief of artificial concentration. We shall hereafter propose a plan which we believe will fully accomplish the important objects suggested by Mr. Jackson.

While the settlements in Australia were forming, the neighbouring islands of New Zealand were gradually being peopled by English and other Europeans, who contrived to live on good terms with the natives till it was taken possession of by Great Britain, and disputes respecting the disposition of land commenced, which have at times led to serious results. These have been happily quieted, and already nearly 15,000 Europeans live in various settlements on the coast. Auckland, on the northern part of the north island, is the capital, while New Plymouth and Wellington are in the southern part, and about forty miles from Wellington are the extensive and fertile Wairarapa plains. Nelson is in the north of the middle island, and Otago, a Scotch settlement, is about half-way down the eastern coast. It is proposed to form the settlement of Canterbury in the middle island, which appears to be very thinly inhabited by aborigines. With the most earnest wish we have for the success of that settlement, we fear that unless very considerable modifications are made in the proposed plan, it will not attract very large numbers of emigrants. It is to be exclusively Church of England, and roads, churches and colleges are to be paid for beforehand by every purchaser of land paying 3*l*.

per acre. The desire to become the owner of land is so strong in men's minds that they will overlook other advantages for the sake of possessing it ; and while it is to be procured at 2s. an acre at the Cape, they will not go as far again to find it at 3*l.* per acre. New Zealand is full of fine rivers, and covered with mountains and fertile valleys ; the scenery is beautiful, and the climate perfect.

We must glance at the Cape of Good Hope, which we trust will prove a favourite field for emigration, now that the Boors and the Kaffirs have become peaceable. After its capture from the Dutch, few settlers went there, till 1821, when the sum of 50,000*l.* was granted by Parliament towards the conveyance of emigrants. It now contains 220,000 Europeans. The climate is healthy though sudden changes are frequent. Sheep and cattle thrive, but it is subject to droughts, and few of the rivers are navigable. Cape colony is divided into two provinces, of which Cape town is the capital of the western, and Graham's town of the eastern, and about 300 miles distant from the latter is the new colony of Natal. The climate of Natal is said to be very fine, and the soil capable of growing cotton. It is better watered than the Cape Colony. Considerable numbers of people are going out as settlers for the purpose of cultivating cotton, and a Roman Catholic Society has been formed to found a settlement there of persons of that persuasion. ~~May the light of truth dissipate their errors, and bind them in a social body by links of a purer and truer faith.~~

Land in Natal is sold at 2s. per acre, so that although the funds derived from it will be devoted to emigration, few can benefit by it. Some of the native tribes are, however, it is said, willing to labour at a low rate of wages, and by that means the Natal cotton growers may be better able to compete with those of the United States than will the settlers of Moreton Bay.

In the colonies we have mentioned we have room and verge enough for the employment of many hundred thousand annually of our home population, could means be found to convey them thither. That they can be found, we need not despair. In the year just ended nearly 250,000 persons emigrated from Great Britain and Ireland, and our system is yet very imperfect. The annual increase of our population is estimated at 300,000, so that with a little more exertion we can at all events keep our population from surpassing its present amount : indeed, without being too sanguine we think that we may be able so to decrease it that, with an improvement in our agriculture and manufactures, we may succeed in conquering the vast amount of pauperism which is now almost overwhelming us.

In Southern Africa much remains to be done to tranquillise the Boors and to civilise or subjugate the Kaffirs. The only sure way is to make them all feel that they are British subjects, and as such while they are prevented from encroaching on the rights of Europeans, they will be protected from the oppressions of each other. The labours of intelligent and pious missionaries of the Christian faith will do much, and by extending our commerce by numerous ramifications throughout every part of Southern Africa the advantages of civilisation will be felt. To effect this we would annex to the British crown the entire district, drawing a line from Delagoa Bay on the east to the mouth of the Orange River on the west. Every inducement should be given to British subjects to settle within these boundaries, and

every means should be afforded them to defend themselves against the attacks of any enemies who might be tempted to dispossess them.

It is a subject of importance too vast to be discussed at the end of a paper, and we may hope to see it brought before the public by a talented African traveller, by whose comprehensive mind we believe the project was at first conceived. The absurd and mistaken notion that these aborigines are to be looked upon in the light of civilised nations must of course be abandoned, and though treated with the greatest humanity, they must be taught to respect the power of the white man, and to feel their own inferiority. To effect the proposed end we should plant among them communities of virtuous and religious men, under firm and intelligent leaders. These should be located on fertile lands, on lines traversing the country in every direction, and sufficiently near to each other to keep up a weekly or a biweekly communication.

In fact as the Russians traverse the outskirts of the Caucasus with military posts, so would we the country of the Béchuanas with trading posts and missionary stations.

One can scarcely contemplate the immense streams of wealth which may be made to flow towards the ports of Southern Africa, and the wide fields for our manufactures, which may thus be opened up. Far greater too will be the advantage to Christianity, and civilisation, and no other means we have ever heard of offers so fair a hope of rescuing the tribes of Africa from barbarism and idolatry.

One of the most important points to be properly adjusted is the minimum price of crown, or waste lands, especially in the Australian Colonies. Most of our readers are probably aware that the minimum upset price is now fixed at 1*l.* per acre, and that it is frequently run up to double that amount. Now although a small proportion of the land from its richness or neighbourhood to towns or navigable rivers is well worth that sum, yet it is notorious that the greater part is of far less value. It is true that 2*l.* and 3*l.* have been given for rural land, but it will invariably be found that such land has commanded a fine back run, while it has completely shut out other waste land so that no other person can occupy it. The consequence of this high price has been that it has prevented a class of substantial agriculturists, most useful in a new country, from going out there, and the land is generally in the hands either of large capitalists, many of whom are not residents, or of petty farmers, who have neither capital or knowledge to enable them to cultivate it. Another evil consequence is, that it has fostered to a very great extent the practice of what is called squatting, or the temporary occupation of lands, which is allowed on the payment of a small rent for the pasturage of sheep and cattle. Thus a large number of the inhabitants have no other tie to the country than the possession of so many thousand head of sheep, which they may sell any moment, and take their departure. The advocates of the present system support it because they believe that it increases the emigration fund, and that as land without labour is of no value, it prevents people becoming the purchasers of more land than they can cultivate. This is true : it prevents people not only from purchasing land, but from emigrating thither, and thousands who would visit the shores of Australia, were land to be procured at a low rate, now carry their means and their knowledge to the United States. The desire to acquire land is inherent in the

breast of civilised man, and those will be grievously mistaken who do not take it into account on fixing the price at which it is to be bought. Our object is to people Australia with educated, intelligent, and industrious persons, and to attain it we must hold out the most powerful inducements we can invent to tempt them to emigrate thither. At present the United States far outbid us. We must find means to outbid them. We have markets to create, we have to collect consumers of our manufactures, the very existence of England depends on our doing so, and in the performance of the work we must take into consideration the feelings as well as the true interests, the very foolishness of men, or we shall most certainly fail. In the United States, land is sold at 4s. 6d. per acre, but there is no emigration fund, and purchasers must find their own way there, as well also must their labourers. If in Australia it were lowered to one half, or third, or even to one quarter of what it now is, and if all male emigrants were compelled to pay one half their passage money, we are certain that the funds produced would convey four times the number of those who now go free, and that those who could pay the whole of their passage money would be increased six-fold.

The only means we can conceive for keeping up a full and constant stream of emigration is by the establishment of a well regulated system of loans, and the means of repaying them, for the further transmission of emigrants.

Much has been said on this subject, and many objections have been raised to the possibility of collecting debts thus incurred. We, however, after consulting many proprietors of extensive colonial estates, and others connected with Australia, are convinced that it could be done without any difficulty or risk of tyranny. In Australia an efficient machinery already exists in the officers appointed to collect the rents for the squatting licenses, and would require little or no increase. The colonial legislatures would also willingly pass an act, allowing the arrest of wages in the hands of masters, and every respectable colonist would gladly aid in enabling the agent to recover debts from those who might be unwilling though able to pay.

The simple method would be to require every emigrant receiving a loan to give his promissory note for the amount, which note should be sent to an agent in the colony, and he should be able to recover on it at any of the local courts.

Thus even parishes might lend money to emigrants with a fair prospect of being repaid ; and if they selected portions only of each family, and promised to send the remainder when the first repaid the money, they would, in all probability, soon receive it.

As another means of relieving the mother-country and peopling the colonies, we urge the importance of establishing in the neighbourhood of each port a large asylum or school, where widows, sent out from England, may leave their children while they go into service. These asylums should be placed under the direction of ladies of superior education, and every attention should be paid to the moral as well as the physical well-being of the children. They would be supported at far less expense than in England, at the cost of the mother, and not only might the establishment be kept up, but the debt incurred to erect the buildings might be paid off. Such a plan would be not a little more humane, and certainly less expensive to

parishes, than the system lately pursued at Tooting and elsewhere. We trust that the colonial government will instantly commence the formation of such establishments. The parishes will gladly pay the whole expense of the passage of young widows and their children, who are at home unable to earn any thing towards their own support.

Hitherto one of the great obstacles to the emigration of people to our own colonies has been the ignorance of all classes concerning them, and this has arisen from the want of an organised system for spreading information, and consequently the agents of the United States, or the promoters of any fraudulent scheme, have been able to mislead people without being detected. Her Majesty's Emigration Commissioners, it is true, employ agents in certain parts of the country to collect emigrants, and a commission of 10s. to 15s. per head is paid to them for each emigrant thus collected ; but as they are seldom of a class of persons in whom the labouring poor have much confidence, and as they have thus somewhat the character of crimps, this plan is decidedly objectionable.

Instead of it we would urge on the government the importance of establishing throughout every part of the United Kingdom local boards, composed of the magistrates and clergy, and other gentry of influence, who should have the office of collecting emigrants, and of raising funds for their transport. These boards should find half the passage-money, at least, for all emigrants from their districts, and we must insist on the necessity of abolishing the system of affording free passages to any class of persons. We are certain, with the plan we propose, an equally good class of emigrants will be found, and the colonial land-fund will go twice as far as it does at present. To superintend these local boards we would appoint two or more travelling commissioners, who should in the first place organise them, and afterwards visit them in rotation, to inspect the persons wishing to emigrate. Each board should keep a list of all persons in that district purposing to emigrate, including their trades and where they desire to go ; and thus the commissioners, being informed of the requirements of the colonies, the supply could always be regulated according to the demand.

By the plan we propose, wherever the pressure is greatest there will the boards be most willing to come forward with funds, and the emigrants instead of being drawn, as now, fortuitously often from districts where they are wanted, will invariably come from those where, from being most densely populated, they cannot procure work.

Before concluding our remarks we must suggest what we conceive to be the most practical and simple plan for colonising. Thirty or fifty landed proprietors or even a larger number, of the same opinions in religion and politics, should combine, and as many as could should select a representative, a brother, son, or some other relative or friend, in whom they have confidence, to emigrate. They should also appoint an agent, or chief director to manage the affairs of the whole. Their next step would be to arrange with the government for the privilege of being the sole purchasers of land in an unoccupied district of one or two hundred square miles, for four or five years. Each proprietor will then produce an estate in the district, according to the size of his own in England, from 100 to 3000 or 5000 acres. It must be remembered that this purchase money will be returned to England, and that he will be allowed to select the labourers to send out by means of it. Thus, for every 100*l.* expended,

if assisted passages alone are given, he will be able to send out ten persons; if free, six.

Many suitable tracts may be found in the Port Phillip districts, or South Australia, occupied as squatting stations, the purchase of the lease of which might be easily arranged.

We will suppose that the first body will consist of thirty or forty gentlemen and their families, and three or four carefully selected servants to each; the land being well chosen and surveyed. They would be accompanied by a clergyman and a medical man, and one or two tutors for their children, as also by two or more thoroughly practical and intelligent agriculturists, with good salaries, to superintend their farming operations, and who might be despatched to gain information from the older settlements. Their business would be to visit each farm in succession, and afford advice and assistance. We are not, however, supposing that all the gentlemen would become exclusively agriculturists. Some would become merchants, and others would have flocks and herds in the interior, although the homesteads of all would be in the district we have described. It will be important that they are as far as possible relations and friends of each other, and all come from the same county or neighbourhood. The settlements being thus formed, as soon as the colonists are able to employ more hands the landed proprietors will select such of their tenantry as may be willing to go, and assisting them by loans if required or other means will send them out consigned to the charge of the agent. His business will be to find them employment among the colonists, or if more came out than required, he could have some work of general utility, on which to occupy them, till they could make a private engagement. Funds might be provided by the landowners at home for the purpose, to be repaid by the colonists. We will suppose the governor of the province to have appointed a chief magistrate and a constabulary, and a military organization to have been formed to protect them against the natives, and we conceive that the elements of perfect success would exist in such a body. A good port being in the neighbourhood, roads would gradually be formed, a town would be erected, and colleges, and schools, and literary and scientific institutions would meet the wants of the rising generation, and the first house of God formed in the wilderness of rough beams and leafy trees, the origin of the beautiful Gothic architecture, would in time be replaced by many of more enduring brick and stone.

Such are our ideas, supported by the opinion of many practical colonists, of a sound scheme of colonisation, and we trust to see before long many such communities formed and flourishing throughout Australia, New Zealand, the Cape, Canada, and the Falkland Islands. When the true aristocracy of Britain come forward to place themselves in the van of emigration, from that time may we date the commencement of the era of true colonisation; and when men learn to deck the brows of the founders of colonies with laurels, precious and lasting as those won on the battle-fields of India and the Peninsula, and to acknowledge that the real vocation of man is to promote the happiness and prosperity of his fellow men, then shall we see the offspring of Britain, in fulfilment of their glorious vocation, peopling the far regions of the east and west, and each now desert land and idle, with communities of virtuous and religious men, great in wealth and power, the promoters of civilisation, the apostles of the faith of Christ.

NELSON AND LADY HAMILTON.*

THE most interesting epoch in Lord Nelson's life was undoubtedly, both in its duration and details, his connexion with the court of Naples. Bastia, St. Vincent's, Copenhagen, the Nile, and a host of other names stand out with meteoric light, only eclipsed by the ever-memorable Trafalgar. But the friendly support given by the British Admiral to an imbecile and corrupt monarchy, the inglorious attempt on the part of the boastful Neapolitans—of all nations the least warlike—to throw off the yoke of the French, the evasions and restorations of the royal family, the gradual subjugation of England's bravest officer to the wiles and enchantments of the climate and society, and the influence of the attachment there formed upon his subsequent acts and whole career, impart an interest to this portion of his life, that is, in certain points of view, unequalled by any other.

The whole of these transactions stand forth now in their true light as a wasteful expenditure of treasure, talent, courage, and blood, and as especially in every one respect unworthy of a great nation. "No circumstances," says Southey, "could be more unfavourable to the best interests of Europe, than those which placed England in strict alliance with the superannuated and abominable governments of the continent. The subjects of those governments who wished for freedom thus became enemies to England, and dupes and agents of France. They looked to their own grinding grievances, and did not see the danger with which the liberties of the world were threatened. England, on the other hand, saw the danger in its true magnitude, but was blind to these grievances, and found herself compelled to support systems which had formerly been equally the object of her abhorrence and contempt."

The consequence was inevitable failure; yet persistence on our part in a false step once taken. When Jerome Buonaparte was King of Naples, £300,000 sterling was paid to the Sicilian court in yearly subsidy, until the character of the English nation suffered from so enormous an expenditure upon Neapolitan spies and Calabrian homicides, and a catastrophe was brought about, by the forcible removal from Sicily, by her long-tried friends—the British—of Queen Maria Caroline, daughter of Maria Theresa, and with Lady Hamilton, head of the whole offending. Strangely similar was the fate of two of the handsomest and most intriguing women of the day. An obscure death to the one, a friendless and penniless death-bed to the other!

Lord Nelson first visited Naples in 1793, when he was despatched thither by Lord Hood. Mr. Pettigrew speaks in the following terms of the gallant admiral's first acquaintanceship with the king and court, and with Sir William Hamilton, the British minister.

The king and the court were lavish in their praises of the English—"the saviours of Italy," as they were called. The king paid Nelson the most marked attention, and intrusted to him "the handsomest letter that can be penned, in his own hand," to Lord Hood, and offered 6000 troops to assist in the preservation of Toulon. Here, too, Nelson first saw Lady Hamilton, who after-

* *Memoirs of the Life of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, K.B., &c.* By Thomas Joseph Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. &c. Two Vols. T. & W. Boone.

wards exercised such remarkable influence over him,⁶ and which extended to the last moments of his existence. As the principal part of the correspondence from 1798 to that lamented time will form the chief portion of novelty offered by these volumes, and to which the present pages may be considered as preparatory and essential to complete the series of events which distinguished the career of this illustrious hero, it will not be out of place, nor uninteresting, to insert the account (which, however, it must be recollected, was written under the eye of Lady Hamilton) of the manner and the circumstances under which he was introduced to her:—"Sir William, on returning home, after his first interview with Nelson, told Lady Hamilton that he was about to introduce to her a little man, who could not boast of being very handsome, but who would become the greatest man that ever England produced. I know it from the very few words of conversation I have already had with him. I pronounce that he will one day astonish the world. I have never entertained any officer at my house, but I am determined to bring him here; let him be put in the room prepared for Prince Augustus." Nelson is stated to have been equally impressed with Sir William Hamilton's merits: "You are," he said, "a man after my own heart; you do business in my own way; I am now only captain, but if I live, I will be at the top of the tree." To Mrs. Nelson he thus simply notices Lady H.: "Lady Hamilton has been wonderfully kind and good to Josiah. She is a young woman of amiable manners, and who does honour to the station to which she is raised."

"Thus began," says Southey, who relates the same anecdote, "that acquaintance which ended in the destruction of Nelson's happiness."

Nelson did not return to Naples till after the Battle of the Nile, and never was any hero, on his return from victory, welcomed with more heartfelt joy. It is only by extracts from the correspondence of the time, that any idea can be formed of the enthusiasm excited in the breasts both of the queen and of Lady Hamilton, in favour of the hero.

On the 22nd of September, Nelson arrived at Naples. The king came out three leagues to meet him, and was preceded by Sir William and Lady Hamilton. Nelson has himself recorded the circumstances of this remarkable interview in a letter to Lady Nelson. He says:

I must endeavour to convey to you something of what passed; but if it were so affecting to those who were only united to me by bonds of friendship, what must it be to my dearest wife, my friend, my everything which is most dear to me in this world? Sir William and Lady Hamilton came out to sea, attended by numerous boats with emblems, &c. They, my most respectable friends, had nearly been laid up and seriously ill; first from anxiety, and then from joy. It was imprudently told Lady Hamilton in a moment, and the effect was like a shot; she fell apparently dead, and is not yet perfectly recovered from severe bruises. Alongside came my honoured friends; the scene in the boat was terribly affecting; up flew her ladyship, and exclaiming, "Oh God! is it possible?" she fell into my arm more dead than alive. Tears, however, soon set matters to rights; when alongside came the king. The scene was, in its way, as interesting; he took me by the hand, calling me his "deliverer and preserver," with every other expression of kindness. In short, all Naples calls me "Nostro Liberatore;" my greeting from the lower classes was truly affecting. I hope some day to have the pleasure of introducing you to Lady Hamilton; she is one of the very best women in this world; she is an honour to her sex. Her kindness, with Sir William's, to me, is more than I can express: I am in their house, and I may now tell you, it required all the kindness of my friends to set me up. Lady Hamilton intends writing to you. May God Almighty bless you, and give us, in due time, a happy meeting.

Human nature is of a compound, not of simple character. Even love is mostly commingled with other feelings. Respect, friendship, affections,

and sympathies founded upon a variety of incidental circumstances play their part in the great passion of life. It is even well-known that piety can be accessory to love. Lady Hamilton's first feelings towards Nelson were evidently those of regard for him as a brave and clever man, and those feelings were enhanced by a great enthusiasm in the cause of the Queen of Naples, and so small amount of true patriotism. The most beautiful woman of her time, she was also gifted with remarkable talent, quick apprehension, and exceedingly warm and ardent feelings. Her anxiety in the cause had already manifested itself in the most unmistakable manner, in obtaining from the Queen of Naples an order for the fleet to victual and water, which at the very moment had been publicly refused to the minister for fear of breaking with France. Mr. Pettigrew enters at length into this question in his appendix, as one of the undoubted claims which Lady Hamilton perished without ever seeing acknowledged, by a little grateful government. There is no doubt that Nelson always avowed that but for that assistance he could not have gone in pursuit of the French fleet, nor would the Battle of the Nile ever have been fought.

The feeling experienced by Lady Hamilton, on hearing of the victory gained by a friend for whom she had exerted herself, even to bending on her knees—suppliant before the queen—and the emotions experienced on beholding the wounded and suffering hero, were of too strong a nature to be trimmed to the formality ordained by a strict social etiquette. The previous career of this remarkable woman was no less opposed to such subjugation of the inclinations. Lady Hamilton became Lord Nelson's nurse; admiration of the hero, the most friendly anxiety for his welfare, and a tender solicitude for his recovery, were hence all commingled to produce an affection of a warmer kind.

On the other hand Lord Nelson's fine principles and manly intellect abhorred the profligacy and corruption of the court of Naples. His designation of the country in a letter to Earl St. Vincent dated the 30th of September, 1798, has been handed down to posterity in every life written of the hero. The devotedness, however, of Sir William and Lady Hamilton reconciled him to his detention there.

Mr. Pettigrew is at some pains to show that that unfortunate passion which was destined to have so much influence upon Nelson's subsequent conduct, had no existence till this period. If so, it certainly gained rapidly in strength upon the excitement of success; or how can we explain the conduct of Captain Josiah Nisbet, his step-son, at the *fête* given by Sir William and Lady Hamilton, on the birth-day of Nelson, September 29, 1798, seven days after Nelson's arrival at Naples, and in which Captain Nisbet appears to have been goaded to such an extreme indignation, and to have conducted himself with so much violence, that Captain Troubridge and another officer were under the necessity of removing him from the room. It remained for Lady Hamilton to effect a reconciliation, under the plea of accidental inebriety.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the charms both of person and intellect that belonged to this most fascinating woman. One portion of her very remarkable life had been devoted to exhibiting herself as a perfect model of health and beauty. Romney, the Royal Academician, equally fascinated by the powers of her mind and the symmetry of her form, selected her as the subject of many of his most esteemed paintings.

No regular attempt, however, at the cultivation of Emma's powers was made till she was already somewhat advanced in life, when, under

the tuition of proper instructors, she rapidly attained great perfection. Under the guidance of Sir William Hamilton—a man of taste and learning—and residing in a land so favoured as Italy, she had many further opportunities of improving herself, and she not only maintained the most confidential intercourse with the Queen of Naples, but the friendship that existed between the queen and the minister's wife was of the most ardent character.

"Young and beautiful," says Mr. Pettigrew, "with a knowledge of the world derived under circumstances, and attended by consequences anything but agreeable to reflect upon, or calculated to excite satisfaction—versed in its most seductive fascinations, and intellectually gifted with taste for the fine arts, and with powers for the most effectual display of grace and beauty—enthusiastic in her devotion to noble and generous acts, and sensibly alive to the honour and glory of her country, it is not surprising that Nelson should have felt the power of her influence. Simple in his manners, and pure in his nature—warm and generous in his feelings—unskilled in the arts of the world—and, by his professional engagements, unaccustomed to any but the most limited society, it is not extraordinary that he should have fallen under the blandishments of a syren."

The French ambassador having urged strongly upon the Neapolitan court their breach of faith in supplying the British fleet at Syracuse, contrary to treaty, Lady Hamilton availed herself at this juncture, whilst the court was flushed with joy at the victory of the Nile, to exercise her influence still further on the queen, and to urge upon her the rash scheme of breaking altogether with the French. The queen, who had been obliged to cede to the necessity of receiving an envoy from that nation which was tinged with the blood of her sister, her brother-in-law, and her nephew, failed not to enter, in the most lively manner, into these proposals, and communicated them to the king. Nelson himself must, however, take his share of blame (if it can be so called where all the blame attaches itself to the cowardice and incapability of the Neapolitans) in these untoward transactions; for it appears that there was much hesitation on the occasion, as, on the 14th of November, Nelson writes to Earl Spencer that he had been present at the deliberations with the king, General Mack, and Sir John Acton, and that a disposition appeared to exist, in consequence of want of assurance of support from the Emperor of Austria, to wait until the French had made further aggressions: Nelson boldly told the king, "either to advance, trusting to God for his blessing on a just cause, to die with *l'épée à la main*, or remain quiet and be kicked out of your kingdoms."

An army of 35,000 men was raised and marched from St. Germain under the command of General Mack, the king himself accompanying it. Nelson always entertained an unfavourable opinion of this General Mack. "General Mack," he says, "cannot move without five carriages. I have formed an opinion. I heartily pray I may be mistaken."—*Letter to Earl Spencer*. At a Neapolitan review, the general manœuvred his troops so cleverly, that in directing the operations of a feigned fight, his own troops became surrounded by those of the enemy. Nelson, who observed this, immediately exclaimed, "This fellow does not understand his business."

Nelson effected an important diversion by sea at the same time that General Mack advanced to the encounter by land. He sailed on the 22d of November, with a small squadron, in company with the Portuguese squadron, having 5123 Neapolitan troops on board. On this day, the

22nd of November, he addressed one of his characteristic laconic notes to Lady Hamilton.

My dear Madam,

Not being able to get our anchor out of the ground, allow me to say on paper that I am your and Sir William's affectionate friend: May God Almighty bless and protect you both is the fervent prayer of your

Thursday noon.

NELSON.

In connexion with the Neapolitan general, Nelson summoned the town of Leghorn, and it surrendered. Possession of it was immediately taken, and also of the fortress.

Nelson left Leghorn on the 30th, and returned to Naples on the 5th of December. It is almost needless to add, that once the gallant admiral away and the Neapolitans left to themselves, they were ignominiously defeated. The position of the country from that moment became critical. The news of the defeat of the royal army produced riotous proceedings at Naples, and some murders were the consequence. The royal family took alarm, and it became necessary to concert measures for their safety. Nelson's feelings at the time exhibited a curious jumble of indignation at the cowardly and treacherous conduct of the Neapolitans, of personal resolution and defiance, and yet of secret pleasure, at being able to relieve and to protect those already so dear to him. On the 17th of December, he wrote to his Excellency Spencer Smith, at Constantinople.

I have had the charge of the Two Sicilies entrusted to me, and things are come to that pitch that I do not know that the whole royal family, with 3000 Neapolitan *émigrés*, will not be under the protection of the king's flag this night. On the following day he wrote to Earl Spencer: "There is an old saying that 'when things are at the worst they must mend.' Now the mind of man cannot fancy things worse than they are here, but, thank God, my health is better, my mind never firmer, and my heart in the right trim to comfort, relieve, and protect those who it is my duty to afford assistance to."

It is unquestionable however, that the very person whom Nelson most longed to protect, was also the chief agent through whose instrumentality the measures devised for the safety of the royal family were carried into effect, and that at much peril and great sacrifices. A hurried letter of Lady Hamilton to Lord Nelson, says Mr. Pettigrew, is now before me. It runs thus,—

MY DEAR LORD,

I have this moment received a letter from my adorable queen. She is arrived with the king. She has much to do to persuade him, but he approves of all *our* projects. She is worn out with fatigue—to-morrow I will send you her letter. God bless you.

Yours sincerely.

No signature, but in Lady Hamilton's hand-writing.

In a letter addressed to the Earl St. Vincent, the original of which is in the Admiralty, Nelson gives several particulars relating to the escape of the royal family.

The embarkation of the royal family, &c., was safely effected, he says, chiefly by the correspondence carried on between the queen and Lady Hamilton, a correspondence which caused no suspicion, as letters had been daily passing between them for a considerable time. Neither Lord Nelson nor Sir William Hamilton appeared at court, as their movements were minutely watched by the Jacobins. By night Lady Hamilton received the jewels and property of the queen and royal family, in value, it is said, amounting to full 2,500,000*l.* sterling. Southey says, "Lady Hamilton, like a heroine of romance, explored, with no little danger, a subterraneous passage leading from the palace to the

sea-side : through this passage the royal treasures, the choicest pieces of painting and sculpture, and other property to the amount of two millions and a half, were conveyed to the shore, and stowed safely on board the English

To effect, however, the safe departure of the royal family, together with the property which had thus been conveyed on board the ships, it is obvious, as before said, many sacrifices must have been necessarily made. The ambassador was obliged to abandon his house, together with all the valuables it contained, nor was he able to convey away a single article. The private property of Sir William and Lady Hamilton was voluntarily left to prevent discovery of the proceeding, and this, Lady Hamilton estimated at 9000*l.* on her own account, and not less than 30,000*l.* on that of Sir William. To show the caution and secrecy required in thus getting away, Lady Hamilton says,—

I had, on the night of our embarkation, to attend the party given by Kélim Effendi, who was sent by the Grand Signior to Naples, to present Nelson with the Chelouh, or Plume of Triumph! I had to steal from the party, leaving our carriages and equipage waiting at his house, and in about fifteen minutes to be at my post, where it was my task to conduct the royal family through the subterraneous passage, to Nelson's boats, by that *moment* waiting for us on the shore! The season for this voyage was extremely hazardous, and our miraculous preservation is recorded by the admiral upon our arrival at Palermo.

The *Vanguard* sailed on the 24th of December with their Sicilian majesties and family, the ambassador and suite, and many of the Neapolitan nobility on board, followed by the *Archimedes*, a Neapolitan 74, the *Sannite* corvette, and about twenty sail of merchant-men, laden with fugitives and their effects. The next day one of the royal children, the Prince Albert, was taken ill, in the morning, and died in Lady Hamilton's arms.

The *Vanguard* arrived at Palermo on the 26th, and at 5 o'clock, A.M., Lord Nelson attended the queen and princesses on shore. Earl St. Vincent addressed Lady Hamilton upon this occasion as follows :—

Rosia House, Gibraltar, 17th January, 1799.

MY DEAR LADY HAMILTON,

I shall never cease to admire the magnanimous conduct of your royal friend and self during the late severe trials at Naples, and during your short voyage to Palermo. The page of history will be greatly enriched by the introduction of this scene in it, for the greatness of both your minds, and the firmness and ability shown in the most critical situation that ever two human beings were placed in, surpasses all that we read of! May Heaven have in store blessings for you both. Base indeed must be the Briton, who will not sacrifice the last drop of his blood for the preservation of two such exalted characters.

God bless you, my dear madam, and enable you to persevere in the comfort and support of the great and amiable Queen, your friend, to whom I beg you will pay my most dutiful and respectful homage, and rest assured of the most lasting regard, and esteem of your ladyship's

Truly affectionate

ST. VINCENT.

Lord Nelson wrote also upon the occasion of losing his *protégé*, but in a different tone.

To tell you how dreary and uncomfortable the *Vanguard* appears, is only telling you what it is to go from the pleasantest society to a solitary cell ; or, from the dearest friends, to no friends. I am now perfectly the *great man*—not a creature near me. From my heart I wish myself the little man again!

Nelson, shortly after this, transferred his flag to the *Bellerophon* ;

next, on his promotion to rear-admiral of the red, to the *Culloden*, and then to the *Foudroyant*. It was in this last ship that he sailed with the hereditary prince and Sir William and Lady Hamilton back from Palermo to Naples. It was also on this occasion that occurred the execution of Francesco Caracciolo, concerning which a great deal more has been said than the case deserves. The man was a traitor to his king and to his country, and he died the death of a traitor.

Sir William Hamilton having been superseded and succeeded in his post as minister at Naples, early in 1800, Sir William and Lady Hamilton accompanied Lord Nelson in the *Foudroyant* from Palermo to Syracuse, and thence to Naples. This was in the latter end of April and beginning of May. The voyage was passed with great festivity, and Lady Hamilton's birth-day, April 26th, was celebrated by music and singing. Sir Edward Berry and Miss Knight, daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Joseph Knight, were the poet laureates of the occasion, but according to Mr. Pettigrew, the gallant Nelson could also make sacrifices to the muses.

It is to this period that Mr. Pettigrew traces with considerable *vraisemblance* the intimacy from which sprang Horatia, born between the 29th and 31st of January, 1801, in Piccadilly. Sir William and Lady Hamilton not only accompanied Lord Nelson to Malta, but as is well known, they all returned to England together, by Vienna and Hamburgh to Yarmouth. Lady Nelson, who had been informed by her son Captain Nisbett, of the progress of events in the Mediterranean, did not go to Yarmouth to meet her husband—a reception which Mr. Pettigrew contrasts forcibly with that given by Lady Hamilton to Nelson on his return from the Nile; and he thinks that Lady Nelson acted unadvisedly. It is difficult, however, to imagine how she could have acted otherwise, so long as Lady Hamilton was in company with her husband.

The results of this connexion were, however, as is generally the case, lamentable to all parties concerned. A separation between Lord and Lady Nelson soon became inevitable, although decided by the pet of a moment. The feigned name of Thomson, under which Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton corresponded at the period of the birth of Horatia, and which has given rise to so many misapprehensions, is well explained away by Mr. Pettigrew. Sir William Hamilton died two years afterwards, and we are enabled, through the kindness of Dr. G. F. Collier, to quote from his collection an unpublished note, formerly in the possession of the Chevalier Wolf, Esq., Consul for Denmark in this country, and addressed to George Matcham, Esq., of Ashford Lodge, who married Nelson's youngest sister, "his dear Kate," as he always called her, and which shows that the victor's conscience was sharply aroused by the circumstance.

MY DEAR MR. MATCHAM,

April 6th, 1803.

Our Dear Sir William left this world this morning at 10 minutes past Ten, in Lady Hamilton's arms, without a Struggle, without a Sigh. Dear Lady Hamilton is suffering very much on the occasion, and I certainly have a *twist*. War or Peace seems as undecided as ever. Kind love to my Sister, and

Believe me, affectionately yours,

NELSON & BRONTE.

Lord Nelson made his connection with Lady Hamilton a subject of history by naming her and his child Horatia in a codicil to his will on the day of his death, and leaving them as a testamentary bequest to his country; but Lady Hamilton was deprived of the advantages of this codicil in her favour, by Lord Nelson's brother holding it back until a public grant

had been made solely in favour of his surviving legitimate relatives, and the unfortunate lady was equally unlucky in her public claims upon the country and government, yet which claims were of the most undeniable character, and most ungratefully neglected. This once beautiful and intellectual woman, who had been the charm of every one she came in contact with, ultimately died at Calais, on the 15th of January, 1815, in great distress, and without a friend to soothe the anguish of her last moments. Mr. Pettigrew gives the following sad account of her decease as related to him by Mrs. Hunter, of Brighton.

This excellent lady tells me, that at the time Lady Hamilton was at Calais, she was also there superintending the education of her son at the academy of Mr. Mills. She resided in the "Grande Place," and became acquainted with Monsieur de Rheims, the English interpreter, who persuaded Mrs. Hunter to take up her residence with him in his château, which was visited by many English. When Lady Hamilton fled to Calais, Monsieur de Rheims gave to her one of his small houses to live in. It was very badly furnished. Mrs. Hunter was in the habit of ordering meat daily at a butcher's for a favourite little dog, and on one of these occasions was met by Monsieur de Rheims, who followed her, exclaiming, "Ah! Madame, ah! Madame! I know you to be good to the English; there is a lady here that would be glad of the worst bit of meat you provide for your dog." When questioned as to who the lady was, and promising that she should not want for anything, he declined telling, saying that she was too proud to see any one; besides, he had promised her secrecy. Mrs. Hunter begged him to provide her with everything she required, wine, &c., as if coming from himself, and she would pay for it. This he did for some time, until she became very ill, when he pressed her to see the lady that had been so kind to her; and upon hearing that her benefactress was not a person of title, she consented, saw her, thanked her, and blessed her. A few days after she ceased to live. This lady describes her to me as exceedingly beautiful even in death. She was anxious to have her interred according to English custom, for which, however, she was only laughed at, and poor Emma was put into a deal box without any inscription. All that this good lady states she was permitted to do was, to make a kind of pall out of her black silk petticoat, stitched on a white curtain. Not an English Protestant clergyman was to be found in all Calais, or its vicinity; and so distressed was this lady to find some one to read the burial service over her remains, that she went to an Irish half-pay officer in the Rue du Havre, whose wife was a well-informed Irish lady. He was absent at the time, but, being sent for, most kindly went and read the service over the body. Lady Hamilton, according to the register of deaths preserved in the Town Hall, died in a house situate in the Rue Française, and was buried in a piece of ground in a spot just outside the town, formerly called the Gardens of the Duchess of Kingston, which had been consecrated, and was used as a public cemetery till 1816. This ground, which had neither wall nor fence to protect it, was some years since converted into a timber-yard, and no traces of the graves now remain. Mrs. Hunter wished to have placed a head or footstone, but was refused. She, therefore, placed a piece of wood in the shape, as she describes it to me, of a battledore, handle downwards, on which was inscribed, "Emma Hamilton, England's Friend." This was speedily removed—another placed, and also removed; and the good lady was at length threatened to be shot by the sentinel if she persisted in those offices of charity. A small tombstone was, however, afterwards placed there, and was existing in 1838. Upon it, according to a little "Guide to Calais," compiled by an Englishman, was inscribed:—

. QUM
 CALESIE
 VIA IN GALICA VOCATA
 ET IN DOMO. C. VI. OBIT
 DIE XV MENNIS JANUARI, A.D. MDCCXV.
 ETATIS SUE LI.

THE HABITUE'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

Paris *via* Dover and Calais—The gold Mania—The Theatres—Vandeville—Madame Octave—Madame Doche at Lille—"Les Filles du Docteur"—Made-moiselle Dalloca—"La Jeunesse des Mousquetaires"—Bald d'Enfans at the Jardin d'Hiver—Amateur Theatricals at Bath and Bristol.

THANKS to the recent change in the post-office arrangements, Paris has become more accessible than ever. Not only does Folkestone send forth its daily quota of amateur emigrants, but Dover—poor old-fashioned, long-neglected Dover—contributes twice in every twenty-four hours its share of carpet-bags and bonnet-boxes, and their respective proprietors, most of whom, in direct contradiction to the words of the song,

With laughter and racket, we're off in the packet,
For Paris, dear Paris, we hasted away,

go on board as grave as mutes, and become infinitely less lively before they have been there long.

Now, in accordance with his migratory propensities, the *habitué* found himself some ten days ago, deposited by a Hansom—or rather, as Buckstone says in the farce, a not particularly handsome—cab at the London Bridge station, and in less than four hours after was tranquilly pacing the deck of the French mail-packet, which steamed away for Calais the instant that the letter bags were on board.

A *diner improvisé* at Dessin's served pleasantly to while away the interval which elapsed before the departure of the train, and of which, not above ten minutes, thanks to the civility of the custom-house officers, were lost at the Douane. A right good hotel is that of worthy Master Dessin, with its trim formal garden, its apocryphal statues, its white-shuttered windows, and alas! its moss-grown courtyard, which, now-a-days, rarely echoes the sound of any carriage wheels but those of the party-coloured omnibus jogging periodically to the railway station and back again.

But though the *liste des voyageurs* seldom receives a new entry, though Sterne's room—in which years ago, I passed my first night in France—is usually tenantless, M. Dessin's *cuisine* and cellar are still as irreproachable as in more palmy days; and such creature comforts as a tender *côtelette* and a glass of sound Bordeaux being, after all, those most appreciated by a bird of passage like myself, I performed my omnibus transit in the very best of humours.

* Very little information respecting the boats from Dover to Calais is to be obtained at the London Bridge Station; *ecce signum*.

"Is there a packet to-day from Dover to Calais?" inquired your humble servant of the gentleman engaged in snapping off tickets as fast as they were asked for.

"From Folkestone to Calais? yes, sir, starts at half-past two."

"But from Dover—"

"And to-morrow morning from Folkestone to Boulogne."

"But the French way-bill says the mails go twice a day from Dover."

"Very likely; but *our* way-bill says nothing about it; nor Bradshaw either." He was right there, and the more shame for Bradshaw.

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The route from Calais to Paris has one inconvenience, viz., the necessity of twice changing carriages at Lille and at Douai. The result of this compulsory *déménagement*, when the trains are crowded, is a scramble for places, as general as in the blessed days of the Provisional Government, which, at night, is any thing but agreeable. I speak advisedly, having, after many vain efforts to discover a vacant corner, been thrust by the guard, just as the train was starting, into a place occupied by a sleeping spaniel, the travelling companion of a pretty French woman, half buried in velvet and sable, and herself the—I hardly dare say legitimate—property of a bilious-looking man in a white coat, en route to Paris from Cologne. I pass over the yelps of the spaniel, and my own apologies to its fair owner, more particularly as I have an indistinct recollection of falling asleep in the middle of them, and not thoroughly waking until we arrived at the Paris *débarcadère*.

The *Paradis des Femmes*, thanks to several days of uninterrupted fine weather, looks at this moment even gayer and pleasanter than usual. The Champs Elysées are thronged with equestrians and pedestrians, and a very fair sprinkling of carriages; including many coquettish little Broughams, tenanted by pretty bonnets, and their still prettier wearers. The boulevards present the same animated aspect as heretofore, with their motley crowds of *flâneurs*, newspaper-criers, and *coco* (not cocoa) vendors, relieved by an occasional *Gardien de Paris*, whom you involuntarily expect to come out with an ay—ay—yo, or a lur—li—e—ty; so much does his costume resemble that of a Tyrolean minstrel.

The *cafés* are looking up a little; I had not dined at the *Trois Frères* for some months, when I was one of three individuals present; two days ago I made the odd man over a dozen, so evidently *il y a progrès*.

Gold-seeking is almost as much the rage here as in England, and would probably be more so, were not people a little sick of expeditions since the bursting of the Icarian bubble. The other day an old gentleman, whose daughter's hand had just been solicited by a penniless youth, thus alluded to the circumstance while in conversation with a friend.

"Figures-vous, mon cher; il n'a pas le sou, et il veut épouser Hortense."

"Eh bien?"

"Eh bien! je l'ai envoyé—"

"Promener?"

"Non—Californiser!"

And now for the theatres. Republic or no republic, people seem to care little about the matter after six P. M., wisely preferring amusement to politics, unless in the shape of a sly squib like "*La Foire aux Idées*" at the *Vaudeville*. The success of this piece, backed by "*La Propriété c'est le Vol*," is almost unprecedented. The receipts average nightly 4300 to 4400 francs, and as yet there appears no sign of a change for the worse. Madame Octave contributes not a little to this *furor*, being not only a handsome woman (barring her teeth) with a splendid figure, beautiful hair, and an uncommonly wicked pair of eyes, but a nice singer and a lively actress. I think she will make a very useful *soubrette* by-and-by, when the reign of actualities finishes, and literary pieces come once more into vogue, if they ever do. As it is, they are at a lamentable discount, and more's the pity, for if the *censure* be re-established, as every one says must soon happen, adieu to many piquant hits and allusions, in-

The Habitué's Note-book.

cluding a couplet against *les rouges*, sung in a piece produced the other night at the Montanais, with the taking title of "*Habit, Veste et Calotte*."

Madame Doche has just signed a fresh engagement for three years at the Vaudeville; and as Arnal has also renewed his allegiance to the same theatre, it may fairly be presumed that

There's a good time coming !

A propos of Madame Doche ; she played one night at Lille not long ago for the benefit of *Bardou jeune*, once manager in that town, and now actor at the Variétés. The pieces were "*l'Image*" and "*les Trois Loges*." Hours before the opening of the doors, crowds were assembled about the theatre, and when the performances actually commenced, not only was the house crowded to suffocation, but even the sanctity of the *coulisses* was invaded even to the stage-manager's room. So profitable a *soirée* had never been known at Lille, as the books of the theatre unquestionably prove ; the receipts exceeding by several hundred francs those *encaissées* during the representations of Mademoiselle Rachel and Madame Stoltz. *Couplets* called for again and again, and, above all, the delicious *couplet* final of "*l'Image*," impromptu verses and madrigals, wreaths, bouquets, and laurel-crowns showered in the most lavish profusion on the stage ; and every now and then a perfect hurricane of bravos and acclamations from *avant-scène* to *balcon*, from *parterre* to *paradis*—such was the reception of Madame Doche at Lille. On the following day Monsieur le Maire called on the charming actress, personally to express a hope that she would soon repeat her visit, adding, with a smile,

"Je ne vous engagerais pas à revenir, madame, si notre salle était moins solidement bâtie qu'elle n'est."

"Et pourquoi cela, monsieur ?"

"Parceque vous la feriez crouler !"

No theatre in Paris has suffered more from the revolution than the Gymnase, nor do I know any one who has a better right than my worthy acquaintance, M. Montigny, to anathematise the republic in the words of *Harnali*—

Je t'haïs ! je t'haïs ! je ne peux pas te voir.

Je t'haïs le matin, et je t'haïs le soir,

Soit que je reste assis, soit que je me promène,

Je t'haïs le dimanche, et toute la semaine.

For months the receipts have been almost nominal, piece after piece has been produced and withdrawn with melancholy rapidity, and each successive novelty has proved as unserviceable as the spades and muskets fabricated for Californian emigration and the Irish rebellion. As a last hope, M. Montigny lately bethought himself of invoking the aid of the mighty magician Scibe, and what was the result ? "*Les Filles du Docteur*," another of those little dramatic gems with which the author of "*Le Mariage du Raison*" has so liberally enriched the *répertoire* of the Gymnase. In it Rose Chéri has voluntarily resigned the leading character in favour of Mademoiselle Daloca, a young *transfuge* from

* The point lies in the following extract :

Plus d'un homard ne veut plus être rouge,
Car il prétend que les rouges sont cuits.

the Théâtre Français, who might prove a dangerous rival to Mademoiselle Melcy were she to study art less and nature more. "Time works wonders," says Mr. Douglas Jerrold, a saying as consolatory as it is true. Arnal was once a *figurant*, and Mademoiselle Maria a *trottin*. Perhaps some day Mademoiselle Dalloca may wake up a Rachel. *Quien sabe?*

A real solemnity was the first representation of the last* episode in Dumas's long *Odyssée*, "*La Jeunesse des Mousquetaires*," a piece which, both as regards *mise en scène* and acting, is a worthy pendant to the "*Chevalier de Maison Rouge*." Here's a cast for you.

<i>D'Artagnan</i>	Mélingue.
<i>Athos</i>	Clarence.
<i>Buckingham</i>	Laferrière.
<i>Bonacieux</i>	Boutin.
<i>Louis XIII.</i>	Pierron.
<i>Milady</i>	Mademoiselle Persou.
<i>Madame Bonacieux</i>	Madame Rey.

The latter lady excited so much interest towards the close that, just as she was on the point of swallowing the poison offered her by *Milady*, a terror-struck spectator in the stalls exclaimed with the greatest eagerness, "Ne buvez pas, madame, ne buvez pas!"

I never saw a more admirable *tableau* on any stage than the duel between the *mousquetaires* and the cardinal's guards; four against four, red against white. One would have thought the audience one mass of republicans, so vigorously did they cheer Mélingue as he disposed of Richelieu's men one after another. Then the closing scene so fearful and impressive, with its group of avengers and *Milady* in the midst, a statue-like image of despair! Then her last harrowing shriek, and in the distance the deep solemn cry of the *bourreau*,—

"Laissez passer la justice de Dieu!"

Brrrr! it was enough to make a salamander shiver!

I can imagine no *fête gayer* or more entertaining than the Bal d'Enfans recently given at the Jardin d'Hiver. Nearly 5000 persons of all ages responded by their presence to the appeal of the *affiches* with which every blank wall in Paris had been liberally garnished, and of these about a fifth part were children, mostly in costume.† One quadrille in particular attracted my attention; it was composed of a Pierrot and Pierrette, a *berger* and *bergère*, a *Débardeur* and a *Hussard*, a *Garde-Française* and a *Paysanne bretonne*; not one of the eight being above three years old or more than a yard high. Powdered perukes, rouge and patches were the order of the day; and most amusing was it to witness the delight of these little beings when Strauss and his band, who had

* Last according to the order of production, but more properly first, the drama of the Ambigu being the sequel of the present piece; like that of the mountebank's horse, the tail is where the head should be.

† Placards were affixed in conspicuous places about the *salle*, requesting that "les enfans égarés de leurs parens" might be taken to the *contrôle*, where—like missing parasols or walking-sticks—they would be "kept till called for."

previously executed a most cacophonous concert with the aid of rattles and *mirlitons*, suddenly threw their instruments into the middle of the *salle* to be scrambled for. At this *fête* (which lasted from twelve at noon to five in the evening) I observed the olive branches of several *artistes dramatiques*; indeed, two of the prettiest and most elegant children present were undoubtedly Mademoiselle Cécile Regnier and Mademoiselle Marie Doche.

Paris, February 20, 1849.

P.S. *Un clou chasse l'autre*. Poor *habitué*! no sooner is he snugly domiciled within a stone's throw of the Boulevards, the Palais Royal, and the Bourse (for which latter advantage he is hardly as grateful as he ought to be, having too much regard for his fingers to burn them), than duty, imperious, unrelenting duty, summons him away; and whither? To Bath and Bristol; but not to eat buns or invest money in the purchase of Bristol board—no, no, solely and simply to “assist” at the amateur theatricals, the mere announcement of which had furnished a never-failing and universal theme of conversation for the previous month, to the utter exclusion of California, Pendennis, and financial reform. Amateur acting, to be endurable, must be either very good or very bad: one should be able to laugh *with* the performers or *at* them. Don't be alarmed, gentlemen; the last clause in the sentence is not for you; “Richelieu” and the “Captain of the Watch” deserve better treatment.

Macready's excellent impersonation of the *Cardinal* is a “great fact,” but Mr. Davidson's conception of the character is hardly—if at all—inferior. An amateur, indeed! Where will you find a non-professional tread the stage with such ease and such *aplomb*, or enter so naturally, so thoroughly into the spirit of his part? If Mr. Davidson himself were to vouch for the fact, we would not believe him, but would reply in the words of Warille to Mr. Tupman,

“You're an old hand, you've been out before.”

Colonel Charles Seymour lent the aid of his handsome face and gallant bearing to the French monarch: for the sake of the latter, we wish we could say that the portrait was not flattered.

The part of *Captain of the Watch* (or *Chevalier du Guet*) fell, as a matter of right to the share of Captain de Bathe, who appears to great advantage in it, even with the recollection of Lafont still fresh in one's memory. The *récit* in the scene between him and the uncle (most drolly played by that Proteus, Mr. Davidson) was capitally given, and not even the ghost of a point lost.

The satellites of these stars (I do not include Mrs. Nisbett and Miss Jane Mordaunt, of whose talents it would be as futile for me to speak as to “paint the lily”), exerted themselves to the utmost; nor should it be forgotten that for the excellent *ensemble* of, and the effect produced by, these representations, credit is mainly due to the indefatigable stage-manager, Mr. Charles Taylor.

Somme toute, a great and glorious hit, a charming and perpetual *souvenir* for Bath, Bristol, and their respective *environs*. Bravo, Mr. Davidson! Bravo, Captain De Bathe! Bravo, *tout le monde*! *Nom d'un nom*, how my hands ache!

THE THEATRES.

Our readers may not be aware that in the theatrical year there are two periods of extreme brilliancy—Christmas and Easter. These are, as it were, *nuclei* of a light, which is diffused over several weeks, and then gradually diminishes, till we get from *penumbra* into *umbra*, and are forced to be content with darkness. The autumnal part of the year, and the part just preceding Easter, are the most critical in the eyes of an experienced manager. If by any extraordinary attraction he can bring his public together at these two epochs, the problem of success is solved, for during the five weeks after Christmas and Easter, the theatres can almost take care of themselves.

For the Haymarket, the Windsor Castle theatricals have proved a most fortunate event. Not only is the London public remarkably fond of seeing her majesty, but even the act of seeing what her majesty has seen causes a pleasing emotion. Mr. Webster has had the opportunity of giving weight to nearly every one of his pieces, by announcing it "as performed at Windsor Castle before her majesty, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, &c., &c.," and thus he has kept up a constant excitement, when the natural attraction of Christmas has been on the wane. All the dramas, in which Mr. and Mrs. Kean have acted, after producing them in the Castle, have drawn excellent audiences, and certainly something like a general stimulus to theatrical activity, beyond the Haymarket Theatre, may be traced to the Windsor performances. "Hamlet" seems, on the whole, to have been the favourite play. The *Prince of Denmark* is unquestionably the best character in Mr. Kean's *repertoire*, finished to the highest pitch of elaboration, and replete with genuine feeling. The *Hamlet* of Mr. Kean had not been seen for many years, and we may say, that in its late revival, it fairly "took the town." Those who went to see it because it was the fashion, returned with real admiration of the actor.

The Lyceum, with the exception of a light vaudeville or so, has produced no novelty since Christmas. At this house burlesque and elegant spectacle (under which head we include such pieces as the "Court Beauties") do not form the supplement to an evening's entertainment, but are the *pièces de resistance* of the establishment, and a properly constructed Lyceum bill sets forth three pieces, viz. : a light elegant vaudeville, the burlesque or spectacle, and a farce of some breadth. The old Olympic programme was generally composed of four short pieces, but this miscellaneous fare is found almost too light for so large a house as the Lyceum. Just at this period of the year, the manager should be prepared with a work of importance, so as to catch the town, when they have seen enough of the Christmas *fêerie*. In our next we hope to record some production of the sort.

At the Olympic, an experiment of quite a novel kind has been made upon the public, with a piece called the "Hemlock Draught," adapted by Mr. Oxenford from the "*Ciguë*" of M. Augier. In France it is quite an ordinary practice to lay the scene of a short drama in Greece or Rome, and to elaborate the dialogue with the care which is usually bestowed on a verse-comedy. Here the practice is unknown; and it

was a bold step on the part of Mr. Spicer, the director of the Olympic, to bring before his public a piece in an unusual costume, and with all that absence of action and studied elegance of language, which belongs to the French classical school. The stage has been fitted up as an Athenian apartment, in a style worthy of the Lyceum; the principal characters are acted by Mr. Leigh Murray and Mrs. Stirling, better than they could have been played by any one in London, except Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean.

The success of this piece proves an important fact; namely, that the English public is ready to accept a kind of fare different from that which has usually been deemed indispensable. At a certain period of the drama, the stage was so completely deluged with tragedies, founded on classical subjects, that a reaction was produced; and it was laid down, as a managerial axiom, that no piece in the antique costume could possibly succeed, unless in the shape of burlesque. The weight of Serjeant Talfourd's name, founded on his high legal and literary position, is so great, that "Ion" and the "Athenian Captive" could scarcely be quoted as exceptions to the general rule. The "Antigone" at Covent Garden, came with all the *prestige* of Sophocles, and was sure to attract the classical scholars, who would be anxious to see how a real Greek tragedy, with the appurtenance of a chorus, could be done at all on the modern stage. Add to this—the music of the chorus was composed by Mendelssohn, and, therefore, secured the attendance of all the musical amateurs and professors. Now, Mr. Spicer has made his experiment without the advantage of any *prestige*; for "La Ciguë," though much admired in Paris, is not known to the generality of London play-goers; and if his success leads to results of importance, we hope it will not be forgotten that he was the first to break the ice.

The Olympic Theatre stands in a peculiar locality. Madame Vestris, by a management unprecedented for brilliancy, raised it to the top of the fashion, but subsequent lessees allowed it to fall into utter disrepute. Mr. Spicer, who is a poetical dramatist, and, moreover, a gentleman of considerable attainments, has the problem before him of making his house approximate to its old position. With Adelphi melo-dramas, acted as well as London can act them, or with Adelphi farces, supported by Wright and Bedford, he cannot hope to compete. As little can he expect to cope with the Lyceum vaudeville, sustained by Mathews, or the Lyceum spectacle, illustrated by the pencil of Beverley. His policy, therefore, is to take up a ground left untouched by his neighbours, and hence the attempt to introduce a new species of drama is as judicious as it is bold.

Mrs. Mowatt, the American authoress, actress, and—let it be added—beauty, seems to have settled herself very comfortably at the Marylebone Theatre. The house is a good way off, but if our readers like to see a very charming person, of the ideal school, and some very nice acting, not the less agreeable because there is a touch of the amateur about it, they will not find their cab-hire ill-spent.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MY UNCLE THE CURATE.*

There was not another such a strapping fellow in all the diocese—nay, in all the arch-diocese, in either Protestant establishment, Catholic Church, or Presbyterian Synod. Hercules Woodward stood six feet three inches in his stocking-feet, and he was broad and brawny in proportion. Though possessing a giant's strength, however, you soon perceived that he was not the man to make giant-like use of it. He had the honestest, though roughest set of features imaginable; a face as massive and strongly marked as those which sculptors assign to river-gods—a high, bald forehead, bushy, reddish whiskers, and good-humoured, but powerful eyes, over which a pair of enormous brows beetled.

Such was the person, omitting, for want of space, the equally characteristic dress of "My Uncle the Curate," whom the intelligent reader will at once surmise, from the allusions above, to have held his curacy in the sister isle; and not only was that the case, but its site was in the most remote and picturesque part of the land—on one of the fiords, or rock-bound islets of Donegal. A more amiable, simple, yet warm-hearted, honest, and manly character was never depicted by the pen of a novelist. But to be an uncle there must be nephews or nieces, and there were in this case both, and these not far away, for the worthy curate had wedded the rector's sister (as worthy a personage in her way, was Aunt Carry as Uncle Hercules himself), and the parsonage stood on the northern side of the fiord, the town of Redcross and the curacy on the eastern. The domestic circle at the parsonage was composed of the Rev. Mr. Spencer, an easy quiet gentlemanly man; Mrs. Spencer, wife by a second marriage, a discontented, intractable, selfish woman, who had been an invalid, and a most vexatious one, ever since the birth of her youngest child; an eldest son, Sydney, who from having been carelessly looked after, so far from being his father's comfort or pride, was beginning to give him much uneasiness, and was destined to give him more; an eldest daughter, Arabella, tall, fair, and handsome, but vain, haughty, and petulant; and a second, Elizabeth, in whom the spirits of love and knowledge—the seraphic and cherubic characters, to borrow the old Rabbinical distinction—were beautifully blended, and a host of little things of no importance to the story.

Sydney Spencer's boon companion was a dissolute, dissipated, vicious young man, Dawson by name, who inherited a neglected country mansion in the neighbourhood, yclept Castle Dawson, but who led a kind of oscillating life between Donegal and London, appearing and disappearing suspiciously, but having always some plausible account to give of himself. At this man's house, Sydney fell in company with two London scamps, who had been brought down by Dawson to ship off clandestinely some of the pictures, busts, and other valuables from the castle. These men not only seduce young Sydney into gambling and carousing, but they also rob him of a pistol, with which they afterwards commit an assault upon a tithe-proctor—Mr. Randall Maguire—and which pistol, discovered on the spot, as well as a bank-note, the residue of a gambling transaction with the real scamps, traced back to Sydney, involve the unfortunate young man in charges of most heinous character.

* A Novel. By the Author of "The Bachelor of the Albany" and the "Falcon Family." 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

The whole gist of the story hangs upon this circumstance. The young girls have both, in the meantime, got lovers and made engagements for life; the pert Arabella had got a fitting lover in the vain, frivolous, empty-pated Dabzac, a colonel of a non-existing regiment of militia; while the beautiful Elizabeth had won a more becoming prize, in a young Cambridge man, somewhat too delicate in his manners and fastidious in his taste, but who improves afterwards, and who is carried to the fiord of Redcross on a yachting trip, with an excellent cousin and good companion, Mr. Markham. The sad event of the robbery at the Black Castle brings misery and dismay into the midst of this hitherto happy family circle. Mrs. Spencer insisted upon police, military, nay, artillery, to garrison the house, and a wretch of an Abigail, who afterwards tampers with the letters when postmistress at Redcross, is alone able to quiet her with large doses of morphine; Sydney, himself, half-cowed at the circumstances in which he is placed, is uncertain how to act, and without energy to arrive at the truth; Uncle Hercules, towering over all around him like a dromedary in a flock of sheep, is busy exploring every nook and corner in the land, himself and his stout cudgel, sole companions in the search, brought at one moment into immediate contact with one of the robbers at the top of a ruinous tower, at another smashing bottles, crockery, and furniture at Dawson Castle, after a forcible abduction of Elizabeth by the miscreant Dawson; and, lastly, by his almost undivided and persevering efforts, clearing Sydney of the untoward charges which hung like a black cloud upon the family, which had brought the father almost to ruin, and impeded the settlement in life of his sister.

To say that this story is well told, that the characters are ably delineated, the localities well and distinctly brought out, and the circumstances of life, and habits, and manners in remote Donegal, are accurately delineated, is saying little. Every thing is first rate, every touch is of nature or of a skill that rivals nature. Most persons in reading the history of the Island of Higgleddy-Piggleddy will deem it the best satire penned on Ireland since the days of Dean Swift, but we think it is more pointed than even any thing the worthy dean himself ever wrote; nor is the strong-headed curate less energetic against that idleness, which stands like a lion in the pathway of the Irish peasant, and that dependence upon others which leads them to seek for every amelioration and every benefit from the sister country, instead of deriving such from their own industry and exertions. The author is not like too many writers of the present day, satirical merely for the sake of saying smart things, nor does he run a tilt with humanity in all its phases; when he does chastise, it is for a purpose, and a goodly one, and throughout this as throughout his former works there is a variety, a freshness, a fullness and vigour rarely, if ever, to be met with in the teemings of the popular literature of the day.

MORDAUNT HALL; OR, A SEPTEMBER NIGHT.*

HENRIETTA, the author of such popular stories as the "Two Old Men's Tales," and "Emilia Wyndham," has devoted her powers of language and description to depicting the mistakes, errors, and difficulties of those who, upon the whole, were well-meaning; to the evils entailed by such faults upon the innocent, and the obstruction by them laid in the paths

* Mordaunt Hall; or, a September Night. A Novel. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

of the pious and the good. The present story is one, however, of a totally different cast and character; the author revels, and that with a detail that rends the heart, in the deeper and darker mysteries that lie beneath—the mysteries of sin.

"To-day," says the authoress, "a darker spirit comes over me: will you enter the cloud with me, and, without murmuring or revolting at the gloom which covers you, behold the results of vice?"

And a truly appalling sight it is as thus presented to us! A sweet melody that merely serves to introduce discord and inharmonious sounds, a pleasant garden that leads the way to loathsome dens. Nothing can be more enticing than the abode of that philosophic recluse, the aged Feversham, nothing more beautiful and innocent than his sweet only daughter Miriam. When the dark cloud comes in the shape of Ridley, we shudder instinctively, and the very smile of the young, rich, and intellectual profligate repels, like the fitful flash of lightning, that alone can illumine that dark cloud. But when virtue succumbs, and innocence and happiness are wrecked at the altar of passion, and when the trusting, doating parent is struck down paralytic by the blow—the whole effect is appalling. Never did we read scenes so painfully wrought up as fill the first volume of "Mordaunt Hall." It is a positive relief to feel assured that such things are not. Fathers, even though secluded from the world, teachers of youth, albeit of philosophic mood, do not bring up beloved daughters in ignorance of all moral and religious precepts; they do not supplant the Holy Writ by the works of Rousseau and of Miss Wolstonecraft. When woman sins through such wondrous ignorance as is made to beset Miriam, it is in a totally different station of life. Marmontel's *Shepherdess* is the only parallel.

Death has in kindness relieved the broken-hearted parent, and Ridley is wedded to one in his own sphere, when clothed in long-braided tresses hanging down around her face and shoulders, dripping with water, which streamed from hair and vesture; her face pale as the water-lily, supporting a small tender infant, which she gently lays at the father's feet, Miriam appeared to him who had so basely wronged her. That same September night, after depositing her child at the door of Mordaunt Hall, Miriam had buried her griefs and her wrongs in the water's depths.

Gideon, as the deserted child is called, adopted by Calantha, deformed in body but beautiful in mind—and brought up by a wealthy squire, Mr. Chandos, who is married to a sister of Calantha's, thrives in mind and body, carries away all the honours at school and college, and lives to be confronted with his unnatural parent, who, after rising to the utmost political eminence as a statesman, has yet ever been haunted by the apparition of that September night, and is at last justly humbled by his own son. This accomplished Gideon passes away to the world of the just, and adds one more to so many catastrophes. It is a fearful story of sin and its results, but the first and last scenes alluded to are almost unparalleled for effective situation.

CORRESPONDENCE OF SCHILLER.*

It is difficult in a country like this, where enthusiasm in poetry and art is so tamed down by cold conventionalities, and by a still more formal

* Correspondence of Schiller with Körner. Comprising Sketches and Anecdotes of Goethe, the Schlegels, Wieland, and other Contemporaries, with Biographical Sketches and Notes. By Leonard Simpson, Esq. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

utilitarianism, to imagine a letter like the following, laying the basis of a friendly, confidential, and well-sustained correspondence, destined to endure for life.

June, 1784.

In an age when art degrades itself more and more, and becomes the slave of rich and powerful sensualism, it is well that a great man comes forward and shows what human nature is still capable of. The better portion of mankind, weary of their fellow-men, and yearning for something great amid the turmoil of the depraved beings who surround them, assuage their thirst, feel an impulse which raises them above their fellows, and gather courage to continue on the path which leads to a worthy goal. They then feel the wish to press the hand of their benefactor, to show him their tears of joy and enthusiasm, in order that he also may find strength, should he ever be harassed by the doubt, whether the men of his generation were worthy of his labours. This was the reason why I and three other persons, all worthy of reading your works, have jointly written to express to you our thanks, and our admiration of you. To prove that I understand you, I have endeavoured to set one of your songs to music. When I shall have shown you that, though in a different art, I also belong to the salt of the earth, it will then be high time to mention my name. For the present it is of no moment.

This letter was accompanied by the portraits of Körner and of his friend Huber, as also by those of Minna (Anna Maria Stock), soon afterwards married to Körner, and of Dora (Johanna Dorothea Stock), her sister. Schiller, however, did not answer the friendly overture for seven months, when, as he himself says, chance—a lovely sunset—recalled the originals of the portraits to his mind, and he sat down and wrote to them a letter full of impulse. He assured them that their letters and presents had caused him more pleasure than any thing that had occurred to him during the whole course of his literary pursuits, and that it was to them that he was indebted for his peace of mind, and for having revoked the curse which he had uttered in his affliction upon his vocation as a poet!

Such was the commencement of a correspondence which, beginning in 1784, the year after Schiller's first connexion with the theatre at Mannheim, portrays more faithfully all that concerns both the internal and external life of that great man, than any biography could do, however ably written. Schiller, born in 1759, had written poems in 1775, when Goethe, Lessing, and Klopstock were the sources from whence he breathed inspiration, and he also, at that early period of life, began the study of Shakespeare. He afterwards abandoned poetry for a time, published a treatise, entitled "The Philosophy of Physiology," and another "On the Connexion between the Animal and Moral Nature of Man," which procured for him the appointment of surgeon in the army. How many professional treatises might a man publish in this country before it would earn for him a similar tribute? Such a thing was never known. In 1781, Schiller, however, returned to his first impulses with all the affection of a lover who had forsaken a faithful mistress, and he published a volume which contained, among other things, his "Robbers," and which he shortly afterwards was requested by Privy-Councillor Schwan to arrange for the stage. A political allusion in the play having displeased the duke, Schiller repaired to Franconia, where, for some time, he found a welcome at the country seat of Baroness Wellaugen, till, at the end of the same year, 1783, he went to Mannheim, and entered into close connexion with the theatre. His correspondence opens at this epoch with allusions to the disgust which he had felt at the persecutions which he had had to encounter at the very onset of his poetical career; it

follows him to Leipzig, Dresden, and Weimar,—through his intimacy with Herder, Wieland, and Goethe,—in his various characters as an historical writer, a servant of the state, a professor at Jena, and a domestic man,—in his connexion with “The Horen,” in which he was associated with Kant, Klopstock, the Schlegels, Humboldt, and a host of other celebrities, as well as those above mentioned, and whose friendship drew closer and closer to him as life progressed, and continued till his own “Bell” tolled his passing away from a world of constant exertion. A book of more varied matter has been seldom left by a man to posterity. It is full of the finest criticisms upon poetry, literature, art, and philosophy, and it is altogether one of the most comprehensive pictures yet given to the public, of the German mind during its most remarkably literary epoch—its Augustan age.

CROMWELL DOOLAN.*

OUR friend Sir Richard Levinge has stamped himself, by his “Cromwell Doolan,” a novelist and humorist of the first water. The birth and parentage of his hero is at the onset wrapped in an amount of mystery and crime that in any other country but Ireland could only belong to the middle ages. The scenery of these events is also sketched with a familiar and an able pen. A capital character of a soldier of the old school, Colonel Scabbart, a disappointed man, a laborious writer for the *United Service Journal*, the inventor of a hundred weapons, missiles, and accoutrements, engaged in a paper war with a host who sign themselves “Helmet,” “Shako,” “Ramrod,” &c., and who ultimately dies broken-hearted upon the discovery of gun-cotton and Warner’s long range, forces the service upon young Cromwell Doolan.

The examination at Sandhurst is a fine touch of humour, and before leaving college, full well does our young hero pay off masters and tutors for all the little inconveniences that discipline and education had obliged him to undergo. The interior economy of an officer’s quarters and a professed military lady-killer, Philip Augustus Filagree, or the “Muffin worrier,” as he is more familiarly called, pass next in review, to which our hero’s introduction to the service, through the musical Major Bassoon forms a climax.

Once more the adjutant repeated—“Mr. Cromwell Doolan’s come to join;” and finding that no notice was taken of either, closed the door, and left our hero confronting the musician.

The last announcement, however, was not lost upon the major; for, without once taking his eyes off his music-book, he set our hero to music thus:—

“Cromwell Doolan’s come to join, come to join, come to join; Cromwell Doolan’s come to join, come to join, come to join.”

Cromwell hesitated for a moment—burst into a loud fit of laughter, and bolted out of the room.

The black sheep (and is there not one in most regiments?) in that to which Cromwell was attached, was another Emerald—one Ensign Cornelius O’Toole,—a raw and unlicked cub; and it is in the chivalrous defence of the fair daughter of a regimental serjeant, against the rudeness of this O’Toole, that commences an attachment of a different character to that entertained by Cromwell towards his corps; and it is upon

* Cromwell Doolan; or, Life in the Army. By the Author of “Echoes from the Backwoods,” &c. &c. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

the difficulties entailed by this passion, the enmity of O'Toole, the varying fortunes of Hamey Crosbie, a persecuted teacher, then an old general's nominal wife, and lastly, wedded to Cromwell in her true character of Kathleen, the kidnapped daughter of Lord Dinmore, Cromwell being himself, not a Doolan, but an O'Neil, that the gist of the sentimental portion of the story lies.

It is, however, in the sketches of life, the exploits of the body militant in piping days of peace, and the amusing sketches of travel and continental localities, that the interest of the work is really concentrated. Cromwell turned barber, Filagree in love with Phemy O'Shaughnessy, and the latter pirating the *bêtise* of Miss Edgeworth's heroine.

"Quit, captain! och! my shoe!"

The "Muffin worrier" stripped by the Irish labourers, his cotton-shirt, stamped all over with red figures of ballet-dancers in the act of making wonderful *pas de force*, exciting the exclamation,—

"Och, by my shoul, Tim! that bangs Banagher! As I'm a sinner, they are all famples!"

Mademoiselle Prunella Melnotte discarding Filagree, because his nation behaved so ill to Napoleon; the old governor shooting tame ducks at St. Roque; the "Muffin worrier" cut by Muley Hassan at Tangiers; the experiences of Chintz; the retired bag-man in the Green Island; the theft of the sandwiches poisoned for a dog; the practical jokes of the guard, M'Clusky; the imaginary kissing on passing through a railway tunnel; and the accident that happened to Filagree's *pantalon de gomme elastique*, with the latter's final devotion to Agnes, the fair Kathleen's step-daughter; are full of sparkling merriment, which relieves admirably the more painful scenes that occur at Gibraltar, and our hero's sentimental loves on the shores and on the waters of that most beautiful of lakes—il Lago di Como.

SHAKSPEARE.*

THIS is a work of considerable merit, which we have, by accident, omitted to notice before. Much as has been done to illustrate the life of our immortal bard—searching archives—deciphering monuments—criticising texts, and discovering facts and relics that bear in any way upon the details of his social position and career—the picturesque and the romantic aspect of that life have been seldom prominently brought forward. Yet there is much in the life of Shakspeare to which both these sources of enjoyment pre-eminently attach themselves. His birth-place, and favourite abode, is a most picturesque site. The old house itself—"the home of Shakspeare"—with its dormer windows and gable, its deep porch, projecting parlour and bay window, is acknowledged, on all hands, to have been "exceedingly picturesque;" the interior, with its large and roomy fire-place, its mantel-tree a solid beam of oak, and old oak chair, was such as frequently employed the rare talents of Ostade. The Grammar School, a true old English-looking building, and with the attached chapel of the Guild, a good specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of the reign of Henry VII., are all beauties concentrated within the town itself; but the neighbourhood is also quite as rich in mementoes. The quiet field-path, along which the poet must so oft have wandered in the evening to his "lady-love," is known to most admirers of Shakspeare.

* The Poet, the Lover, the Actor, the Man. A Romance. By Henry Curling, Author of "John of England," &c. 3 vols. Richard Bentley.

Most rural and luxuriant is the landscape which meets the eye all around: corn-fields, and pasture-land, and snug farms; the old-fashioned gables of Shottery before; the wood-embosomed houses of Stratford behind; where, from among the trees, shoots up the elegant spire of one of the most beautiful of our country churches. Proceeding down a lane, and crossing a brook, we reach Anne Hathaway's cottage, a long thatched tenement of timber and plaster, built, like most Warwickshire cottages, upon square slabs. Within this house is an old carved bedstead, certainly as old as the Shaksperian era, and from the back the view is even more picturesque than in front. Tall trees overshadow the cottage, and a rustic stile opens the way into a meadow, where stand some half-timbered cottages as old as the home of the Hathaways. There is, indeed, much to interest the student—lover of the old rural life of England in Shottery.

Above all, we have the woods and glades, and the ancient mansion of Charlecote, the scene of the deer-stealing adventures; nor is London itself wanting in interesting reminiscences of the time of Shakspeare. There was no lack of materials, both for the romantic and the picturesque, and Mr. Curling has availed himself of them with taste and ability. The scene opens with the young poet in the park-like scenery of Clopton Hall, his early sonnets, inspired by Charlotte Clopton, a rescue from an infuriated bull, and a first love. We then turn to Stratford-upon-Avon; John Shakspeare's difficulties, the Falcon tavern, and the plots of the Jesuits, alternate with pleasantly-imagined domestic scenes—young Will Shakspeare in converse with his beloved mother in the house in Henley Street. Then we have the fray at the Chequers, and the plague, to which Shakspeare's first love fell a victim. These sad and turbulent scenes are succeeded after a time by pleasing pictures of rural life—the wooing of Anne Hathaway, followed by a marriage; and soon after, by the deer-stealing frolic, and the lampoon that ensued upon the persecutions which that freak entailed, and which Mr. Curling is careful to attribute to one Pouncet Grasp, a villanous lawyer, and not to the chivalrous Sir Thomas. Next we have the flight to London, the poor player at the Globe and the theatre at the Blackfriars, the rising player at court, and the poet and his patrons, and then his friends; scenes diversified by sketches of intimate life at the Boar's Head in East Cheap and in his London home, and by sketches of public life, the threatened Spanish invasion, and the camp at Tilbury.

The work is pleasantly brought to an end by Shakspeare's return to that town upon which his mind was fixed with an endearing affection through life. It is, indeed, in every point of view, a very delightful sketch of the poet's life; and it is replete with graphic descriptions of the various localities and points of interest connected with a career to which the deepest interest attaches itself, and probably will do so, so long as the language he wrote in exists.

A BOOK FOR A CORNER.*

It would be difficult to make out whether Leigh Hunt's fervour is greatest in favour of books or of gardens. He grows so enthusiastic when

* *A Book for a Corner*; or, Selections in Prose and verse from authors best suited to that mode of enjoyment: with comments on each, and a general introduction. By Leigh Hunt. Illustrated with eight wood engravings, from designs by F. W. Huime, and J. Franklin. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

speaking of either, quotes so many instances of happiness, and sometimes greatness, achieved by devotion to each, that we are fain to take refuge in the pleasing notion that neither is complete without the other, and that they are best taken together.

Gladly would we, in the spirit sought for, have quoted and commented upon Sir W. Temple's *Thoughts in Retirement*, Cowley's *Thoughts on a Garden*, and the editor's able exposition of what a country-house and grounds ought to comprise; but publishers and circumstances, as fatal to all original intentions as they are to author's title-pages, have infringed upon the original notion. There is a "corner" in active life as well as in retirement, and Mr. Leigh Hunt was bade to direct his attention to it. He began, therefore, with a Letter addressed to an Infant, and finished with the Elegy in the Churchyard. He introduced into his selection examples of what he calls "knaveries and other half-witted activities out in the world, and of terrors and tragedies in solitude."

But while he thus obeyed his instructions and produced undoubtedly a more various and generally acceptable couple of volumes, his heart still dwelt with his original idea, and he cherished to the last, the balmy, not the exciting part of his work.

The very greatest genius (he proclaims in meditative language), after all, is not the greatest thing in the world, any more than the greatest city in the world is the country or the sky. It is a concentration of some of its greatest powers, but it is not the greatest diffusion of its might. It is not the habit of its success, the stability of its serenity. And this is what readers like ourselves desire to feel and know. The greatest use of genius is but to subserve that end; to further the means of enjoying it, and to freshen and keep it pure; as the winds and thunders, which come rarely, are purifiers of the sweet fields, which are abiding.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

We regret to be obliged, from want of space, to give brief notices this month of several new works of merit. *The Hall and the Manor House*, a novel in three volumes, published by T. C. Newby, is an able and amusing tirade against the social evils of family pride when carried to an irrelevant extent. With a manly unprejudiced brother to back him, we have no apprehensions at the onset, as to the ultimate success of the briefless barrister, although a change in the succession originates difficulties where least expected. The story is well written, and it flows on smoothly and pleasantly enough, but it wants freshness and vigour.

"What a large volume of adventures," said the author of the "*Sentimental Journey*," "may be grasped within this little span of life by him who interests his heart in every thing." So deemed the "very old lady," when she wrote her *Goals and Guerdens*; or, *The Chronicles of a Life*, published in two volumes, by Charles Ollier. Nor was she altogether wrong. Her chronicles are of a pleasing, desultory character. The sentiment is, especially for an old lady, a little overwrought, and the society taken from a sphere one degree higher than her ladyship appears to be either familiar or intimate with, but the touches of life are replete with feeling, and the incidents are sufficiently various and interesting to carry on the reader per force to the conclusion.—*The Life of Maximilien Robespierre*, with extracts from his unpublished correspondence, by G. H. Lewes, and published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, is a piece of serious and laborious biography, the more interesting, as, excepting the notices in dictionaries, &c., no records of a career which, with all its faults, has certainly left a deep impression on men's minds, have hitherto been marshalled together. Mr. Lewes, although he interprets differently some of the facts, acknowledges his obligations to M. de Lamartine, than whom no one had previously bestowed the care with which portions of Robespierre's life are traced in "*L'Histoire des Girondins*." The new MS. letters were, it appears, placed at the author's disposal by M. Louis Blanc, and the result is a work of considerable historical pretensions, and which

historical justice has long demanded.—A promising title page, *Duodecimo; or, The Scribbler's Progress*, an auto-biography, written by an insignificant little volume, and published likewise by itself, at the house of Mr. T. C. Newby, opens the way to a dull book.—Not being among those who affect to prove their superiority by their incapacity to relish sportive creations of an unrestricted fancy, or flights into the regions of fairies and other supernatural beings, we hailed with heart-felt delight a volume published this month by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, being *Fairy Tales from all Nations*, by Anthony R. Montalba, a work to which the highest attractions are imparted by twenty-four illustrations from the pencil of Richard Doyle. These fairy tales are derived from the most inaccessible sources. The Icelandic, the Sanskrit, the Slavonic, the Lusitanian, the Wendian, the Betschuanian! They are sometimes rather extravagant versions of familiar legends, but they are always spirited and amusing.—It has become almost a proverbial saying, that it is more difficult to write for the young than for the grown-up. It is probably owing to this that so many otherwise successful authors are never satisfied till they have put in their claim to favouritism among the juveniles. *John Jones's Tales for Little John Joneses*, by G. P. R. James, Esq., published by Cradock and Co., are like Sir Walter Scott's writings for the young, purely historical; quite unlike Captain Marryat's soul-entrancing volumes. This, however, will render them only the more acceptable with those who insist upon instruction being combined with amusement; to youngsters who prefer the latter, we may here mention that the second volume of that inimitable story, *The Little Savage*, has just been published by Hurst and Co.—A book devoted to *Remarkable and Eccentric Characters* was a great idea. The notion carries its own promise of recreation and amusement on its very face. Mr. F. W. Fairholt has commenced such a series of biographical memoirs of persons famous for extraordinary actions or singularities in *Bentley's Cabinet Library*, and has added to the innate attractiveness of the subject, by characteristic and illustrative sketches.—It is one of the provinces of genius to anticipate experience. In a small treatise on *Household Education*, just published by Mr. Moxon, Miss Martineau, author, political economist, and traveller, has attested that she has also studied the discipline of domestic life, so as to treat of such subjects practically as well as philosophically, but with evidently too great a bias towards the theoretic and psychological portion of the inquiry.—An epic poem in six books (formidably headed *Sjöfnarillaka, Angurbodli, &c.*), each book of some 600 lines, is a bold undertaking now-a-days; but when we learn that the *Viking* is the first of a series, in which the author, who shields himself under the name of Zavarr, intends to illustrate the various systems of mythology that have prevailed to any extent in the world, we wonder at the enthusiasm which can labour without hopes of return. The *Viking* attests, however, talent, learning, and research on the part of its author.—*A History of Wonderful Inventions* is one of Messrs. Chapman and Hall's admirably illustrated little books—flowers strewn on the dry path of knowledge—so much to be commended for young people.—*Clouds and Smoke*, with other poems, by John James Halls, B.A., published by Charles Ollier, attest greater facility of versification on the part of the author than brilliant genius.—*Revelations of Life, and other Poems*, by John Edmund Reade, and published by Mr. Parker are destined to live more than a day. The author will, in all probability, have some difficulty, at first, in making himself read; but none will arise from such perusal without feeling that they have been in communion with a mind tuned to the true feeling of poetry. Mr. Reade has, indeed, earned for himself a niche by the side of the author of the "Excursion."—Two more claimants present themselves in Thomas Burbidge and Arthur H. Clough, authors of *Ambarvalia*, published by Chapman and Hall; nor are they to be irreverently dismissed. Mr. Burbidge especially writes with the pleasant fancies and the light melody of one high in favour with the muse.—The equality of woman—a subject we thought long ago admitted among civilised nations—is made the subject of an elaborate argument by Mr. Reeve, M.C.P., in an *Essay on the Comparative Intellect of Woman, &c.*—*The Knife and Fork for 1849*, published by H. Hurst and Co., is a clever and droll introduction to many good receipts and valuable practical hints. Mr. W. Blanchard Jerrold's *Old Woman who lived in a Shoe*, also published by H. Hurst and Co., is neither droll nor humorous, but a dry pound, a shilling and pence disquisition upon official government, far too politico-statistical for our pages.—We had incidentally omitted to the last to notice, that the fine descriptive poems on the *Ruins of many Lands*, by Nicholas Michell, originally published in *Atterworth's Magazine*, have been duly collected into an appropriate volume, and published by Messrs. Tegg, with a portrait of the author.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MEET—THE FIND, AND THE FINISH.

"IN the morning of life," as the quack doctor commences his advertisement, men often want to compress as much action and excitement into one day as serves more moderate ones two or three; thus, there must be a dinner, and at least a couple of evening parties to run opposition to each other, one of which must be kept up till some most unseasonable hour, lest the guests may be supposed not to have enjoyed themselves. If hounds meet twenty miles off, and gentlemen, "in the morning of life," can contrive to "keep up the ball" till there is just time to go home, change, and breakfast, then, indeed, it is very enjoyable. If, in addition, hounds run ten or fifteen miles "t'other way," leaving them in the heart of some other county, with just time enough to get a post-chaise and four to rattle home and dress for another dinner, to be followed as before with a couple of balls, they then have the cream of the thing. This, however, is too good to last. Nature, inexorable nature, will have her way; and however youths may boast and protest that they are not tired, that they are as "fresh as ever," that they are ready to do it all over again, the trembling hand, the palled appetite, the blanched and hollow cheek, tell a tale that no words can contradict. A youth is then either prematurely "used up," or he draws in. If used up, we hear little more about him, but if he draws in, he begins to think that a little sleep is, perhaps, as agreeable, and quite as useful, as dancing all night for the sake of saying he has done so. Presently the second ball ceases to be indispensable, and instead of thinking that it must be the best of the two, or feeling mortified at not being able to say he has only looked in at Mrs. Brown's on his way to Lady Green's, he goes to the best one and stays at it. In course of time, even the one ball loses its attractions. He finds out that though he must have a dinner every day, a ball is by no means essential to his existence. He, therefore, professes only to go to those at houses where he dines, and soon degenerates into a "stop gap" at the one, and a staircase appendage at the other. At forty he is either to be found at a table in a snug corner of his club, or dressing-gowned and slippered, eating his solitary dinner at home. But that is going much lower down the vale of years than any of our party have reached. They are all in the morning of life, all flushed with the delights of ball and supper society—some, perhaps, apt to get a little flushed with inferior champagne. Miss Jumpheavy's was a free and easy sort of ball. She was one of your certain age ladies, one who professed to be tolerably indifferent to public opinion, and to be inclined to please herself—what the men call "a devilish good sort of fellow." Though she was a certain age—than which, as has been often said, nothing can be more uncertain—she danced most heartily, and could eat plover's eggs and lobster salad with any one. As she gave capital

suppers, she always had the "call," as they say on the turf, about midnight, and there was sure to be a run upon her house, whatever other parties might be going on. The men brought each other, one introduced his friend, and then the first introduced returned the compliment and introduced the man who brought him. On the particular night in question there was a more than usual run, and a more than usual flow of champagne, which went "pop, pop, popping—and bang, bang, banging," just as ginger-pop goes between the acts on a hot night at a theatre. The consequence was, that the ball was kept up till past five, and as all men of spirit must smoke a cigar before they go to bed, it was six before many of them turned in. Mr. Sousey Sponge, on the other hand, spent a very quiet beef-steak and pint-of-wine evening in the coffee-room of the Brunswick Hotel, where he sat in solitary state at a mahogany slip of a table surrounded by some five or six other gentlemen at similar slips, all in the usual state of trepidation lest any one should speak to them without being introduced. There is nothing a true-born Briton is so frightened of as being spoken to by a stranger in a coffee-room.

At ten o'clock our friend went to-bed, just about the time that the "world," the Laverick Wells world, at least, was preparing for Miss Jumpheavy's ball.

"Early to bed and early to rise" being among Mr. Sponge's maxims, he was enjoying the view of the pantiles at the back of his hotel shortly after daylight the next morning, a time about as difficult to fix in a November day as the age of a lady of a "certain age." It takes even an expeditious dresser ten minutes or a quarter of an hour extra the first time he has to deal with boots and breeches; and Mr. Sponge, as we showed in our opening chapter, being quite a pattern card in his peculiar line, of course took a good deal more to get himself "up."

An accustomed eye could see a more than ordinary stir in the streets. Riding-masters and their assistants might be seen going along with strings of saddled and side-saddled screws; flies began to roll at an earlier hour, and natty tigers to kick about in buckskins prior to departing with hunters, good, bad, and indifferent.

Each man had told his partner at Miss Jumpheavy's ball of the capital trick they were going to play the stranger; and a desire to see the stranger, far more than a desire to see the trick, caused many fair ones to forsake their downy couches who had much better have kept them.

The world is generally very complaisant with regard to strangers, so long as they are strangers, generally making them out to be a good deal better than they really are, and Mr. Sponge came in for his full share of stranger credit. They not only brought all the twenty horses Leather said he had scattered about to Laverick Wells, but made him out to have a house in Eaton-square, a yacht at Cowes, and a first-rate moor in Scotland, and some said a peerage in expectancy. No wonder that he "drew," as theatrical people say.

Let us now suppose him breakfasted, and ready for a start.

He was "got up" with uncommon care in the most complete style of the severe order of sporting costume. It being now the commencement of the legitimate hunting-season—the first week in November—he availed himself of the privileged period for turning out in every thing new. Rejecting the now generally worn cap, he adhered to the heavy, close-napped hat, described in our opening chapter, whose adhesion to his head, or back, if it came off, was secured by a small black silk cord,

hooked through the band by a fox's tooth, and anchored to a button inside the haven of his low coat-collar. His neck was enveloped in the ample folds of a large white silk cravat, tied in a pouting diamond tie, and secured with a large silver horse-shoe pin, the shoe being almost large enough for the foot of a young donkey.

His low, narrow-collared coat was of the infinitesimal order; that is to say, a coat, and yet as little of a coat as possible—very near a jacket, in short. The seams, of course, were outside, and were it not for the extreme strength and evenness of the sewing and the evident intention of the thing, an ignorant person might have supposed that he had had his coat turned. A double layer of cloth extended the full length of the outside of the sleeves, much in the fashion of the stage-coachmen's great-coats in former times; and instead of cuffs, the sleeves were carried out to the ends of the fingers, leaving it to the fancy of the wearer to sport a long cuff or a short cuff, or no cuff at all—just as the weather or his fancy inclined. Though the coat was single-breasted, he had a hole made on the button side, to enable him to keep it together by means of a miniature snaffle, instead of a button. The snaffle passed across his chest, from whence the coatee, flowing easily back, displayed the broad ridge and furrow of a white cord waistcoat, with a low step collar, the vest reaching low down his figure, with large flap pockets and a nick out in front, like a coachman's. Instead of buttons, the waistcoat was secured with foxes' tusks and catgut loops, while a heavy curb chain, passing from one pocket to the other, raised the impression that there was a watch in one and a bunch of seals in the other. The waistcoat was broadly bound with white binding, and, like the coat, evinced great substance and general powers of resistance. His breeches were of a still broader furrow than the waistcoat, looking as if the ploughman had laid two ridges into one. They came low down the leg, and were met by a pair of what are generally, and perhaps not improperly, called pork-butchers' boots—brown, varnished things, that it is utterly impossible for any man to look like a gentleman in. If, however, such things are capable of being carried off, it can only be by the harmonious unity of the rest of the apparel; and certainly Mr. Sponge gave his every chance, for his boots were not only well made, but well put on, and drooped in ample folds down to the thick soles, whose healthy stoutness would make a man long to have such a pair on, in case he had to kick a fellow down stairs. His spurs were bright and heavy, with formidable necks and rowels, whose slightest touch would make a horse wince and put him on his good behaviour.

Nor did the great slapping brown horse Hercules turn out one whit less imposingly than his master. Leather, the groom, though not the man to work himself, had a very good idea when others did, and right manfully had he made the helpers at the Eclipse livery and bait stables strap and groom his horses. Hercules, as we said before, was a fine animal. It did not require a man to be a great judge of a horse to see that. Even the ladies, though perhaps they would rather have had him a white or a cream colour, could not but admire his nut-brown muzzle, his glossy coat, his silky mane, and the elegant way in which he carried his long black tail. His step was delightful to look at—so free, so accurate, and so easy. And that reminds us that we may as well be getting Soapey Sponge up—a feat that our readers may remember is

easier said than done. We all have our little peculiarities, as Winifred Jenkins said of his mare, and few hack hunters are without them. Some—a good many, indeed—are inveterate runaways—some kick—some bite—some go tail first on the road—some go tail first at their fences—some rush as if they were going to eat them, others balk them altogether—and few, very few, give real satisfaction. Those that do, generally retire from the public stud to the private one. But to our particular quadruped, “Hercules.”

Mr. Sponge was not without his misgivings that, regardless of being on his preferment, the horse might exhibit more of his peculiarity than would forward his interests, and, independently of the disagreeableness of being kicked off at the cover side not being always compensated for by falling soft, Mr. Sponge thought, as the meet was not far off, and he did not sport a cover hack, it would look quite as well to ride his horse quietly on as go in a fly, provided always he could accomplish the mount—the mount—like the man walking with his head under his arm—being the first step to every thing.

Accordingly, Mr. Leather had the horse saddled and accoutred as quietly and easily as possible—his warm clothing replaced over the saddle immediately, and every thing kept as much in their usual course as they could, so that the noble animal's temper might not be ruffled by unaccustomed trouble or unusual objects. Leather having seen that the horse could not eject Mr. Sponge even in trousers, had little fear of his dislodging him when aided by boots and breeches; still it was desirable to avoid all unseemly contention, and maintain the high character of the stud, by which means Leather felt that his own character and consequence would best be maintained. Accordingly, he refrained from calling in the aid of any of the stable assistants, preferring for once to do a little work himself, especially now when the rider was up to the trick, and not a gentleman to be cajoled into “trying a horse.” Mr. Sponge, punctual to his time, appeared at the stable, and after much patting, whistling, so—so—ing, my man, and much general ingratiating, the redoubtable nag was led out of the stable into a well-littered straw-yard behind, where, though he might be gored by a bull if he fell, the “eyes of England” at all events would not witness the floorer. Horses, however, have wonderful memories and wonderful discrimination. Though so differently attired to what he was on the occasion of his trial, the horse seemed to recognise Mr. Sponge, and independently of a few loud snorts as he was led out, and an indignant stamp or two of his foot as it was let down, after Mr. Sponge was mounted he took things very quietly.

“Now,” said Leather, in an under-tone, patting the horse's arched neck, “I'll give you a hint; they're a goin' to run a drag to try what he's made on, so be on the look out.”

“How do you know?” asked Mr. Sponge, in surprise, shortening his reins as he spoke.

“I know,” replied Mr. Leather, with a wink.

Just then the horse began to plunge, and paw, and give symptoms of uneasiness, and not wishing to fret or exhibit his weak points, Mr. Sponge gave high his head, and passing through the side-gate was presently in the street. He didn't exactly understand it, but having full confidence in his horsemanship, and believing the one he was on required nothing but riding, he was not afraid to take his chance.

Not being the man to put his candle under a bushel, Mr. Sponge took the principal streets on his way out of town. We are not sure that he did not go rather out of his way to get them in, but that is neither here nor there, seeing he was a stranger who didn't know the way. What a sensation his appearance created as the gallant brown stepped proudly and freely up Coronation Street, throwing his smart, clean, well-put-out head up and down on the unrestrained, confidential freedom of the snaffle.

"Oh, d—n it, there he is!" exclaimed Mr. Spareneck, jumping up from the breakfast-table, and nearly sweeping the contents off by catching the cloth with his spur.

"Where!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices, amid a general rush to the windows.

"What a fright!" exclaimed little Miss Martindale, whispering into Miss Beauchamp's ear; "I'm sure any body may have him for me," though she felt in her heart that he was far from bad looking.

"I wonder how long he's taken to put on that choaker," observed Mr. Spareneck, eyeing him intently, not without an inward qualm that he had set himself a more difficult task than he imagined to "cut him down," especially when he looked at the noble animal he bestrode, and the masterly way he sat him.

"What a pair of profligate boots," observed Captain Whitfield, as our friend now passed his lodgings.

"It would be the duty of a right-thinking man to ride over a fellow in such a pair," observed his friend, Mr. Cox, who was breakfasting with him.

"Ride over a fellow in such a pair!" exclaimed Whitfield. "No well-bred horse would face such things I should think."

"He seems to think a good deal of himself!" observed Mr. Cox, as Sponge cast an admiring eye down his leg at his shining boot.

"Shouldn't wonder," replied Whitfield; "perhaps he'll have the conceit taken out of him before night."

"Well, I hope you'll be in time, old boy!" exclaimed Mr. Waffles to himself, as, looking down from his bed-room window, he espied Mr. Sponge passing up the street on his way to cover. Mr. Waffles was just out of bed, and had yet to dress and breakfast.

One man in scarlet sets all the people going to hunt on the fidget, and without troubling to lay "that or that" together, they desert their breakfasts, hurry to the stables, get out their horses, and rattle away, lest their watches should be wrong, or some arrangement made that they are ignorant of, and they should be late. The hounds, too, were on, as was seen, as well by their footmarks, as by the bob, bob, bobbing, of sundry black caps above the hedges, on the Borrowdon-road, as the huntsman and whips proceeded at that pleasant post-boy trot, that has roused the wrath of so many riders against horses, that they could not get to keep in time.

Now look at old Tom, cocked jauntily on the spicy bay, and see what a different Tom he is to what he was last night. Instead of a battered, limping, shabby-looking, little old man, he is all alive, and rises to the action of his horse, as though they were all one. A fringe of grey hair protrudes beneath his smart velvet cap, which sets off a weather-beaten, but keen and expressive, countenance, lit up with little piercing black eyes. See how chirpy and cheery he is; how his right arm keeps

rising and falling with his whip, beating responsive to the horse's action with the butt-end against his thigh. His new scarlet coat imparts a healthy hue to his face, and boots, and breeches hide the imperfections of his legs. His hounds seem to partake of the old man's gaiety, and gather round his horse, or frolic forward on the grassy sidings of the road till getting almost out of ear-shot, a single "*yooi dooi!—Arrogant!*"—or "*here again, Brusher!*" brings them cheerfully back to whine and look in the old man's face for applause. Nor is he chary of his praise. "*G—ood betch!—Arrogant!*"—"g—ood betch!" says he; leaning over his horse's shoulder towards her, and jerking his hand to induce her to proceed forward again. So the old man trots gaily on, now making of his horse, now coaxing a hound, now talking to a "whip," now touching or taking off his cap as he passes a sportsman, according to the estimation in which he holds him.

As the hounds reach Whirleypool Windmill, there is a grand rush of pedestrians to meet them. First comes a velveteen-jacketed, leather-leggined keeper, with whom Tom (albeit somewhat suspicious of his honesty) thinks it prudent to shake hands; the miller and he, too, greet; and forthwith a black bottle with a single glass make their appearance, and pass current with the company. Then the earth-stopper draws nigh, and, resting a hand on Tom's horse's shoulder, whispers confidentially in his ear. The pedestrian sportsman of the country, too, has something to say; also a horse-breaker; while groups of awe-stricken children stand staring at the mighty Tom, thinking him the greatest man that ever was seen.

Railways and fox-hunting make most people punctual, and in less than five minutes from the halting of the hounds by the Windmill, the various roads leading up to it emit dark-coated grooms, who, dismounting, proceed to brush off the mud specks, and rectify any little derangement the horses or their accoutrements may have contracted on the journey. Presently Mr. Soapey Sponge, and such other gentlemen as have ridden their own horses, cast up, while from the eminence the road to Laverick Wells is distinctly traceable with scarlet coats and flies, with furs and flaunting feathers. Presently the foremost riders begin to canter up the hill, when, as the poet sings,

All around is gay, men, horses, dogs,
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health and universal joy.

Then the ladies mingle with the scene, some on horseback, some in flies, all chatter and prattle as usual, some saying smart things, some trying, all making themselves as agreeable as possible, and of course as captivating. Some were in ecstasies at dear Miss Jumpheavy's ball—she was such a *nice* creature—such a charming ball, and so well managed, while others were anticipating the delights of Mrs. Tom Hoppey's, and some again were asking which was Mr. Soapey Sponge. Then up went the eye-glasses, while Soapey sat looking as innocent and as killing as he could. "Dear me!" exclaimed one, "he's younger than I thought." "That's him, is it?" observed another; "I saw him ride up the street;" while the propriety-playing ones praised his horse, and said he was a beauty.

The hounds, which they had all come to see, were never looked at.

Mr. Wyndey Waffles, like many men with nothing whatever to do, was monstrous unpunctual. He never seemed to know what o'clock it

was and yet he had a watch, hung in chains, and gewgaws, like a lady's chatelaine. Hunting partook of the general confusion. He did not profess to throw off till eleven, but it was often nearly twelve before he cast up. Then he would come up full tilt, surrounded by "scarlets," like a general with his staff; and once at the meet, there was a prodigious hurry to begin, equalled only by the eagerness to leave off. On this auspicious day he hove in sight, coming best pace along the road about twenty minutes before twelve, with a more numerous retinue than usual. In dress, Mr. Waffles was the light butterfly order of sportsman—once-round tye, French polish, paper boots, and so on. On this occasion he sported a shirt collar, with three or four blue lines, and then a white space followed by three or four more blue lines, the whole terminating in blue spots about the size of fourpenny pieces at the points; a once-round blue silk tye, with white spots and flying ends. His coat was a light jackety sort of thing, with little pockets behind, something in the style of Mr. Sponge's (a docked dressing gown), but wanting the outside seaming, back strapping, and general strength, that characterised his. His waistcoat, of course, was a worked one—heart's-ease mingled with Fox's heads, on a true blue ground, the gift of—we'll not say who—his leathers were of the finest doe skin, and his long-topped pointed toe'd boots so thin as to put all idea of wet or mud out of the question.

Such was the youth who now cantered up and took off his cap to the rank, beauty, and fashion, assembled at Whirleypool Windmill. He then proceeded to pay his respects in detail. At length, having exhausted his "nothings," and said the same thing over again in a dozen different ways, to a dozen different ladies, he gave a slight jerk of the head to Tom Towler, who forthwith whistled his hounds together, and, attended by the whips, bustled from the scene.

Epping Hunt, in its most palmy days, could not equal the exhibition that now took place. Some of the more lively of the horses, tired of waiting, perhaps pinched by the cold, for most of them were newly clipped, evinced their approbation of the move, by sundry squeals and capers, which being caught by others in the neighbourhood, the infection quickly spread, and in less than a minute there was such a scene of rocking, and rearing, and kicking, and prancing, and neighing, and shooting over heads, and rolling over tails, and hanging on by manes, mingled with such screamings from the ladies in the flies, and such hearty-sounding kicks against splash boards and fly bottoms, from sundry of the vicious ones in harness, as never was witnessed. One gentleman, in a bran new scarlet, mounted on a flourishing pie-bald, late the property of Mr. Ducrow, stood pawing and fighting the air, as if in the sawdust circle, his unfortunate rider clinging round his neck, expecting to have the beast back over upon him every moment. Another little wiry chesnut, with abundance of rings, racing martingale, and tackle generally, just turned tail on the crowd, and ran off home as hard as ever he could lay legs to the ground; while a good steady bay cob, with a barrel like a butt, and a tail like a hearth-brush, having selected the muddiest, dirtiest place he could find, deliberately proceeded to lay down, to the horror of his rider, Captain Greatgun, of the royal navy, who, feeling himself suddenly touch mother earth, thought he was going to be swallowed up alive, and was only awoke from the delusion by the shouts of the foot people, telling him to get clear of his horse before he began to roll.

Hercules would fain have joined the truant set, and, at the first commotion, up went his great back, and down went his ears, with a single lash out behind that meant mischief, but Mr. Sponge was on the alert, and just gave him such a dig with his spurs as restored order, without exposing anything that anybody could take exception to.

The sudden storm was quickly lulled. The spilt ones scrambled up; the loose riders got tighter hold of their horses; the screaming fair ones sunk languidly in their carriages; and the late troubled ocean of equestrians fell into irregular line *en route* for the cover.

Bump, bump, bump: trot, trot, trot; jolt, jolt, jolt; shake, shake, shake; and carriages and cavalry got to Ribston Wood somehow or other. It is a large long cover on a hill-side, which parties, placing themselves in the green valley below, can see hounds "draw," that is to say, run through with their noses to the ground, if there are any men foolish enough to believe there are women who care for seeing such things. However, there they were.

"*Eu leu, in!*" cries old Tom, with a waive of his arm, finding he can no longer restrain the ardour of the pack as they approach, and thinking to save his credit by appearing to direct. "*Eu leu, in!*" repeats he, with a heartier cheer, as the pack charge the rotten fence with a crash that echoes through the wood. The whips scuttle off to their respective points, gentlemen feel their horses' girths, hats are thrust firmly on the head, and the sherry and brandy flasks begin to be drained.

"*Tally ho!*" cries a countryman at the top of the wood, hoisting his hat on a stick. At the magic sound, fear comes over some, joy over others, intense anxiety over all. What commotion! What indecision! What confusion! "Which way?—Which way?" is the cry.

"*Twang, twang, twang,*" goes old Tom's horn at the top of the wood, whither he seems to have flown, so quick has he got there.

A dark-coated gentleman on a good family horse solves the important question—"Which way?"—by diving at once into the wood, crashing along till he comes to a cross-road that leads to the top, when the scene opening to "open fresh fields and pastures new," discloses divers other sections struggling up in long drawn files, following other leaders, all puffing, and wheezing, and holding on by the manes, many feeling as if they had had enough already—"Quick!" is the word, for the last of the tail-hounds are flying the fence out of the first field after the body of the pack, which are running almost mute at best pace beyond, looking a good deal less than is agreeable to the eyes of a sportsman.

"*F-o-o-r-rard!*" screams old Tom, flying the fence after them, followed by jealous jostling riders in scarlet and colours, some anxious, some easy, some wanting to be at it, some wanting to look as if they did, some wishing to know if there was any thing on the far side.

Now Tom tops another fence rising like a rocket and dropping like a bird; still "*F-o-o-r-rard!*" is the cry—away they go at racing pace.

The field draws out like a telescope, leaving the largest portion at the end, and many—the fair and fat ones in particular—seeing the hopelessness of the case, pull to their horses, while yet on an eminence that commands a view. Fifteen or twenty horsemen enter for the race, and dash forward, though the hounds rather gain on old Tom, and the further they go the smaller the point of the telescope becomes. The pace is awful;

many would give in but for the ladies. At the end of a mile or so, the determined ones show to the front, and the spinters and "make believes" gladly avail themselves of their pioneering propensities.

Mr. Soapey Sponge, who got well through the wood, has been going at his ease, the great striding brown throwing the large fields behind him with ease, and taking his leaps safely and well. He now shows to the front, and old Tom, who is still "*F-o-o-r-rard-ing*" to his hounds, either rather falls back to the field or the field draw upon him. At all events they get together somehow. A belt of Scotch fir plantation, with a stiffish fence on each side, tries their mettle and the stoutness of their hats; *crash* they get through it, the noise they make among the thorns and rotten branches resembling the outburst of a fire. Several gentlemen here decline under cover of the trees.

"*F-o-o-r-rard*!" screams old Tom, as he dives through the stiff fence and lands in the field outside the plantation. He might have saved his breath, for the hounds were beating him as it was. Mr. Sponge bores through the same place, little aided, however, by anything old Tom has done to clear the way for him, and the rest follow in his wake.

The field is now reduced to six, and two of the number, Mr. Spareneck and Caingey Thornton, become marked in their attention to our hero. Thornton is riding Mr. Waffles' crack steeple-chaser "*Dare-Devil*," and Mr. Spareneck is on a first-rate hunter belonging to the same gentleman, but they have not been able to get our friend Soapey into grief. On the contrary, his horse, though lathered, goes as strong as ever, and Mr. Sponge, seeing their design, is as careful of him as possible, so as not to lose ground. His fine, strong, steady seat and quiet handling, contrasts well with Thornton's rolling, bucketing style, who has already begun to ply a heavy cutting whip, in aid of his spurs at his fences, accompanied with half frantic "*g-u-r-r-r* along!" and inquiries at the horse of, "*Damn you, do you think I stole you?*"

The three soon get in front; fast as they go, the hounds go faster, and fence after fence is thrown behind them as easily as a girl throws her skipping-rope.

Tom and the whips follow, grinning, with their tongues in their cheeks, Tom still screeching "*F-o-o-o-rard!—F-v-o-o-rard!*" at intervals.

A big stone wall, built with mortar, and coped with heavy blocks of stone, is taken by the three abreast, for which they are rewarded by a gallop up Stretchfurrow pasture, from the summit of which they see the hounds streaming away to a fine grass country below, with pollard willows dotted here and there in the bottom.

"*Water!*" says our friend Sponge to himself, wondering whether Hercules would face it. A desperate black bullfinch, so thick that they could hardly see through it, is shirked by consent, for a gate which a countryman opens, and another fence or two being passed, the splashing of some hounds in the water, and the shaking of others on the opposite bank, show that, as usual, the willows are pretty true prophets.

Caingey, grinning his coarse red face nearly double, and getting his horse well by the head, rams in the spurs, and flourishes his cutting whip high in air, with a "*g-u-u-r* along! *damn you, do you think I*"—the "*stole you*" being lost by their disappearing under water just as Soapey Sponge clears it a little lower down. Spareneck then pulls up.

THE BEGGARS OF LONDON.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO, ESQ.

Les gueux, les gueux,
Sont les gens heureux;
Ils s'aiment entre eux.
Vivent les gueux!

DE BÉRANGER.

WHETHER beggars have more love for each other than lawyers, actors, politicians, or any other class of people who live by their wits, may admit of a question; but all agree that the race is a thriving one, and to thrive—as this world goes—is to be happy. The poet, however, in the celebrated song quoted above, makes their happiness consist in their actual poverty. He says—

Où, le bonheur est facile
Au sein de la pauvreté;

and, with a noble scorn, rejects the creature-comforts on which too many rely—

D'un palais l'éclat vous frappe,
Mais l'ennui vient y gemir.
On peut bien manger sans nappe;
Sur la paille on peut dormir.

This is all very well for the Miltons, the Andrew Marvells, and the De Berangers, but professional beggars entertain very different notions. As much seeming poverty, but as little of the reality as you please, is their motto. They are careless about table-cloths and indifferent to the luxury of eider-down, but they look for substantial meals, and when they do sleep on straw take care there is always plenty of it.

Still the *bonâ-fide* beggars are satisfied, if not with poverty, at all events with the position which they create for themselves.

Brome, a dramatic writer who seems to have entered fully into their sentiments, makes the hero in his comedy of the "Jovial Crew," exclaim, "Beggars! they are the only people can boast the benefit of a free state, in the full enjoyment of liberty, mirth, and ease; having all things in common, and nothing wanting of nature's whole provision within the reach of their desires."

The "Criado," who wrote the life of Gusman d'Alfarache, and had his own experience to guide him, offers the following testimony:—

"La vie d'un gueux est un morceau sans os, un enchaînement de plaisirs, un emploi exempt de chagrins."

And Dekker, who seems to have constituted himself the master of the ceremonies to the whole confraternity, declares that "To be a beggar is to be a brave man, because 'tis now in fashion for very brave men to beg. . . . The whole kingdom is but his walke, a whole city is but his parish, in every man's kitchen is his meat drest, in every man's cellar is his beere" (a good deal of this is true also of the modern policeman), "and the best men's purses keep a penny for him to shew."

It may be objected that this view of the beggar's condition is merely a poetical one, and that men become beggars only from necessity; but I apprehend, if one of the tribe were able enough to write their history,

and willing enough to do so conscientiously, it would be found that the poetical view of the question is not very far from the truth. If for the love of liberty we substitute the dislike of all restraint; for labour idleness; for moderate enjoyment license; for industry its fruits without its toil, we have the whole aim of the beggar's life; and there are not a few to whom this state of things presents a very poetical and pleasing aspect. It may not, perhaps, be every one who makes it his *summum bonum* to

swagger
And be drunk like a beggar,

but to be happy after his own fashion is what scarcely anybody objects to. And this no doubt is the reason why the ranks of the mendicant army are so well filled. The pay may be precarious, but it is earned without compulsion, and your genuine beggar detests compulsion as heartily as Falstaff himself.

A system of begging, more or less organised, has prevailed in all countries and at all times. In modern Europe it originated doubtless in the wars of the fifteenth century, when the disbanded or unemployed soldier, unwilling to work, begged what he durst not steal. The progress of civilisation, and the consequent increase of wealth, eventually made that a profession which at first was the effect of accident, and the scheme offered too many attractions to admit of its being neglected. In our own country, to which I purpose chiefly to confine my remarks, the early history of the beggars is stated with sufficient precision. The writer who, under the name of Martin Mark-all, published "The Beadle of Bridewell's Apology," in 1610, details the regular course of succession of the monarchs of this newly-erected kingdom.

The first who attained the dignity in England was, he says, Jack Cade, to whom he gives the *alias* of Jack Mendal, meaning probably Mend-all, his alleged mission being to mend all the rents in the state. As Shakespeare says,

"Jack Cade, the clothier, means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it."

This well-remembered worthy was succeeded by Hugh Roberts, surnamed "Blue-beard," of whom we learn nothing more remarkable than that his immediate followers were called "Roberdsmen," a distinction which afterwards denoted a particular order of beggars. He disappeared about the year 1462, in the early part of the reign of Edward IV.

Jenkin Cowdiddle was the next King of the Beggars, and his reign lasted ten years—a very legitimate span; it was put an end to, together with himself, at the famous battle of Tewkesbury in 1471. Jenkin Cowdiddle appears to have been one of the earliest legislators of his people. Here is one of his laws:

"Hee commanded that all beggars should spend all their gettings in the day past in good beere or ale at night, or at the fardest by Saturday night; and if any were found or known to have above twopence halfpenny in his purse on Monday morning, he should forfeit a dosen of beere to any whatsoever of the company should challenge it."

Spising, who succeeded Cowdiddle, had in his character some points of resemblance to that of the reigning monarch. He was "a man given to voluptuousness, pleasure, and delight, in bousing, &c.," but knew how to

temper the delights of royalty with its graver duties. He it was who made the rules and regulations for "stauling to the order of rogues," an order which, for antiquity if not for exclusiveness, may safely compare with the Order of the Garter. It had one advantage, however, the ceremony was somewhat cheaper: a dozen of beer being the price paid for "freedom of instalment." According to Martin Mark-all, "hee dongineered," as kings will do, "about eleven yeares," passing away, in all likelihood beneath the Candine Forks, in the year 1482.

The next sovereign was "a notable, swaggering rogue, called Puffing Dicke." He appears, like Henry VII., his contemporary, to have studied his own personal advantage, and have filled his coffers almost as reputably as the protector of Empson and Dudley, for we find it recorded of him that "he used first the cousenage at dice, and invented for that purpose false dice, whereby he got much money." He closed his career in 1490.

The royal wallet and staff devolved then upon Laurence Crosbiter, who bequeathed nothing to his successors, but an invention called, after his name, "cros-biting," a trade whose nature I am unwilling to describe.

In 1496, Skelton, one of Perkin Warbeck's followers, a tailor of Taunton, was "stauled as rogue, and became their general." His reign lasted five years. Though originally a man of war, he cultivated the arts of peace, as the following extract from his ordinances will show:

"If any one using the necessary help of his crutches" (for show) "shall at any time forsake them for a tyme, either to runne for a wager with another, or to play at nine holes, loggets, or bowles, or any other game, so that he be seene and marked by some that have seene him elsewhere with his crooches halting, he shall forfeit for every such offence two dosen of beere as a fine for *disgracing so ancient a trade as peregrination.*"

Either the archives have been destroyed, or for the next ten years a disputed claim divided the amiable Peregrines, for no mention of a king is made till the year 1511, when a famous man appeared, by name Cocke Lorell. He divides our admiration with Henry VIII., and with reason, being described by the historian as "the most notorious knave that ever lived." Unlike most of his predecessors, whose propensities were of a warlike nature, Cocke Lorell was by trade, or rather by calling, a tinker, for his trade, we are sorry to say, was in most cases a mere pretence. "He carried a panne and hammer for a show; but when he came to a good booty, he would cast away his profession in a ditch and play the padder, and then would away, and as he past through the town would cry, 'Ha' you any worke for a tinker?' This was he," continues the historian, "that reduced and brought in forme the Catalogue of Vagabonds or Quarterne of knaves, called the twenty-five orders of knaves."

Amongst his laws was this:

"Whosoever he be that being born and bred up in the trade of maunding, nipping, and foisting for the space of tenne yeares, and hath not the right dexterity in his fingers to picke a pocket, but is fayne to clog his fellows and cowardly to demand scrappage: such a one is to be knowne and brought hither to be fined for his faint-heartednesse; and if such a one after venter, and be taken upon the first fault, let him know that he is *going the highway to perdition* without pitty, as a just punishment for his folly that he betooke himself so soon to the occupation."

Cocke Lorell, this great moralist, died in 1533, in the fulness of years and honours. It is a "pitty" he did not live to witness the Reformation; his pious soul would have been truly gladdened at the emancipation of his country from the snares and devices of the Church of Rome.

It was during his reign,—somewhere about 1528,—that the wandering race who, nearly a century before, had suddenly appeared in Europe, no one knew whence, and who were henceforth to identify themselves with the beggar's profession, and adorn it with a separate form of speech, were first spoken of in England as a community. These were the Egyptians or Gypsies who, formed into a compact body or tribe, appeared in Derbyshire in the Peak, under the conduct of Giles Hather and his queen, Kyt Calot. This people, though preserving their peculiar identity, with customs and habits belonging to themselves alone, soon became incorporate with the great mass of beggars, whose pursuits they successfully imitated, and to whom, as has been said, they gave a new language; "spunne," says our friend Martin, "out of three other tongues; viz., Latine, Englishe, and Dutche; these three especially, notwithstanding some few words they borrowed from the Spanish and French." A few also from the Punjaub, their original country; and, indeed, something from every land through which they travelled, combining them with phrases of fancy, and embroidering the whole on the common dialect of the country where they abode.

A slang vocabulary is one of the first necessities of a class whose pursuits will not exactly bear the light, and the thieves and beggars of London—differing then as now only in degree—showed themselves apt scholars. "Within less than fourscore years," writes Dekker, "not a word of this language was known;" and straightway he proceeds to lament its expansion, comforting himself, however, with the reflection that "the first inventor of it was hanged."

But it is to his care that we principally owe the preservation of the tongue he so much abhorred; his various works, containing not only a list of the words and phrases most in use, but a full description, which rendered them more picturesque, of the multiplied forms of knavery which abounded in his time in London and its vicinity; the metropolis being taken as the type of the whole country, from its affording the best and most important market.

Dekker was the first to marshal (in his "English Villanies," his "Lanthorne and Candlelight," and other similar works), the long catalogue of rogues, amongst whom we find the Rufflers,—Upright-men,—Hookers,—Paillards,—Fraters,—Prigges,—Swadders,—Curtalls,—Toyles,—Swigmen,—Jarknen,—Patricoes,—Kinchin coves,—Whipjacks,—Abraham men,—Counterfet Crankes,—Dommerats,—Glymmers, &c.; many of whom have been made known to the modern reader, through the medium of Gifford and Dyce, in their valuable notes to the works of the elder British dramatists; of Mr. Dyce especially, in illustrating Massinger's play of "The Beggars' Bush."

George Greene was another assiduous collector of the names and occupations of the swell mob of his day. The title of one of his works is a curiosity worth preserving, though it is sadly incomplete without the woodcut, which is intended to aid the text. It runs thus: "Greene's Ghost haunting Cony-catchers; wherein is set downe The Art of Hu-

mauring. The Art of carrying stones. Will St. Lift. Ja. Fort. Law. Ned Bro. Catch. And Blacke Robin's Kindness. With the merry conceits of Doctor Pinchbecke, a notable make-shift. Ten times more pleasant than anything yet published of this matter. *Novæ et incitantum, sed ad evitandum.* London. Printed for Francis Williams. 1696."

Here is an example of the knaveries he enumerates; he is describing a "Fawneguest:"—"So was one in Aldersgate-street lately served; who dawning to, the taverne called for a pinte of wine, the drawer brought it to him, and a goblet with it, and set them both on the table and went his way. Why, quoth this Fawneguest, what a goblet hath the fellow brought us here, it will not hold half a draught. So he (quoth he), no attendance given here: I'll carry it to him myself, since nobody will come, for of all things I love not to drinke in these squinting cups, so downe the staires, forth of the doores he goeth with the goblet under his cloake, and leaft his new acquaintance and small remembrance to pay three pounds for a threepenny shot."

It was during the fifty years which preceded the Commonwealth that the beggar's language was most in vogue, and the beggar's calling the most lucrative. The parliamentary war once more changed the occupations of troops of those vagabonds; the altered habits of the Londoners during Cromwell's rule affected them; the great plague, and the Fire of London, ravaged their haunts after the Restoration; and a new set of beggars—the courtiers of Charles II.—went far to supersede their trade altogether. Enough of it, however, remained for them to transmit to a remote posterity the principle which bound them together, in which, though the nomenclature is lost, the more material features of the maulder's profession may be distinctly recognised in the life of the modern beggar.

An explanation of some of the terms used in the list taken from Dekker will serve to show how completely the roguery of the reign of Elizabeth corresponds with that which is practised in the reign of Victoria. The only change is in manners. Gallibility on one side, and knavery on the other, are, to the full, as conspicuous.

Here is a portrait of the "counterfet-cranke," who may be met with on any cold day in the streets of London:—

"The counterfet-cranke in all kind of weather goeth half naked, staring wildly with his eyes and appearing distracted by his lookes, complayning only that he is troubled with the falling sickness; albeit you give him clothes he will wear none, but rather wish those rags which they have hanging about them should be made lothesome by myre, or their naked booms and arms to appear full of bruises, and to be bloody with falling, thereby to kindle in men the greater compassion; to cause foaming in their mouths, which is fearful to behold in the standers-by. They have this trick privily to convey a piece of white soap into one corner of their jawes, which causeth that froth to come boyling forth."

The "soap dodge," like many others, prevailed also to a great extent in Paris, where, during the early part of the reign of Louis XIV., the number of beggars is said to have amounted to no less than 40,000. Dulaure thus describes the class who practised this device:—

"Les *fabouilleux* feignaient une attaque d'épilepsie, tombaient à terre, et un morceau de savon qu'ils avaient dans la bouche leur permettait d'imiter l'écume que jettent les épileptiques."

Resembling the counterfet-crankes, in other respects, were also those who were called in the *argot* of Paris, *Franc-mitons*.

"Ils avaient le front ceint d'un mouchoir sale, contrefaisaient les malades, parvenaient, avec de fortes ligatures, à arrêter les mouvemens de l'artère du bras, tombaient en défaillance au milieu des rues, et trompaient les personnes charitables, même les medecins qui venaient à leur secours."

The anonymous author of a work called, "The Groundworks of Conny-catching," written in 1566, gives the following description of one Nicholas Geninges, who seems to have been a well-known character:—

"Upon Allhallow-day, in the morning last, anno Domini 1566, or my booke was half printed, before I stirred, there came early in the morning a counterfet-cranke under my lodgings at the Whyte Fryars within the cloyster, in a little yard or court, whereabouts lay two or three great ladyes, being without the liberties of London, whereby he hoped for greater gayne,—this Cranke there lamentably lamenting and pitifully crying to be relieved, declared to dyvers there his paynfull and miserable disease."

Not content with a written description, the author, who appears to have been sorely annoyed by "this Cranke," has called in the aid of art, and a wood-cut prefixed to the account gives a lively representation of a man with bare arms and breasts, his head and legs swathed with linen, and all the rest rags. Underneath the picture are these lines,—

This monstrous dessembler, a Cranke all about;
Sometymes a mariner, sometymes a serving-man,
Or els an artificer, as he would faine than.
Such shifts he uses being well tryed.

The *Dommerats*, *Rogues* (*par excellence*), and *Glymmerers* were off-shoots from this stock.

Besides counterfeiting the falling sickness, the *Dommerat*, or *Dommerer*, had a trick of doubling his tongue in his mouth and making "a horrid and strange noise instead of speech."

There was a fellow only two or three yeafs ago who used to haunt the least-frequented side of Leicester Square; he was a regular *Dommerer*. He pretended to be dumb, and would frighten ladies who passed alone by suddenly starting forth, displaying some pretended wound or ailment, and making a frightful sound, as if struggling with a violent impediment to speech. In this way he compelled alms through fear.

The *Rogue* was one who would speak in a lamentable tone, and crawl along the streets, on crutches or sticks, as if there were not life enough in him to put strength into his legs; "his head shall be bound with linen as filthy in colour as the complexion of his face; his apparel is all tattered, his bosom naked, and most commonly no shirt on."

The *Glymmering-morts*, who had always a tale of distress ready, were, for their parts, so tender-hearted, that they shed tears if they but mentioned their sorrows.

These *Glymmerers* were the *Riffodés* of Paris, who "accompagnés de leurs prétendues femmes et enfans, mendiaient dans les rues en tenant à la main un certificat (forged, of course) qui attestait que le feu du ciel avait consumé leur maison et tous leurs biens."

The maritime habits of our island rendered the assumption of a sailor's costume, as it still is, a very favourite vehicle for deception. These pretended sailors (who perfectly resembled the *Riffodés*) were called *Whip-*

jack. Their talk was of nothing but fights at sea, piracies, drownings, and shipwrecks, and they travelled both in the names and shapes of mariners, with a ~~sort of~~ license to beg from town to town.

At a later period, the celebrated Bampfylde Moore Carew employed this disguise in the exercise of his *métier*. He, however, had fairly earned the title of a seaman, for, the better to appear one, he actually made the voyage from Dartmouth to Newfoundland, and spent some time in that island, making himself familiar with the principal localities. In Price's account of his life we also find a description of the cod-fisheries, derived from Carew's narration.

Of the language of these pretended seamen there used to be a humorous parody, which I have had repeated to me when a child, beginning,—

"Have compassion on poor Jack, your honour! Lost in the *Thunder-bolt* frigate; cast away upon Salisbury Plain, lame of an eye, blind of a thigh, and bothered of an elbow."

These terrible disasters were quite as real as those which are every day addressed to us to excite our charity.

I have nowhere met with a more strikingly dramatic scene, illustrative of the habits of the "canting crew," than in Mr. Ainsworth's romance of "Rookwood," where his hero, Dick Turpin, is inaugurated by Jemmy Juniper. It is not only true to the letter, but a spirit is infused into the picture which brings the actors in the scene as visibly before us as if we actually saw them. At the present time, when the trade of beggary is so flourishing, it would be well if a new edition of "Rookwood" were re-produced, with a few additional illustrations, derived from recent experience. *En attendant* that event, here is an extract to show how Mr. Ainsworth has understood these gentry :

All started up at the news. The Upright Man, the chief of the crew, arose from his chair, donned his gown of state, a very ancient brocade dressing-gown, fished, most probably, from the wardrobe of some strolling player, grasped his baton of office, a stout oaken truncheon, and sallied forth. The Ruffler, who found his representative in a very magnificently equipped, and by no means ill-favoured knave, whose chin was decorated with a beard as lengthy and as black as Sultan Mahmood's, together with the dexterous Hecker, issued forth from the hovel which they termed their boozing ken, eager to catch a glimpse of the Prince of the High Toby Gloaks. The limping Palliard tore the bandages from off his mock wounds, shouldered his crutch, and trudged hastily after them. The Whip-Jack unbuckled his strap, threw away his timber leg, and "leapt exulting, like the bounding roe." The Dummerar, whose tongue had been cut out by the Algerines, suddenly found the use of it, and made the welkin ring with his shouts. Wonderful were the miracles Dick's advent wrought. The lame became suddenly active, the blind saw, and the dumb spake; nay, if truth must be told, absolutely gave utterance to "most vernacular execrations." *Morte, autem morte*, walking *morte*, *della*, *doxies*, *kinching morte*, and their cocs, with all the shades and grades of the Canting Crew, were assembled. There were, to use the words of Brome—

—Stark, errant, downright beggars. Ay,
Without equivocation, statute beggars,
Couchant and passant, guardant, rampant beggars;
Current and vagrant, stockant, whippant beggars!

Each sun-burnt varlet stated from his shed—each dusky dame, with her brown half-naked urethra, followed at his heels—each "ripe, young maiden, with the glossy eye," lingered but to sleek her raven tresses, and to arrange her straw-bonnet, and then overtook the others—each wrinkled beldame hobbled as quickly after pakeer stiffened joints would permit; while the ancient Patricio brought up the rear—all bent on one grand object—that of having a peep at the "fearmost man of all this priggish world."

Turpin's attention was chiefly directed towards his neighbour, the Ruffler, in whom he recognised a well-known impostor of the day, with whose history he was sufficiently well acquainted to be able at once to identify the individual. We have before stated, that a magnificent coal-black beard decorated the chin of this singular character; but this was not all—his costume was in perfect keeping with his beard, and consisted of a very theatrical-looking tunic, upon the breast of which was embroidered, in golden wire, the Maltese cross; while over his shoulders were thrown the ample folds of a cloak of Tyrian hue. To his side was girt a long and doughty sword, which he called, in his knightly phrase, *Excalibur*; and upon his profuse hair rested a hat as broad in the brim as a Spanish sombrero.

Next to the Knight of Malta stood the Whip-Jack, habited in his sailor gear—striped shirt and dirty canvas trousers: and adjoining him was the Palliard, a loathsome tatterdemalion, his dress one heap of rags, and his discoloured skin one mass of artificial leprosy and imposthumes.

That I have been speaking by the card in describing these worthies everybody's experience may testify; but here is a case extracted from the *Times* only a week or two since:—

At the Thames Police-Office, W. Bickle and W. Brooks, two miserable objects, made up to represent distressed sailors, were charged with soliciting alms in the public streets. Bickle, in defence, said he was at the blockade of Alexandria, and was discharged as a first-class boy; was in the *Mary Ann* schooner five months, and lost his register-ticket. Mr. Yardley: What was the number of your ticket?—The prisoner: Four hundred five millions and seventy-four, your honour. (Laughter.) Mr. Yardley: Very good. I am glad to find we have so many seamen in the merchant service.—Brooks said his last voyage was from Plymouth to Cardiff for coals. On being asked where Cardiff was, he said he supposed it was in the English Channel in North Wales. Mr. Yardley: You never heard of the Bristol Channel, I suppose?—Never, sir. Where is it? (Laughter.) Police-constable 258 K said the prisoners had been enacting the part of distressed sailors for a long time, and it was very profitable indeed. Mr. Yardley sentenced them to one month's imprisonment and hard labour.

There can be no doubt that Messieurs Bickle and Brooks established their claim to the title of *Whipjacks*; and if a practical meaning had been given to the name, in addition to the hard labour, there would have been no harm done.

An old Irishwoman, named Kitty Smith, figured recently at Hammersmith in the character of a *Counterfeit-cranke*. She was seen lying on the ground, surrounded by several persons, at the lower end of the Addison Road, Kensington, apparently in a fit. On her coming to, she declared that she had not tasted food from eleven o'clock on the previous day, and that exhaustion had caused the fit she had had. A servant from one of the houses brought her some bread and a sixpence. She ate the bread ravenously, and then Mr. Lindsey, to whom the discovery of the cheat was owing, went away. About half-an-hour afterwards, on his return down the Addison Road, he found her again in a fit, opposite the house of a gentleman named Brown; when, on looking at her more narrowly, he recognised her as a woman who came to his house, and begged for some old linen to wrap her dead child in; saying the parish had given her a coffin, but she had nothing to wrap the body in. Feeling, then, confident that she was an impostor, he was determined on watching her movements. He did so, it appears, to some purpose; for Kitty Smith continued her peregrinations, fainting at every convenient opportunity, and reviving under the influence of brandy-and-water and charitable sixpences. She was eventually given into custody, and in her defence pleaded that she was "subject to hysteric fits."

as, no doubt, she was—hysterical fits being her stock in trade. Mr. Beadon, the magistrate, told the prisoner that such impostures had of late become so frequent that it was high time a stop was put to them. Of late? Ever since the invention of cadging.

There have been numberless recent instances of the revival of the *Cranke* system; so much so, that a general crusade has been directed against beggars of all denominations, which very likely will be effective for a time. Here are two or three notable specimens:—

John Alexander, a tall man, about twenty-five years of age, who supported himself with the assistance of a stick, and the ankle of whose left foot is crushed, was charged by police-constable 45 H with vagrancy. He seated himself on the ground, opposite Mears' bell-foundry, in the Whitechapel-road, on Sunday morning, when the people were going to church, and he excited sympathy by the exhibition of a large placard containing the following inscription:—"Friends, I have had my ankle broke hand my Bodey Crushed By the railway and is unable too work. May The Allmighty look down on those that Beatoe their Mite on the Poor." The prisoner had been a very successful vagrant for some time.

An imposter, named Jordan, was committed for three weeks for a similar offence. He was found in St. Martin's-place, lying on the pavement, upon which he had chalked the words, "I am hungry; I am starving." He had supplies of bread and meat concealed under his coat, and was in the habit of occasionally taking the produce of his silent appeal to the public to some woman who stood near and watched the approach of the police, &c.

John Jenkins, an Irishman, was charged by Garrett Dillon, 84 K, with soliciting alms on Sunday morning in Ratcliffe-highway. When he was searched at the station-house no money could be found in his rags, but some time after he was locked up he called to the gaoler of the station, *gave him money, and said he wanted a rump steak, toast, and coffee.* He was supplied with the two last articles, but was compelled to dispense with the meat, and said *it was many a long day since he had gone without his steak or chop.* Dillon believed he had secret pockets about his clothes.

This tendency to indulge in gridiron delicacies is thus described in a well-written article in the *Times*, where the statistics of the luxurious beggars are detailed: we find it stated that

Upon a particular Saturday evening, it was determined to ascertain how these persons, 250 in number, were employing their time, and the result was as follows:—They were found scattered over 29 lodging-houses, 4 public-houses, and 3 eating-houses. The majority were in the lodging-houses. The men were busy with their suppers, which were of the most substantial and comfortable kind, such as *beef-steaks, eggs and bacon, &c.*, and they were washing down these eatables with *copious draughts of porter.* The ladies—the agonised mothers with the two hired infants—were enjoying their tea, *which they flavoured with many a relish and many a rasher.* Everything was as comfortable as the purest philanthropist could desire. In the eating-houses were 23 beggars refreshing themselves after the toils of the day, with *soup, meat, and potatoes.* In the public-houses it was still better; 15 professional gentlemen and ladies were there making a night of it with gin and beer, and indulging each other with the recital of the tricks they had practised in the course of the day on the public, with tales of the old gentlemen they had followed in the Park, and of ladies whom they had chased even to their own door-posts in Belgravia. Next day, being Sunday morning, the investigation was pursued in the same district. The revellers of the preceding night were found refreshing themselves with tea and coffee, while an abundance of provisions stood before them in the shape of eggs and bacon, &c. The rogues had even arrived at such a pitch of refinement, *that nothing less than "fish," prepared in various savoury fashions, would serve them for a relish.*

Julia Connolly, no later than three weeks since, rivalled the *Franciscans* in her skill in dissembling. Her cunning in counterfeiting sickness was so great as to deceive the very turnkeys, who administered brandy-and-water to her in prison, *but she was too ill to touch it!* "The officer left the cell for a moment, but when he returned there was

no brandy-and-water left, the prisoner had suddenly recovered herself so as to quaff the whole (loud laughter)." Three months' hard labour was prescribed as the remedy for this lady's maladies, and she, who at the commencement of the case had been carried into the dock, and supported by the prison female attendants, groaning and gasping for breath in a seemingly piteous manner, on hearing her sentence walked quietly away, all appearance of suffering having vanished.

Allusion has been made to forged certificates. These were manufactured by a class of mendicants who had something in them of clerly skill. They were called *Jarkmen*, *Jark* being the cant term for a seal. They practised reading and writing, and were so learned as to be able to speak Latin—thieves' Latin it is to be presumed. Reading, writing, and the higher accomplishments, are not, now-a-days, applied to such trivial purposes as the manufacture of beggars' passes; they fly at higher game, supplying the material on which the begging-letter-writers thrive, and rendering service to those who practise the ductile art of reproducing the counterfeit presentment of the paper-money of the Bank of England.

But though the arts were in their infancy in the days of Elizabeth and James, all the lower kinds of villany were rife; but before mention is made of the more social delinquencies, a few characters, whose prototypes yet exist, must be dismissed.

Some female beggars, who were called *autem* and walking *morts* (*autem* being a church and *mort* a woman), pretended to be widows, and wore the attire and assumed the sober habits of those bereaved ones. In one sense they were widows, for it would have been no easy matter for the greater part of them to have produced their husbands; and their marriages, when any took place, were performed by the *jarkman*, their hedge-priest, with a farrago of canting language, which simply implied a convenient arrangement. Such widows as these, with two strapping babies a-piece, hired by the day, are still plentiful on the London pavement.

Doxies, too,—the term has since had a wider and coarser application,—abounded. They went about pretending to sell laces and shirt-strings. The number of this class has, certainly, not diminished.

The *Upright-man* (a strange misnomer) held the first rank among the London beggars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He is now, however, only to be met with in the country, the police having no sympathy for his "great greatness."

"The almes he begges is neither meate nor drinke, but onely mony; if any thing else be offered him, he takes it with disdaine, and (like the blind man Stagg, in *Barnaby Rudge*) laies it under a hedge for any that come next. They carry the shapes of soldiers, and can talke of the Low Countries, though they never were beyond Dover. The *Upright-man* is a sturdy, big-boned knave, that never walks but with a short truncheon in his hand, which he calls his *Filchman*. His voice is not to be controlled."

In the quality of voice, the pious beggars of 1849 rival their predecessors, the upright men. The way in which they howl forth their dismal psalmody or narrate their fictitious woes, is enough to arouse the ghost of old *Lais*, the famous French opera basso, whom Bob Fudge so pleasantly speaks of, and make him *crêver de dépit*. Sauval gives a good description of these roaring ruffians in characterising the *marcandiers*.

"Ces grands pandards," he says (and what a delightfully-typical word

he uses, a word of which Molière was so fond), "*ces grands pandards allaient d'ordinaire par les rues, de deux à deux, vêtus d'un bon pourpoint et de mechantes chausses, criant qu'ils étaient de bon marchands*" (in modern phraseology "respectable tradesmen") "*ruinés par les guerres, par le feu, ou semblables accidens.*"

Beggars who hunted in couples, as if they had been man and wife, were called *Paillards* or *Clapperdudgeons*. Dekker says that one of these "never goes without a *mort* at his heels, whom he calls his wife." He alludes to them in the following extract from a slang song then highly popular. It runs thus—

Now my kinchin-cove is gone ;
By the Rom-pad maundred none
In quarrons both for stamp and bone,
Like my Clapperdudgeon!
Dimber Damber fare thee well,
Pallyards all thou didst excel;
And thy jocky bore the bell,
Glymmér on it never fell.

This is high praise, though scarce worthy of being translated.

As a further example of the rhyming cant of the Clapperdudgeons, these verses, which have a sort of pleasant clink in them, may be quoted. The first line is almost identical with "Oh, Nanuy, wilt thou gang with me," but the resemblance goes no further.

It is a duet ; the gentleman sings first—

O Ben mort wilt thou pad with me,
One ben slate shall serve both thee and me,
My caster and comission shall serve us both to maund,
My bong, my lowre and fambling-cheates shall be at thy command.

The lady replies—

O Ben Cove that may not be,
For thou hast an autem mort whoever that is she;
If that she were dead and bring'd to her long libb,
Then would I pad and maund with thee, and wap for thee and fibb.

A degree of delicacy hardly to have been expected from a person of the lady's condition.

As the beggars of Paris had their *cours des miracles*, so the maunders of London enjoyed their houses of refreshment, when, to use a highly descriptive phrase of the time, they were "*sorely surbated with hoofing.*" These were four several barns within a mile of London, which were called after places familiar in the city, as St. Quintin's, the Three Cranes in the Vintry, St. Tibs, and Knapsbury. Further off they had the following houses of call :—The Cross Keys, in Cranford parish ; St. Julian's (the patron of trampers), in Thistleworth (Isleworth) parish ; House of Pitty, in Northall parish ; the King's Barn, near Dartford ; and Draw-the-Pudding-out-of-the-Fire, at Harrow-on-the-Hill. That quaintly inscribed hospitium at Rochester, which refuses a night's lodging to "*vagabonds and proctors*" (a flattering conjunction), was not among the beggars' places of refuge.

A few words now upon a class who indulged in ingenious frauds. The begging profession formerly included every description of evil-doer, cheat, cut-purse, burglar, and simple solicitor of alms (if any such there were). "In our compassionate legislature we have drawn a line of demarcation, and call the *Trimmers* and *Tukers* of St. Paul's by the significant names of *Swindlers* and *Sharpers*.

The trick practised on countrymen, which never seems to grow stale,

of assisting the credulous fool to put up his money carefully in his fob, used to be carried out in spirit if not in fact in the time of James the First. It was called "*Jack in a Box*," and consisted in cheating citizens, of whom silver money had been borrowed upon the security of genuine gold pieces, by substituting a false box for a real one at the period when the borrower came with punctual honesty to pay the interest on the sum lent. An adroit transposition, equivalent to the thimble-rig, and that ever-useful ally the cloak, left the hapless citizen to deplore his gullibility and merit the name he afterwards went by of *Bleater*, the cant term for a sheep, those who practised the art being called *Sheep-shearers*, and the art itself *Trimming*.

Akin to this species of fraud (one by no means worn out yet) was that which was known as *Barnard's Law*. It was a system of cheating at cards, got up by fellows who dressed themselves like farmers, graziers, and country clowns, whose dialect they would put on with their costume. There were several performers in this mystery. First, the *Taker*, "he that, by some fine invention, fetcheth in the man whom they desire to draw into gaming." The victim was called the *Cosen*. Next came the *Verser*, "a fellow more grave in speech and habit, and seems to be a landed man; his part is to second what the *Taker* begins, and give countenance to the act." The *Bernard* was the chief player; he used to pretend to be drunk, and have dropped in by chance, knowing nothing of the rest. He would pull out his money and put it up again, bragging of what he had got, and declaring his readiness to risk his all with any man in a game of Mumchance or Decoy. These tricks enticed the unwary *Cosen*, and by the time the latter was well fleeced, entered the *Rutter*—a desperado of the Bobadil genus—who contrived to pick a quarrel in the tavern, oaths became high, swords were drawn, a few harmless passes were exchanged, and in the *mêlée* disappeared *Taker*, *Verser*, and *Bernard*, carrying off the gull's money.

Vincent's Law was another kind of cheating at cards, and many more laws there were; the principle of all of which was, that he should take who had the skill to accomplish his ends.

There was one kind of knavery which was called *Leap-frog*, and it was divided into five *Jumps*. One of these jumps, which has been taken with great effect by modern professors, as many a lodging-house-keeper can bear witness, went by the name of *Foole-taking*. "Others," says Dekker, "are foole-taken by letting chambers to men-like serving-men, in the name of such an esquire or such a knight, and bringing in a truncke exceeding heavy and crammed full of brickbats, which is left in the hired chamber and five times the value of it lifted away instead of it. With this jump many maid servants have been over-reached by counterfeit kinsmen, that have brought a cheese or a gammon of bacon to the poore wench, claiming kindred of her whether she will or no."

Much more concerning these pleasant (and profitable) rogueries might be recorded, all allied to the beggar's calling; but enough, perhaps, has been said, not only to show the antiquity of the trade, but to make it apparent that a common cause unites the thief and the professional beggar, both being, according to the popular saying, "tarred with the same brush." I therefore dismiss the subject, applying to London generally an apostrophe, which once had a special application,—"*Oh Fleete Streete, Fleete Streete!*" exclaims an old moralist, "how hast thou been trimd, shaven, and polde by these deere and damnable barbers."

A VISIT TO THE IONIAN ISLANDS IN THE SUMMER OF 1848.

THE first object that attracted my attention, when I landed at Corfu, was the governor's palace. It is beautifully situated at the end of a parade-ground, embellished with architectural monuments, and tastefully ornamented with trees and shrubs, whilst it overhangs the sea on the other side. It appeared to me to be a worthy residence for an English peer, and to convey an appropriate idea of the wealth and gentlemanly dignity which we display in our foreign possessions. On proceeding to take a view of the town, I passed some handsome buildings, which I supposed were the dwellings of my countrymen in the civil service of the colony, but a board which caught my eye soon informed me of my error, for it bore the following inscription : " Consulat de la République Française près les Etats Unis des Iles Ioniennes." I gazed at it for some time, being unwilling to believe my senses; but there was no mistake. The French Republic and the United States of the Ionian Islands! Why, what can this mean? What would Lamartine, what would Jonathan say of this? Is not this a British colony, and is not that the English governor's house? I was bewildered. On looking around in utter despair of ever being able to solve the enigma by my own unassisted powers of reasoning, an Œdipus presented himself most opportunely in the person of a stout, bald-headed, and rather elderly person, who was standing at the door of one of the wings of the palace. I approached, and accosted him by asking to what purposes the edifice before me was applied. He answered, with an inquisitive look, that I seemed to be a stranger, and his evasive reply, as well as the accent with which it was uttered, sufficiently proved to me that my interlocutor was a Scotchman. He soon confirmed my inference by informing me that he had been a sergeant in the 42nd Royal Highlanders, that his name was Mackenzie, that he had a wife and nine children, that they all lived together in one small room; and he was proceeding to impart to me sundry other interesting little family particulars, when I checked him by repeating my question, and at length with difficulty I succeeded in extracting from him the two primary facts, that I was in front of the garrison library, and that I had the honour of talking to the garrison librarian. He then seemed to be bent on conveying to me an exalted notion of his literary acquirements, by telling me the names of the works contained in the establishment which was entrusted to his care, but I lost my patience, and interrupted the recital of his catalogue by making the abrupt query, " And is this, or is this not, a republic?"

He looked at me earnestly for a moment, as if he were in doubt whether or not I was amusing myself at his expense, and having apparently come to the conviction that I was really a *bonâ fide* fresh arrival, he said,

" A republic, sir? Lord bless you, sir, what a question! It is a republic, to be sure, but not such an unpleasant sort of republic as they have made at Paris and at Venice."

A republic, and an English governor's palace over the way! I felt humbled and ashamed of my ignorance, but really I could not suc-

eed in reconciling these two contradictory data in any way in the least satisfactory. I resumed my interrogatory, but in a less arrogant tone, and with the depressing consciousness of having yet much to learn in the world, for, like Horatio, such things had never entered into my philosophy; and I meekly asked who lived in that great house. Mackenzie triumphantly replied,

"His excellency the lord high commissioner."

A new light suddenly broke upon me, or rather an old reminiscence returned, for I recollected having heard of the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, and now I understood it all. After thanking my acquaintance, the garrison librarian, I proceeded along the shaded walk, repeating within myself as I went, "This is not a colony—this is a free and independent state:—the English do not govern it, but they generously afford it the advantage of their protection."

As I advanced between a fine row of trees and a handsome colonnade, I saw an advertisement, announcing that the English steamer was about to sail, and I determined to go to the hotel for the purpose of writing home to my friends. I anticipated with self-satisfaction the enjoyment I should derive from explaining to them all about the Ionian Republic, and the disinterested protection which it received from my native country; but a feeling of diffidence again came over me, and I doubted my capability of doing justice to the theme. A thought struck me—I would send them two or three of the local newspapers; and I would select them impartially, both from the ministerial and the opposition journals, in order that the actual state of this interesting, independent government, might be rightly appreciated. But how to procure them was the next question; and, trusting to fate, I entered a shop, over which the name of "James William Taylor, Public Auctioneer," was visible in large letters. I found Mr. Taylor a vastly obliging person, and sufficiently loquacious withal. After a short and desultory conversation on various topics, he assumed the air of a man of business, who could not afford to lose another moment of his valuable time, saying,—

"And now, sir, what can I do to serve you?"

These words were uttered with a manner which evinced his full confidence that he could do everything to serve any one, and I rejoiced that I had had the good fortune to find the very man I wanted. I therefore answered that I would be much obliged to him if he would have the goodness to obtain for me a few of the leading newspapers of Corfu. James William Taylor, public auctioneer, looked aghast; in fact, he looked as if many things had been asked of him in his time, but that such a strange demand had never yet been made to him. He could hardly find words to convey to me the unexpected intelligence that there were no newspapers at Corfu.

"No newspapers?" I exclaimed, "how, no newspapers?"

He then stared at me suspiciously, appearing to consider me rather a dangerous character, and replied coldly that the freedom of the press did not exist in the Ionian Islands. I rushed frantically from the shop; I felt indignant at the base deception which had been practised on me,—

"A republic, and no free press! The garrison librarian is an impostor! The French consul is an impostor! and the united states of the Ionian Islands are all impostors! This is a colony, and that is the governor's palace!"

After having settled all this in my own mind, and when I had somewhat recovered my equilibrium, I went to dinner. On the opposite side of the table sat a respectable looking person whom I heard speaking English perfectly fluently, although with a slight foreign accent, and I resolved to enter into conversation with him, in the hope of adding some further information about this singular country to the stock which I had already laid in.

He talked with the greatest possible urbanity on every subject that I broached, excepting the one on which my curiosity was so painfully excited; but whenever I touched on local politics he slipped through my fingers with the greatest dexterity, and I always found myself, shortly afterwards, discussing some indifferent topic, without having received any answer to my interrogations about the colony. As soon as the other persons who had dined at the *table d'hôte* withdrew, and when the waiters had left us with our wine, he got up in a mysterious manner; he shut all the doors, after looking if there were any one outside; and then he reseated himself. He asked me how long I meant to stay at Corfu, and on my informing him that I should leave it the next day, he inquired if I was acquainted with any one in the place. I could not conceive what the man wanted, for there was an earnestness in his tone which led me to expect something out of the common course of events. I answered that I knew no one; and he then drew his chair closer to me, filling his glass at the same time, most confidentially.

"You seem," he said, solemnly, "to be desirous of understanding the political position of these islands; I see that I can risk nothing by informing you, and I will therefore answer any questions now which you may be pleased to put to me."

This was worse and worse. Why, it cannot even be a colony, for I never heard of people being afraid to talk in any of the British possessions. What can it be then? Is the Austrian system of police *espionage* followed here? Does an inquisition exist for political opinions? or, have they still the fear of the tyrannical Venetian Republic of the middle ages? I expressed my thanks, however, and commenced with my first doubt,

"Is this a colony, or is it a republic?"

"Nominally, it is the latter; and virtually, it is the former, in everything but the material advantages which it would enjoy were it called a colony."

I begged him to explain himself, and he resumed:

"Our produce is chiefly consumed in England, but it is charged the same duties as that of foreign states; we pay the fifth part of our revenues for the support of the British troops which occupy our fortresses; we have no colonial corps in which our peasants can enlist, or our young gentlemen can follow the military profession as officers; and we possess none of the civil and political rights which are conceded by the mother country to its dependencies; therefore this is not a colony. Our representation of the people is not elected by the people, and our parliament only has to pass laws which are laid before it, all ready, cut, and dried; our senate, or executive power, is not chosen by the native authorities; and our police department, which is one of the most important branches of our administration, is altogether independent of our government; therefore this is not a republic."

"What is it then, in the name of wonder?" I exclaimed.

"You are an Englishman," he replied, "and I am an Ionian; good manners prohibit my answering that question."

"But if the legislative and executive powers do nothing, who is it that does the work?"

"The palace," he said; and, in saying so, he lowered his voice to a whisper.

"The palace?—But what do you mean by saying that a palace governs?"

"The palace," he answered, "contains the hall where the legislative assembly meets; it contains the business rooms of the senate, and it contains—" here he hesitated a little, "it contains the lord high commissioner's office. We always say that the palace does everything, and gives everything, but we never specify in which of these sanctuaries the affairs of the government are transacted."

I was much struck by this explanation. Deep fellow, that palace! I thought there was something peculiarly imposing and ominous about those Venetian blinds, so hermetically closed that no eye could penetrate the mysteries of the interior, although, from all I heard, a good look-out seemed to be kept on every one and every thing. Still, I could not see daylight through so strange an anomaly; and I again commenced catechising my new acquaintance.

"But allow me," I said; "your members of parliament, who represent the Ionian people, have surely the power to better the condition of their country?"

He shook his head, and replied,

"I am a member of parliament, or a legislator, as they call us, and my election took place in this manner:—I was in bad circumstances in my native island, and I determined to speculate on government employment with what little I had. I found means, no matter how, to interest those who had power, and, as there was no other appointment vacant at the time, I was put into the legislative assembly. It is needless to add that a representative of the people, who is thus elected, must vote as his employer wishes."

"Stop one moment; this is all very well for Corfu, but do you mean to say that there is a palace in each of the islands; otherwise, how did you gain a footing here?"

He explained to me that the lord high commissioner has a resident in every one of the islands, whose duty it is to tell the local government what it has to do, and to report to his excellency's secretary.

"Be so kind," I continued, "as to relate to me the exact mode in which you were admitted into the parliament."

"I will tell you all about it," he said, after draining the last glass of our third bottle, which seemed to have opened his heart—"I once had an opportunity of rendering a certain service to a countryman of mine, who possesses influence with the English. I beg to be spared the recital of what passed between us, and of the pact which we entered into for our mutual advantage; suffice it to say that my name was forwarded to the palace, with a strong recommendation, at the time of the elections. I was then asked if I were disposed to do everything that I was bid, and on my answering that I possessed little in the world, and that I would prove my gratitude for any salary that might be vouchsafed to me, I was told

that I would be made a legislator. At the elections, two names are proposed to the electors by the primary council, which is composed of eleven natives, but they have nothing to do with the choice of the candidates, for, when they are called together for the purpose of naming them, they are made to wait for an hour or two, after which the lord high commissioner's secretary appears with a list, which they sign."

"What a paltry derision!" I exclaimed—"what an un-English proceeding. It would be infinitely more creditable to both parties if the members of parliament were openly and frankly appointed by the lord high commissioner."

"Certainly," replied the Ionian, "we would prefer that, for we would not then be humiliated by being made to play so ridiculous a part in the farce. We do not make any remarks, for instance, on the nominations made by his excellency in his own exclusive branches of the administration, which are the police and health offices. But to proceed,—the electors are inscribed in the synclitic list, as it is called, by the native faction governing each island, and care is taken to exclude all but their own adherents; the elective body is, therefore, at their beck. My name was put up with that of a person who could not possibly secure many votes, and I was consequently returned by an immense majority."

"But, excuse my indiscretion," I said; "I presume you are one of the principal personages of your island?"

"If I were so," he replied, mournfully, "I would not degrade myself in the opinion of my countrymen by occupying such a position, which is despised by our first gentlemen, and I would not sacrifice my self-respect by employing such means to obtain it. But, I can assure you, this cannot last; the Ionian system of government is worn out, and it displays the same symptoms of speedy dissolution which were visible during the decline of the Roman Empire, or at Constantinople shortly before the invasion of the Turks, or in the Venetian Republic at the end of the last century; and we all feel that we are tottering on our seats, for this state of matters is incongruous with the spirit of the times in which we live. The day is fast approaching when all this will be changed, for England has hitherto been ignorant of the real condition of these small states, and, when the truth is known, so discreditable a mode of government will be abolished. Believe me, I speak thus to an Englishman, only in the hope that we Ionians may be exonerated from the odium which must soon fall on those who conduct these iniquitous transactions, and that it may be understood that we cannot follow any other course under a form of administration which is imposed on us, and in which we concur from sheer necessity. I, for instance, am not rich; I have a family to support, and I feel that I am capable of serving my country, but I cannot obtain employment in any other manner, as long as England allows intriguing individuals and factions to rule the rulers whom she gives us; and I repeat, that England sanctions this great evil only because she is not informed of the truth. In saying this, I do not mean to imply that the secretary of state for the colonies is wittingly deceived by the lord high commissioner, or the latter by his secretary, or the secretary by the residents; for all these functionaries, from the highest to the lowest, are, for the most part, animated by the best and most upright intentions, but they are misled by the native schemers, whom they listen to; there lies the evil, for there is no contact between the English and the

mass of the Ionians, and the former hear nothing but the designing insinuations of a few who have learnt the language, and hoodwink them. Misplaced confidence is the chief error of your countrymen in these islands. The more respectable classes, as well as the lower orders, see through it, and they deplore the misfortune of their country, but they do not attempt to approach the English, because their pride and self-respect prohibit their joining the ranks of the flatterers and sycophants who surround them. Besides this, they know that they are calumniously represented to be enemies of England, in order that their voice may be heard with suspicion; they consequently keep aloof, and they only place their trust in the probability that time will bring the truth to light."

"Yes, I can understand this very well," I said; "but the remedy is obvious," and I suggested that, if the British government employed civil servants in these islands, who were qualified for their posts, by the possession of political principles which would not be at variance with the spirit of the age—by the perfect knowledge of the Italian and Greek languages—by conciliating manners, which would enable them to associate on cordial terms with the natives—by strict integrity and impartiality in the discharge of their duties, which would prevent their joining local factious, and by sufficient abilities to preclude the possibility of their becoming the blind instruments of intrigue, the evils which now exist would then disappear.

"You are quite right," he answered; "and that would be the result if all the Englishmen employed in these islands were such as you describe, or even if the higher offices were thus filled; but if the position occupied by such an Englishman should not be sufficiently elevated to obviate the danger of his becoming the victim of the insidious undermining practised by the few natives who monopolise all the influence, he would inevitably be driven away by their intrigues; for we have had instances of this, and Englishmen have been out here who might otherwise have rendered good service both to the protecting power and to the inhabitants of the islands, but they have invariably been, in the end, obliged to succumb beneath the calumnies which were reported against them, and to fall into the artful snares which were laid for them. Means have always been found for rendering their post so disagreeable that they themselves give it up, or for throwing discredit on them, and for exciting suspicions of their fidelity in the minds of the higher English authorities. When once these points have been gained, it is easy to find a pretext for removing them from the service if they do not resign; and you know the proverb of your own country—'Give a dog a bad name and hang him.'

"Oh, no! such persons are too dangerous for the Ionian cabals to leave any stone unturned for the purpose of injuring them, and I am sorry to say that my countrymen are not over-particular as to the means which they employ. Impartiality is death to the intriguers, for others more deserving would eclipse them, if all the Ionian citizens were treated alike, and therefore they declare war against it when it is displayed by an English functionary. They commence by anonymous slander and perfidious hints that all is not right in a certain quarter, and when the plot is sufficiently matured and the suspicious are properly imbibed, they strike the last blow by open accusations, supported by false testimony. They find a ready ear, and the enemy is defeated, while the superior is gulled.

Ah! your countrymen are no match for mine, and their want of perspicuity is only equalled by their credulity, for the Greeks get round them by a thousand arts, and make tools of them without their knowing it. Pray forgive my plain language, but, as you wished to know the actual condition of the Ionian Islands, I have told it to you without reserve, and I would be glad if all the English knew it, for they are the cause of our abject position, and not the Ionians. I must now beseech you not to mention this conversation, and not even to seek to learn my name; for were it known that I had spoken thus, I and my family would be utterly ruined."

He then took leave of me, and I remained in a state of speechless surprise. My faculties were paralysed by indignation, and I felt that I blushed for my country. Packed electors!—a packed representation of the people!—a packed senate or executive body!—and a palace to shuffle the cards! And this in a state which was constituted "free and independent" by the allied powers, which signed the treaty of Paris in 1815! Here was a pretty piece of business for the year '48; and it is certainly not one of the least remarkable of the political phenomena of this memorable year, that such an anachronism should exist with the sanction of England. Would it be injurious to the welfare of Great Britain that these small islands should be governed in a manner more adapted to the wants and the wishes of their inhabitants? Is it on principle that England acts thus; and have the English functionaries instructions to follow this line of conduct? If so, on what grounds has an exception been made to her usual policy, for I do not know of any other British dependency which is treated like the Ionian Islands? But it cannot be so, because such orders, if they existed, would have been given to the lord high commissioner; and, from all I heard, he has proved that his sentiments and intentions were excellent, but it is not possible for him to carry them out under existing circumstances. Will this be allowed to continue? I should hope not; and I believe with my friend the legislator, for the credit of Great Britain, that neither the ministry nor the nation know much more about the manner in which they are represented by their countrymen in the Ionian Islands, than I did when I disembarked at Corfu from the Austrian steamer.

I sailed, on the following day, for Greece, where I found the portion of the Greek nation which inhabits the Hellenic kingdom in a very different state, as regards their social and political condition, from that of the Ionian Greeks.

THE NEW ACADEMY OF PAINTING AT CADIZ.

BY MRS. CHARLTON.

"OLD things have passed away, all things have become new," may be applied with great truth to Spain, for great and important changes are daily occurring in this romantic land. The absence of "friars, black, white, and grey," proves detrimental to the picturesque, while the desecrated monasteries have been turned to strange uses, and have become barracks, hospitals, museums, manufactories, theatres, bull-rings, or quarries, according to the wants of their respective localities. In Cadiz, the

monastery of San Antonia, since the banishment of the monks, has been converted into an academy for painting, where the boys are taught gratis; and this institution is very honourable to the inhabitants of the city. The lessons for drawing are given from eight to nine o'clock at night, in order not to interfere with the pursuits of the day, as most of the children being poor, they are obliged to gain their own livelihood. It was an interesting sight to witness a hundred of them engaged in studying "the divine art," and to observe the different models they were copying, as these afford the visitor an insight into the varieties of Spanish art. The studies were principally of figures, in which the artists of Andalusia always excelled. It was not till the year 1556 that they began to vie in the arts with Castile, but from that period the south of Spain surpassed the northern provinces. The painters of Seville and Cordova, though unknown at court, began to rival their more fortunate brethren, who were winning crosses and pensions at Toledo and Madrid. Shut out by their remote position from courtly patronage, they had the magnificent church to reward and cherish them. Through the southern cities flowed into Spain great part of the wealth of the Indies, refreshing their sacred treasures with the golden tide. On the banks of the Guadalquivir rose many a sumptuous church and beautiful chartreuse; and prelates and chapters were never weary of devising new embellishments for their ancient cathedrals.

Cadiz, though one of the wealthiest towns in Spain, has not hitherto been, like Seville, prolific in great painters; and it will be proved hereafter whether the academy is destined to foster any modern genius to compete with the old masters. If any such artist were to arise, he would probably complain that he had fallen on evil days, because at the present epoch, the church being ruined in Spain, it could no longer patronise art. The royal treasures are equally unable to recompense the works of genius, since monarchy has been shorn of all the glory it enjoyed during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, which was memorable for the discovery not only of a new continent, but of vast regions of intellectual enterprise. History, the drama, and painting, were revived in Spain in the same stirring age that sought and found new empires beyond the great ocean. However, the first native painters in the Peninsula who deserved the name, were the contemporaries of Columbus, and with the great navigator mingled in the courtly throngs of the presence-chamber of Isabella.

The great school of Andalusia was founded by Sanchez de Castro at Seville, about 1454. The beautiful terra Botica has ever been prolific of genius. The country of Lucan, of Seneca, and Trajan, likewise brought forth Vargas, Velasquez, and Murillo. Seville was always the principal seat of Andalusian painting; but some able masters resided also in other cities, as Cespedes, at Cordova; Moya, at Granada; and Castillo, at Cadiz.

In the present day the latter city seems prolific in talent for painting, as we may judge from the great number of boys who crave admittance into the new academy of art, and in themselves are often pictures, from having the bright animated faces Murillo loved to depict in his sketches of childhood. Some older students were engaged in learning sculpture in another room; and the best models have been procured from Italy.

Spain also can produce men of genius who have modelled with singular grace and feeling. Flanders can show no carvings more delicate and

masterly than those which enrich the venerable choirs of many of the Peninsular churches—stalls embowered in foliage, almost as light as that which trembled on the living tree—where fruits cluster, and birds perch in endless variety, or those arabesque panels and pillars, where children rise from the cups of lily blossoms, and strange monsters twine themselves in a network of garlands, or the niches filled with exquisite figures, or the fretted pinnacles crowned with a thousand various finials, and towering above each other in graceful confusion. Some of the young sculptors in the academy at Cadiz have already attained considerable proficiency in busts, and several were exhibited to our view evincing great merit. It was a highly interesting spectacle to watch the first efforts of the younger boys, and to trace the gradual improvement from the first rude sketch to the finished picture. There was one handsome young man gazing upon a Madonna by Raphael, and his soul appeared to catch from it a kindred glow, and to burn with emulation. Who could fail to hope that among these students some might arise to charm the admiring earth with new wonders of art! Another, about the same age, was copying a masterpiece of Vincencio Caducho, principally celebrated for his pictures of Carthusian monks, so characteristic of Spain. He was the court painter in the time of Phillip IV., and many of his paintings adorn the galleries of the Escorial. But his greatest undertaking was the series of fifty-four large pictures for the Chartreuse of Paular. They are now in the National Museum at Madrid, and represent scenes from the life of St. Bruno, the founder of the order, and various passages connected with its history.

Like many other trophies of Spanish art, these fine works of Caducho have lost much of their significance by removal from the spot for which they were painted. Hung on the crowded walls of an ill-ordered museum, his Carthusian histories can never again speak to the heart and the fancy as they once spoke, in the lonely cloister of Paular, where the silence was broken only by the breeze, as it moaned through the overhanging pine forest, by the tinkling bell or the choral chant of the chapel, or by the stealing tread of some mute and white-stoled monk, the brother and the heir of the holy men of old, whose good deeds, and sufferings, and triumphs, were there commemorated on canvas. To many generations of recluses, vowed to perpetual silence, these pictures had become friends, and were united to the venerable genius of the place, but in the museum they are stripped of every association, and coolly judged by critics on their own merits as works of skill and imagination.

The young artists trained in the new academy of painting at Cadiz will develop the talents they possess in an age far different from bygone centuries in Spain, when the magnificent royal palace and the lonely monastery welcomed paintings as treasures. Monks are no longer seen; and kings in this revolutionary period are more occupied in thinking how they can preserve their heads in safety, than in seeking painters to depict the august countenance of royalty. A new school of painting may therefore arise in Spain, but I think it does not require great powers of divination to predict it never can surpass the old. In the lower part of the academy was a room full of boys, who were learning to draw various designs for furniture, and these they informed us were most likely to succeed in obtaining employment hereafter. It is another proof that Spain has fallen, when artists have to seek the upholsterer's shop instead of the regal palace or solemn cathedral. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

ALCHEMY, ANCIENT AND MODERN. •

AMONG the Ayscough MSS. in the British Museum is to be found one (No. 1118—10) in which occurs a series of questions and answers respecting the Philosopher's Stone, which, it is there stated, "a certain nigromancer named Elardus, in the province of Cattalonia, hath made with the Devell."

As may readily be imagined, from the nature of the subject, one of the interlocutors is very eager, the other very cautious. Elardus pushes home, but the Devil is very cunning of fence, and reveals only just enough to stimulate the questioner to seek for more without his direct assistance.

After some preliminary matter with regard to the actual existence of the stone, the necromancer asks :

"Is it not possible for a man to make this same ston?"

To this the Devil, who exhibits a great deal of pious submission throughout the conversation, and actually does what Lord Byron thought impossible—"talk like a clergyman,"—replies :

"Whatsoever God hath revealed it is possible for a man to enter into; yf it have a *pprio* (proportion). But it were difficult to make the ston; and yet, notwithstanding, it may be made by man."

This is rather vague and misty, but Elardus catches at the last admission, and inquires :

"Whether had Virgill the ston or no?"

The great poet, it must be remembered, was believed, in the middle ages, to be the most renowned magician the world had ever seen, the principal scene of his exploits being laid at Naples.

In his answer to this question, the Devil comes out somewhat more explicitly; he knows he is upon velvet, the Past being a much safer subject than the Future. He says :

"Not he onely had the ston, but manye other filosofors had the same; and they have written of the same manye bookes with darke and obskure names and manye operations."

The last part of this statement is as true as if the Devil had not made it.

The colloquy is continued for some time, until, at last, Elardus, tired of beating about the bush, puts it to his friend direct :

"By what means and wherefore is it called a ston?"

Stat nominis umbra is the motto of the Devil as well as of Junius, and with a prudence and wariness which would have done honour to a general of the Jesuits, the Father of Lies backs out of the difficulty, making answer :

"I say unto you his name is a ston, and there is not so much liberty given unto me to manifest any further of this matter unto thee."

The question, therefore, as far as the Devil was concerned, remained just where it was. It is possible, taking into consideration the clerical style of his discourse, that he was at the moment under the influence of some compunctions visitings, and forbore to enlighten the world so fully as he has subsequently done. Perhaps since then he has had more provocation.

Pearce, the Black Monk, who was the author of one of the "obskure" works above alluded to, seems to have wished the world to understand that he had achieved the Great Secret, for in the rhymed production which bears his name, he says, in treating of the elixir,

Take erth of erth, erth's modes;
And water of erth, yt is no oder,
And fier of erth that beryth the pryse,
But of that erth louke thou be wyse,
The trew elixir if thou wilt make.

But the reader may go through the entire poem without getting any nearer the mark than the Catalonian necromancer did. Pearce, the Black Monk, like many of his fellow-labourers, was too discreet to reveal his knowledge to any but the Initiated. What they knew they wisely kept to themselves, though they had no objection to the world's giving them credit for not having had their labour for their pains. One of these philosophers, named Jean de la Fontaine, a native of Valenciennes, who wrote a poem about the commencement of the fifteenth century, intituled "*La Fontaine des Amoureux de Sciance*," does not confine himself to mere hints, but states with sufficient distinctness that he had actually made the grand discovery, for at the conclusion of his poem he speaks thus :

J'ay à nom Jehan de la Fontaine:
Travaillant n'ay perdu ma peine :
Car par le monde multiplie
L'œuvre d'or que j'ay accomplie
En ma vie, par verité,
Graces a Sainte Trinité.

Alfonso the Wise was another who had plucked out the heart of this mystery. He speaks in one of his poems (the usual vehicle for conveying alchemical knowledge) of the manner in which he toiled with his master, who *knew how to make* the stone, and afterwards of how they made it together :

La piedra que llaman filosofal
Sabia facer, e me la enseñó,
Fizimolos juntos despues solo yo ;
Con que muchos veces creció mi caudal.

Raymond Lully, who flourished in the time of Edward III., and was a friend of the famous Dominican known as Albertus Magnus, not only testified to the same effect in his poem called "*Hermes' Bird*," but, according to Elias Ashmole, "*was employed to make gold for the king to prosecute war against the Turks*. Edward's real purpose, however, being against France, Lully," with a patriotism which cannot be too highly commended, "refused to supply him from his furnace. He was therefore confined in the Tower, from whence he subsequently escaped." He was probably too much disgusted with the base uses to which the stone might be applied, for his furnace never glowed in France, a circumstance which Philip of Valois must have had cause to regret. His book, however, he left behind him, and Ashmole, who read it, pronounces this opinion upon it : "*The whole work is Parabolicall and Allusive, but highly Philosophicall.*"

These parables and allusions appear to have found an interpreter in one who, doubtless, had carefully studied the "*Bird of Hermes*," and if all accounts be true, he did so to advantage. This man was the celebrated

Nicholas Flamel, a countryman of Raymond Lully, born at Pontoise in the year 1328. His parents were poor, and left him little more than the house in Paris, in the Rue des Notaires, which he possessed at the time he was last heard of in France, for of his supposed death we shall have something more to say. He earned a livelihood in Paris as a scrivener, copying deeds or writings in Latin or French; but, looking beyond the narrow limits of his profession, sought his fortune by a darker and more uncertain track than even the law. Chemistry was the mystic guide that beckoned him onward, and the sole purpose for which it was studied in the time of Flamel was because in its unknown depths was supposed to lie the secret of transmuting metals, and with it the art of renewing eternal youth. He became an Hermetic student about the year 1357, while he was yet in his thirtieth year.

Amongst the works which he studied were probably all that treated of the Divine philosophy,—the translated writings of Claudius, Ptolemy, and of Geber, of Aben Sina (Avicenna) of Averroes, and of Friar Bacon, as well as those of such of his own countrymen as had distinguished themselves in the science; Raymond Lully, as we have already conjectured, and Jehan de Meung, the collaborator of Guillaume de Lorris, in the “Romance of the Rose,” but the author also of a treatise which bears the title of “*Les Remonstrances de Nature à l’Alchymiste errant; avec la réponse du dict Alchymiste.*”

But the volume to which he was most indebted, according to his own account, was a very curious book which fell, by chance, into his hands, and cost him only two florins. It is thus described in Miss Costello’s “*Memoirs of Jacques Cœur, the French Argonaut,*” a work of the highest interest, dramatic as well as historical:—

It was a gilded book, very old, and of very great size, made neither of paper or parchment, like other books, but of the bark, apparently, of young trees, and was bound with leather (another account says of brass), curiously wrought with strange characters, written in an unknown, but seemingly an Oriental tongue. The interior was engraved with a sharp-pointed instrument on the bark, and the characters were Latin, beautifully coloured. The book contained three times seven leaves. At the end of the first division was a leaf without any writing, but instead thereof a painting, representing a rod, with serpents swallowing each other up. At the second division was seen a cross, on which a serpent was crucified; and at the end was painted a desert, with many beautiful fountains, from whence issued numerous serpents, disporting here and there. On the first leaf was written, in large golden capitals, as follows:—“*Abraham the Jew, Prince, Priest, Levite, Astrologer and Philosopher. To the Nation of the Jews, by the wrath of God, dispersed through Gaul, Health.*” Then followed often repeated and severe denunciations and maledictions, in which the word “*Maranatha*” was frequently used against any who might presume to attempt to read the book, unless he were sacrificer or scribe.

This work contained the *prima materia* of the alchemical science; but, in spite of his being a scribe and able to read Latin, it was perfectly hieroglyphical to poor Flamel, and also, as may be believed, to the partner of his bosom, his wife Pernelle, to whom he showed it. Despairing, after much study, to arrive at the real secret without further assistance, Flamel made a vow to perform a pilgrimage into Spain, to endeavour to find some Jew who, he imagined, might be able to enlighten

him on the subject. He accordingly caused his manuscript to be copied, and took the copy with him on his pilgrimage. At Leon, returning after a fruitless search, he fell in with a learned Jew named Canches (or Sanchez), to whom he showed it, who immediately professed such anxiety to see the original that he resolved to join Flamel on his journey home.

On the way he interpreted much of the hidden mystery of the volume, but did not live to reach Paris, being taken ill at Orleans, where he died, and Flamel pursued his journey alone. He says: "He that would see the manner of my arrival and the joy of Pernelle, let him look upon us two in the city of Paris, upon the door of the chapel of Saint Jacques la Boucherie, close by the one side of my house, where we are both painted kneeling and giving thanks to God." It is very possible that Nicholas was himself the artist, for he is known to have been a proficient in painting—as far as proficiency went in those days.

Although through the assistance of the Jew Canches he had now acquired some insight into the *prima materia*, he was several years before he attained the perfect knowledge necessary for the completion of the great work. But, at length he *succeeded in projecting* upon mercury, and converted about a pound weight into pure silver. "This," he declares, "was done in the year 1382, on January 17th, about noon, being Monday, in my own house, Pernelle being only present." Continuing in the course marked out by his book, on the 25th of April of the same year he at length, *by the operation of the red stone*, projected fine gold, still in the presence of Pernelle.

Husband and wife made a good use of the discovery, devoting the riches they thus acquired to charitable purposes, endowing no less than fourteen hospitals, three chapels, and seven churches, all of which were new built, besides innumerable acts of charity in Paris and the village of Boulogne.

In addition to his piety, Flamel was anxious to leave written proofs of his knowledge, and composed his "Summary of Philosophy," after the model of Jehan de Meung's work, and subsequently wrote a commentary on the hieroglyphics which he had erected in the public street, near the Cimetière des Innocens. According to certain biographers, he died in 1419, outliving his wife Pernelle seven years; but they who wrote his epitaph knew nothing of the real state of the case. It was not for one who had discovered the elixir vitæ quietly to render up the ghost, even at the advanced age of ninety-one, which he had reached at the above date; but that no scandal might be rife against him in his native city, where he had done so much good, by confounding him with the Wandering Jew, he took himself off to the East, accompanied by the faithful partner of all his toils, and the sharer in all his fortunes. They feigned sickness and disappeared, two logs of wood being interred in their stead; and that no doubt of the truth of the story may remain on anybody's mind, Paul Lucas, a most conscientious and trustworthy traveller, whose only fault, perhaps, was that of having too large a belief, and who laboured under the impression that he had himself seen the Devil Asmodeus in Upper Egypt, declares that he met with a dervise who was intimately acquainted with Nicholas Flamel and his wife; and, moreover, assured Lucas that they were at that time in the enjoyment of perfect health.

We have been thus particular in treating of Nicholas Flamel, because

his is the most circumstantial case of Hermetic projection on record, which may reconcile those to the possibility of making money who would not believe in the fact without a well authenticated precedent.

The other side of the picture exhibits failures enough, and we shall advert to a few, for the simple purpose of showing what the difficulties were which the most successful adepts had to encounter. One of these hunters after the Green Lion, as the stone was sometimes called, describes them in the following lines:—

I asked Philosophy how I should
Have of her the things I would ;
She answered me when I was able
To make the water malleable :
Or else the waye if I could finde
To measure oute a yarde of winde ;
Then shalt thou have thine own desire
When thou canst weigh an ounce of fire ;
Unlesse that thou canst do these three,
Content thyself, thou gett'st not me.

These were serious obstacles certainly, but modern chemistry has overcome greater, and the old alchemists, nothing daunted, fought on untiringly.

Ripley, who wrote what he called a “Compound of Alchymie,” was not one of the least assiduous ; though all his labours disappeared in *fumo*, thus describes his experiences:—

Many amalgame did I make,
Wenying to fix these to grett avayle,
And thereto sulphur dyd I take ;
Tarter, eggs whyts, and the oyl of the snayle,
But ever of my purpose dyd I fayle ;
For what for the more and what for the lesse,
Ever more somethyng wanting there was.

He then gives a long list of ingredients, and sums up by saying—

Thus I rostyd and boylyd, as one of Geber's cooks,
And oft tymes my wyning in the asks I sought ;
For I was discevyd wyth many false books,
Whereby untrue thus truly I wrought ;
But all such experiments avayled me nought ;
But brought me in danger and in cōbraunce,
By losse of my goods and other grevaunce.

Sir Edward Kelley, another unsuccessful neophyte, appears to have been completely disgusted with his constant failures. He exclaims—

Alle you that faine philosophers would be,
And night and day in Geber's kitchen broyle,
Wasting the chipps of ancient Hermes' tree,
Weening to turn them to a precious oyle,
The more you worke, the more you loose and spoile.
To you I say, how learned soever you be,
Goe burne your books and come and learne of me.

What Chaucer has said upon the subject in the famous “Yeoman's Tale” is familiar to every reader. The whole secret was supposed to be contained in the following Leonine distich:—

Si fixum solvas, faciasq. volare solutum,
Et volucrum figas, faciet te vivere tutum ;

which has been thus “Englished:”—

If thou the fixed can dissolve,
 And that dissolve dost cause to fly,
 That flying thee to fixing bring,
 Then mayst thou live most happily.

So much for the supposed transmuters of metals. We will now consider the question as it has been set before us in Mr. Douglas Jerrold's recent work, the "Man Made of Money."

It was by no laborious course of study, by no painful devotion of every moment snatched from rest amid crucibles, alembics, and retorts, that Solomon Jericho, the hero of Mr. Jerrold's story, accomplished the object for which so many have toiled and still are toiling. With him, however, the penalty which all must pay who make a short cut to wealth, began at the very moment of fruition, and the process of the elixir's power was reversed.

Mr. Jericho is a City gentleman to whom the widow of a certain Captain Pennibacker (who got the brevet after his death) has confided herself and three children, in the belief that her second husband is a man of fabulous wealth, as indeed he is when it comes to be fairly examined.

She was a woman of naturally a lively fancy—a quality haply cultivated in her sojourn in the East, where rajahs framed in gold and jewels upon elephants were common pictures: hence, Jericho, of the city of London, was instantaneously rendered by the widow a man of prodigious wealth. She gave the freest, the most imaginative translation of the words—City gentleman What a picture to the imagination, the—City gentleman. All the bullion of the Bank of England makes back-ground details; the India House dawns in the distance; and a hundred pennants from masts in India Docks tremble in the far off sky.

Mr. Jericho has also called in the aid of imagination to heighten the Indian widow's attractions, as every one does, says our author, when money is the theme. "The common brain will bubble to the golden wand."

It was whispered, sharply whispered to Jericho, that the widow had many relations, many hopes in India. Immediately Jericho flung about the lady all the treasures of the East. Immediately she stood in a shower-bath of diamonds; elephants' teeth lay heaped about her; and rice and cotton-grounds and fields of opium, many thousands of acres of the prodigal East, stretched out on all sides of her, and on all sides called her mistress. . . . All his life had Jericho trod upon firm earth; but Widow Pennibacker whipped him off his leaden feet, and carried him away into the fairy ground of Mammon; and there his eyes twinkled at imaginary wealth, and his ears turred and stood erect at the sound of shaken money-bags.

As it commonly chances when the imagination has been allowed too much play, both parties are deceived. Mr. Jericho's means barely sufficed for his own necessities, and Mrs. Pennibacker's connexion with the monied world was to her disadvantage; she was literally *criblée de dettes*. The lady, however, had more reason for her belief than her husband, as Mr. Jericho, "with all the simplicity of real worth," had spoken "calmly, but withal hopefully, of the vast increase of profit arising from his platinum mines." These mines are ever present to Mrs. Jericho's mental vision, and hence a constant tendency on her part, after her marriage, to ask for money. This is Jericho's difficulty, for he is compelled to refuse to give that which he has not got. But his wife has an unbounded belief in his capabilities, and, like the daughters of the horse-leech in Scripture, her cry ever is, "Give, give."

On a certain day, when this customary demand had been made, and

the customary answer had been returned, with, perhaps, a little more vehemence than usual, Mr. and Mrs. Jericho separated—she, to raise her spirits by a little shopping, and he, to solace his at a quiet little dinner-party with a few chosen friends. They both fulfil their missions, Mr. Jericho returning from his in a very rosy, harmonious frame of mind, “full of meat and wine, and his brain singing with fantastic humours.” To his exceeding satisfaction he finds, on his arrival at home, that his wife has gone to bed.

Mr. Jericho breathed a little lighter. Such a load was taken off him, that he mounted the staircase tenderly, as though he trod upon flowers; as though every woollen blossom in the carpet from the stair to the bed itself was living heart’s-ease; which it was not.

Noiselessly he enters the bed-chamber, and silently he retires to rest beside his spouse, believing her to be sound asleep.

Untucking the bed, and making himself the thinnest slice of a man, Jericho slides between the sheets. And there he lies, feloniously still; and he thinks to himself—being asleep, she cannot tell how late I came to bed. At all events, it is open to a dispute, and that is something. “Mr. Jericho, when can you let me have some money?” With open eyes, and clearly ringing every word upon the morning air, did Mrs. Jericho repeat this primal question. And what said Jericho? With a sudden qualm at the heart, and with a thick, stammering tongue, he answered, “Why, my dear, I thought you were sound asleep.”

Not at all—and evidence of the fact is given in terms unpleasant enough to Jericho’s ears; a regular quarrel ensues, in the course of which he experiences every kind of torture which that sharpest of all weapons, an angry woman’s tongue, can inflict; and ever and anon, at every pause in her invective strain, she asks the hateful question, “When will you let me have some money?”

At last, Jericho—as though a dagger had been suddenly struck up through the bed—bounced bolt upright. There was a supernatural horror in his look: even his own wife, familiar as she was with his violence, almost squealed. However, silently eyeing him through the small murderous loop-holes of her lace border, Mrs. Jericho saw her pale-faced husband snatch off his cap, holding it away at arm’s-length, then, breathing hard, and casting back his head, he cried, in tones so deep and so unnaturally grating, that the poor woman, like a night-flower, shrank within herself at the first sound—“**I WISH TO HEAVEN I WAS MADE OF MONEY!**” Mrs. Jericho, considerably relieved that it was no worse, added, in a low, deep, earnest voice, “I wish to Heaven you were!”

The accomplishment of this wish is the alchemy of Mr. Solomon Jericho. “*Audivere Di mea vota!*” may he now exclaim; the gods have heard his prayers: but in an evil hour; for the fulfilment of his desire is attained at the cost of his own existence. Not by a direct compact with the Evil One, but by a gradual wasting away of his person on every occasion when he avails himself of his money-making faculty. The fact is, his heart has been suddenly converted into a mass of bank-paper, every one of its tissues representing a hundred pounds. He makes the discovery by accident, and having once made it, soon repeats it.

Again he placed his hand to his breast: drew forth another bank-note. He jumped to his feet, tore away his dress, and running to a mirror, saw therein reflected—not human flesh, but over the region of his heart a loose skin of bank-paper, veined with marks of ink. He touched it, and still in his hand there lay another note! His thoughtless wish had been wrought into reality. Solomon Jericho was, in very truth, a Man Made of Money.

Such is the process by which the mystery of money-making is solved by Mr. Jerrold in the person of his hero. The consequences which result from it may be imagined at the hands of a writer so deeply skilled in laying bare the worst imperfections of our nature. Misery, of course, is the portion of the modern Midas, who literally "drops his blood for drachmas" as he yields to every fresh demand upon his purse; and in the development of his career are well portrayed, by a thousand keen, satiric touches, the subserviency of the world to full-blown wealth, no matter whence its source. The story itself is of the slightest texture. The chief actors in it, after Mr. and Mrs. Jericho, are Basil Pennibacker and his sisters Monica and Agatha; the respective lovers of these young ladies—the Honourable Mr. Candytuft and Sir Arthur Hodmadod—who jilt them; the family of the Carraways, whose pretty daughter Bessy has won the heart of Basil, for, unlike his step-father, he has a heart, though his manners are no more polished than the butcher who damned Mr. Fox's politics; Colonel Bones, who will proclaim his poverty to the world, and is disbelieved, and honoured in consequence; Dr. Mizzlemist, the surgeon, who is ruined by being too candid; and a few minor personages, who serve as contrasts and makeweights.

All these characters are well described—after Mr. Jerrold's peculiar fashion; which means, not exactly as we should wish to be described ourselves; for, like *Iago*, Mr. Jerrold is nothing if not critical. The Honourable Mr. Candytuft, the man-tamer, is a fine specimen of the genus whose creed is unbounded benevolence for all the world; and Sir Arthur Hodmadod is equally great as the representative of the numerous class who are at a loss to understand their own meaning. They contrast admirably, agreeing only in selfishness.

But, unflatteringly as Mr. Jerrold may paint the individuals in whom he satirises society, we confess that we like them better than those whom he tries to render amiable. They seem to us as if they were only maskers, ready at any moment to lay aside their assumed characters, and show their plainness unpainted and ungilded. Basil Pennibacker—the young man with the heart—is the most notable example of this sort; and whatever fortune awaits him in Australia, we are not sorry, at the close of the book, to find that he has emigrated. Others, however, may think differently, and give this young gentleman a good reception; but whether they welcome or wish him at a distance, they must admit that there is quite enough of the devil in his composition to redeem him from being indifferent to any. And so of the rest: our likes or dislikes may be marked forcibly enough, but, agreeing or not with the philosophy, there is no doubt of our having to do with a philosopher—one who takes his particular view of human nature, has courage enough to express, and full ability to sustain it. Examples multiplied to infinite quotation might prove this; but there is no necessity for making the appeal. The "*Man Made of Money*" is one more identification with the genius of its author.

And so ends our homily on alchemy, which, whether ancient or modern, ends like matrimony—according to the rubric, in amazement; or—according to the experience of some—in disappointment.

SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH AND THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.*

THE particular epoch, which imparts an interest beyond all others to the long diplomatic career of Sir Robert Murray Keith, was his spirited rescue, as representative of Great Britain, of a daughter of England, and the sister of his sovereign, from a fate, the least disastrous probable issue of which was imprisonment for life in a northern fortress. The history of the charms, the sorrows, and the injuries of the British princess, to whom (in his own striking words) it was a "proud commencement for the envoy's chivalry to convey through the vaulted entrance of Hamlet's castle, the welcome tidings of fraternal affection and liberty restored," are familiar to most persons, and greater publicity has been lately given to them by the translation of a popular Danish work, under the attractive title of "The Queen of Denmark."

But beneath the more prominent features of the events that attended upon the unfortunate alliance of Carolina Matilda, sister of George III., with Christian VII. of Denmark, there hangs a mystery, which neither Danish nor English writer—neither the "prince of gossips," Horace Walpole, nor the sober compiler of despatches, Archdeacon Coxe; neither the author of the "Memoirs of an unfortunate Queen," nor the editor of the Keith Correspondence now before us; nor, what is still more singular, not that correspondence itself, as now first given to the public, any more than that of the still more chivalrous Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, who, but for her premature death, would have replaced her on the throne from which she had been so cruelly precipitated, have done almost anything to clear up.

The task which Mrs. Gillespie Smyth has set to herself has been to vilify the character of the young monarch—to exhibit him in the light of a heartless young libertine, as at once corrupt, profligate, and imbecile; all of which form the ground-work for an apology rather than of a defence. Thanks to the womanish policy of his step-mother, the Dowager Queen Juliana, who, in imitation of many a sultana validé, enfeebled mind and body to pave the way of her own son Frederick to power, Christian VII. was given up during the first years of his marriage to the company of gay young courtiers, who abetted him in every act of vice and profligacy, and in his latter years he sank into a state of incurable imbecility. Of the *début* and general conduct of this "giddy boy," as Mrs. Gillespie Smyth calls the king, in this country, that lady has given a characteristic sketch, which is corroborated in all material circumstances by Horace Walpole. But amid all the frolics and extravagances committed while in England by this dissipated prince and those servile courtiers who, to gratify their sovereign, flattered every folly, and sought with lamentable avidity, even in the paths of infamy and vice, the means of making themselves useful or agreeable, there are many instances of sense, good-nature, and generosity.

It is said, that wherever real misery met his eye, his hand went spontaneously into his pocket; and if that chanced to be empty, his ring, his

* Memoirs and Correspondence (Official and Familiar) of Sir Robert Murray Keith, K.B., Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Courts of Dresden, Copenhagen, and Vienna, from 1769 to 1792, with a Memoir of Queen Carolina Matilda of Denmark; and an Account of the Revolution there in 1772. Edited by Mrs. Gillespie Smyth. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

watch, or any other valuable about him, was bestowed instead of money. Mrs. Gillespie Smyth also relates that he once saw a poor tradesman put into a hackney-coach by two bailiffs, followed by his weeping wife and family, from whom he was about to be torn and thrown into prison. He ordered Count Molke to follow the coach to the Marshalsea; he paid the debt and costs, and setting the poor man free from every other demand, gave him 500 dollars to enable him to begin the world anew; and on several other occasions he distributed considerable sums among the poor debtors confined in the different gaols of the metropolis.

Whatever may be the opinion to be formed regarding the Queen Carolina Matilda's innocence or guilt, it is certain that some time previous to the explosion brought about by the Queen Dowager and Prince Frederick, that the king and she had been alienated from each other in consequence of his excesses, and it is a curious circumstance that the man to whom an unhappy prominence attaches itself in this story—Count Struensee—laid the ground-work of his future successes, as also of his fall, by undertaking, and for a time succeeding, in reconciling the royal pair.

It is certain also, that when Struensee became lord of the ascendant, that the king was held in a sort of liberal restraint, debarred from the society and intercourse of every one save those placed about him by the minister. He dined in public with the queen, accompanied her in the field sports to which she became so much addicted, and in which her masculine dress and manners excited universal reprobation, not even excepting that of Sir Robert Murray Keith. He appeared at the French and Italian operas, danced at their balls, and took a share in their card-parties; but little, if any, attention was paid to what he said, except so far as his wants were concerned; and all attendants and domestic servants had orders never to speak to the king. Excepting at rare moments, when the former sensibility and vivacity of his character illumined his dimmed eye and pallid cheek, the king existed in reality in a state bordering upon idiotism. Pleased with the puerile amusements that were provided (among which was his dog, Gourmaud, upon which he lavished all his affections), he seemed perfectly indifferent to everything else.

This was a sad state of things. The young queen was thus left without protection in a dissolute court, and surrounded by young, handsome, and designing courtiers. It was at this critical moment, in June, 1771 (that is to say, six months previous to the catastrophe), that Colonel Keith abandoned the military career to become minister at the court of Denmark. His first letters to his father complain of the difficulties put in his way to free access to king and queen, and intimates apprehensions of the forthcoming catastrophe, at the same time that he treats the reports, at that time commonly current, as calumnies of the opposition.

The populace love the king, and are extremely averse to the delegation of his power to a man whose rise is so unbecoming. The little incendiaries of opposition (no longer restrained by the rigour of the government) print and publish the most *scandalous and infamous libels*, and by name threaten the minister. The popular clamour runs high, and the opposition of the nobles, though sluggish and timid, contributes to create a crisis of frenzy in the mob, which may (they think) be justly directed against the position of the minister. In a despotic government, the populace, when pushed beyond the limits of the law, know no bounds; I therefore sincerely hope and pray that all lawless attempts to kindle a flame among them may meet with the punishment they deserve. But if ever it shall unfortunately happen that the lower citizens

shall be brought to signalise their resentment against the principal objects of it, *Brandt and Struensee*, you, dear sir, will not be surprised if a Danish mob should, in its vengeance, be cruel and sanguinary.

The circumstances under which the arrest of the queen and of the ministers, Brandt and Struensee, took place, are narrated by Mrs. Gillespie Smyth from the well known version given by Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, after the testimony of Carolina Matilda's own valet-de-chambre, Mantel. We do not know, however, from what authority Mrs. Gillespie Smyth says it has been alleged that a secret staircase led from Count Struensee's apartments to those of the queen. The suggestion of the German poet, in his fine tragedy of "*Struensee*," that Rautzan was, in his implacable persecution of the favourite, avenging a former object of affection seduced and abandoned by that profligate courtier, is more reasonable.

All the letters which are given in reference to this most remarkable event are evidently studiously and conscientiously silent as to the details of events which Mrs. Gillespie Smyth declares to be "too sacred then, and still, for official publicity."

These letters, at the same time that they attest the admirable discretion of the minister, also sufficiently show that the office of endeavouring to shield the head of its destined victim from the malice of faction was one of no slight responsibility, and which demanded the greatest exercise of temper and patience, as well as of dignity and firmness. Colonel Keith solemnly protested against all acts of violence with which the person of the queen, declared guilty of adultery, and of being privy to the poison administered to her husband, seemed to be threatened. According to Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, "he bravely vindicated oppressed innocence in a manner worthy of his character; refuted with much energy her accusers, and concluded with denouncing the vengeance of his nation and the bombardment of Copenhagen, if justice were not done to the sister of his sovereign."

The measures by which these sad events were met with at home by no means indicated perfect satisfaction with the conduct of the queen. The discretion and ability of the minister were, however, at once rewarded with the Order of the Bath, which he was instructed to invest himself with forthwith, and appear at the Danish court. Nor did this discreet and excellent man's labour cease till the young queen was delivered up to him, to be removed to the castle of Zell in Hanover—a concession that was not obtained without renewed menaces, and the actual equipment at home of a formidable naval armament.

When the revulsion of public feeling, as also of the king's sentiments towards the unfortunate queen, opened to the then young and disengaged traveller, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, the chivalrous project of restoring her at once to a throne and a husband, that enterprising man related of his interview at Zell, that they spoke of the memorable night of the 16th of January, 1772, when she fell a victim to her imprudence and want of precaution. "I would have avoided," he adds, "such a topic for obvious reasons, but she entered on it with so much determination, that I could only listen while she recounted to me all the extraordinary occurrences which befel her; not omitting names and particulars respecting herself and others of the most private nature. I am, however, far from meaning that she made any disclosure unbecoming a woman of honour and delicacy."

Mrs. Gillespie Smyth thinks that the narrator might have spared the last proviso, which is one rather in his peculiar style. "Nor," she adds, "had the consciousness of guilt been to accompany her back to Denmark, would she have been so ready to place her head once more within the jaws of a fate which, conscience must then have whispered, would not be revenge, but retribution." This leaves the question precisely as it stood before; and Sir Robert Murray Keith's official despatches are wanted to clear up the mystery. It is certainly strange, where the evidence is all of a negative character, that neither the minister nor Sir Nathaniel Wraxall should have spoken in more decisive language. It is the absence of firm convictions and indignant repudiations on their part which gives tacit admission to the surmises of the least agreeable character. Be that, however, as it may, it is certain that Carolina Matilda's errors, true or imaginary, have always been looked upon by the Danes with every allowance, and the memory of that amiable princess's endearing virtues and accomplishments have survived in the minds of the sensible and generous part of the nation, the memory of her youthful indiscretions, while the cruel punishment to which she was subjected, is never spoken of but in terms of heartfelt horror and indignation.

THE RED MEN AND THE TRAPPERS.

CALIFORNIA and Oregon once colonised by the indomitable Anglo-Americans, and farewell to "Life in the Far West." The great trails of Indians and Spaniards, and the scalping routes of the Coon Creek and Pawnee Fork, will be so many highways across the land; the huge, isolated, granitic rock that marks the watershed of the Pacific and the Atlantic on the trail to Oregon or the "South Pass," and upon which are rudely carved the names of traders, travellers, trappers, and emigrants, will be the site of some great hostelry, and the "Beer and Soda springs" in the Rocky Mountains must eventually become the site of another Saratoga. The gradual extinction of the aborigines is a painful but a certain futurity. Like the buffalo of their native prairies, they everywhere retire before civilisation. Wherever a few white hunters are congregated in a trading port or elsewhere, so sure it is that, if they remain in the same locality, the buffalo will desert the vicinity, whilst the presence of Indians in their pastures appears in no degree to disturb them. In this the Red men affirm the *wahkeitcha*, or "bad medicine" of the pale faces, is very apparent, and it compels them to encroach upon each other's hunting-grounds, which is a fruitful cause of war, and of mutual extirpation. Reckless, moreover, of the future, in order to prepare robes for the traders, and to procure the pernicious fire-water, they wantonly slaughter every year vast numbers of buffalo cows (the skins of which sex only are dressed), and thus add to the evils in store for them. When questioned on the subject, and reproached with such want of foresight, they answer, that however quickly the buffalo disappears, the Red man "goes under" more quickly still; and that the Great Spirit has

ordained that both shall be "rubbed out" from the face of nature at one and the same time—"that arrows and bullets are not more fatal to the buffalo than the small-pox and fire-water to them, and that, before many winters' snows have disappeared, the Red men will only be remembered by their bones which will strew the plains."

Alas, poor Indians! Driven by the force of circumstances from this earth, they look forward to another world where peace and happiness are confined within the narrow circles of their own experiences. After a long journey, they will, they say, reach "the happy hunting-grounds," where buffalo will once more blacken the prairies; where the pale faces dare not come to disturb them; where no winter snows cover the ground; and where the buffalo are always plentiful and fat. What a contrast does the Paradise of the Red man present to that of the luxurious Mohammedan?

Many are the strange stories we have read of those stalwart hunters, and daring, indefatigable, enduring men, whose main business, that of trapping beaver in the streamlets that flow from the far off rocky mountains, has given to them their name. Often have we pictured to ourselves their long-neglected hair, faces browned by exposure, their sharp, keen examining look, their hunting-frocks of buckskin with long fringes down the seams, with pantaloons similarly ornamented, and with moccasins of Indian make. But never have we seen the race whose occupation will depart with beaver, buffalo, and Indians, so strikingly portrayed as in the pages of poor George Frederick Ruxton's posthumous volume. It will probably be one of the last of its kind, as it is one of the best.*

No more daring mountaineers than Killbuck and La Bonté ever trapped a beaver, and we are at first introduced to these braves when on their way from the north fork of Platte River, to wintering-ground in the more southern valley of the Arkansas. The two leaders were encamped with a small party for the moment on a creek called Bijou, when one stormy night Killbuck roused the remainder of the party by a single word.

"Injuns!"

Scarcely was the word out of Killbuck's lips, when, above the howling of the furious wind, and the pattering of the rain, a hundred savage yells broke suddenly upon their ears from all directions round the camp; a score of rifle-shots rattled from the thicket, and a cloud of arrows whistled through the air, whilst a crowd of Indians charged upon the picketed animals. "Owgh, owgh—owgh—owgh—g-li-h." "A foot, by gor!" shouted Killbuck, "and the old mule goue at that. On 'em, boys, for old Kentuck!" And he rushed towards his mule, which jumped and snorted mad with fright, as a naked Indian strove to fasten a lariat round her nose, having already cut the rope which fastened her to the picket-pin.

"Quit that, you cussed devil!" roared the trapper, as he jumped upon the savage, and without raising his rifle to his shoulder, made a deliberate thrust with the muzzle at his naked breast, striking him full, and at the same time pulling the trigger, actually driving the Indian two paces backwards with the shock, when he fell in a heap, and dead. But at the same moment, an Indian, sweeping his club round his head, brought it with fatal force down upon Killbuck; for a moment the hunter staggered, threw out his arms wildly into the air, and fell headlong to the ground.

* "Life in the Far West," by George Frederick Ruxton, author of "*Travels in Mexico*," &c., &c. Blackwood and Sons.

"Ough! ough, ough-h-h!" cried the Rapaho, and, striding over the prostrate body, he seized with his left hand the middle lock of the trapper's long hair, and drew his knife round the head to separate the scalp from the skull. As he bent over to his work, the trapper named La Bonté saw his companion's peril, rushed quick as thought at the Indian, and buried his knife to the hilt between his shoulders. With a gasping shudder, the Rapaho fell dead upon the prostrate body of his foe.

The attack, however, lasted but a few seconds. The dash at the animals had been entirely successful, and, driving them before them, with loud cries, the Indians disappeared quickly in the darkness. Without waiting for daylight, two of the three trappers who alone were to be seen, and who had been within the shanties at the time of attack, without a moment's delay commenced packing two horses, which having been fastened to the shanties had escaped the Indians, and placing their squaws upon them, showering curses and imprecations on their enemies, left the camp, fearful of another onset, and resolved to retreat and *câche* themselves until the danger was over. Not so La Bonté, who, stout and true, had done his best in the fight, and now sought the body of his old comrade, from which, before he could examine the wounds, he had first to remove the corpse of the Indian he had slain. Killbuck still breathed. He had been stunned; but, revived by the cold rain beating upon his face, he soon opened his eyes, and recognised his trusty friend, who, sitting down, lifted his head into his lap, and wiped away the blood that streamed from the wounded scalp.

"Is the top-knot gone, boy?" asked Killbuck, "for my head feels queer-some, I tell you."

"Thar's the Injun as felt like lifting it," answered the other, kicking the dead body with his foot.

"Wagh! boy, you've struck a coup; so scalp the nigger right off, and then fetch me a drink."

With the break of morning the trappers found that most of their companions had been slain in the on-slaught, and, as a necessary sequence, scalped; but, nothing daunted by this catastrophe, they resolved upon taking the Indian trail and getting back their mules. "I feel like taking haul," said the old hunter, "and some Rapahos has to 'go under' for this night's work." And they actually carried out the daring project, successfully tracking the Indians, abiding their time and opportunity, making a descent, killing and scalping several Red men, and recovering their horses and mules. It is not always so easy, however, to kill the Red man; his tenacity of life is something extraordinary, and an instance of this kind is related which occurred upon an occasion when a number of hostile Indians had, upon making signs of peace, been admitted into the camp of the trappers, which is horrible enough to make the hair stand on end.

The trappers were all sitting at their suppers over the fires, the Indians looking gravely on, when it was remarked that now would be a good opportunity to retaliate upon them for the trouble their incessant attacks had entailed upon the camp. The suggestion was highly approved of, and instantly acted upon. Springing to their feet, the trappers seized their rifles, and commenced the slaughter. The Indians, panic-struck, fled without resistance, and numbers fell before the death-dealing rifles of the mountaineers. A chief, who had been sitting on a rock near the fire where the leader of the trappers sat, had been singled out by the latter as the first mark for his rifle.

Placing the muzzle to his heart, he pulled the trigger, but the Indian, with extraordinary tenacity of life, rose and grappled with his assailant. The white was a tall powerful man, but, notwithstanding the deadly wound the

Indian had received, he had his equal in strength to contend against. The naked form of the Indian twisted and writhed in his grasp, as he sought to avoid the trapper's uplifted knife. Many of the latter's companions advanced to administer the *coup-de-grâce* to the savage, but the trapper cried to keep off: "If he couldn't whip the Injun," he said, "he'd go under."

At length he succeeded in throwing him, and, plunging his knife no less than seven times into his body, he tore off his scalp, and went in pursuit of the flying savages. In the course of an hour or two, all the party returned, and sitting by the fires, resumed their suppers, which had been interrupted in the manner just described. Walker, the captain of the band, sat down by the fire where he had been engaged in the struggle with the Indian chief, whose body was lying within a few paces of it. He was in the act of fighting the battle over again to one of his companions, and was saying that the Indian had as much life in him as a buffalo bull, when, to the horror of all present, the savage, who had received wounds sufficient for twenty deaths, suddenly rose to a sitting posture, the fire shedding a glowing light upon the horrid spectacle. The face was a mass of clotted blood, which flowed from the lacerated scalp, whilst gouts of blood streamed from eight gaping wounds in the naked breast.

Slowly this frightful figure rose to a sitting posture, and, bending slowly forward to the fire, the mouth was seen to open wide, and a hollow gurgling—*owg-h-h*—broke from it.

"H—!" exclaimed the trapper—and jumping up, he placed a pistol to the ghastly head, the eyes of which sternly fixed themselves on his, and pulling the trigger, blew the poor wretch's skull to atoms.

These terrible trappers have, it appears, sometimes, but rarely, their sentimental moods to soften their stern manners and fierce modes of life. La Bonté took it into his head to marry a Snake squaw, with whom he crossed the mountains and proceeded to the Platte through the Bayou Salade, where he purchased of the Yutas a commodious lodge, with the necessary poles, &c., and being now "rich" in mules, and horses, and in all things necessary for *otum cum dignitate*, he took unto himself another wife, as by mountain law allowed: and thus equipped with both his better halves, retired in all the glory of fofarraw, he went his way rejoicing. A cloud, however, was soon destined to break and dispel this temporary state of bliss.

In a snug little valley lying under the shadow of the mountains, watered by Vermilion Creek, and in which abundance of buffalo, elk, deer, and antelope fed and fattened on the rich grass, La Bonté raised his lodge, employing himself in hunting, and fully occupying his wives' time in dressing the skins of the many animals he killed. Here he enjoyed himself amazingly until the commencement of winter, when he determined to cross to the North Fork and trade his skins, of which he had now as many packs as his animals could carry. It happened that he one day left his camp, to spend a couple of days hunting buffalo in the mountains, whither the bulls were now resorting, intending to "put out" for Platte on his return. His hunt, however, led him further into the mountains than he anticipated, and it was only on the third day that sundown saw him enter the little valley where his camp was situated.

Crossing the creek, he was not a little disturbed at seeing fresh Indian sign on the opposite side, which led in the direction of his lodge; and his worst fears were realised when, on coming within sight of the little plateau where the conical top of his white lodge had always met his view, he saw nothing but a blackened mass strewn the ground, and the burnt ends of the poles which had once supported it.

Squaws, animals, and peltry, all were gone—an Arapaho moccasin lying on the ground told him where. He neither fumed nor fretted, but throwing the

meat off his pack animal, and the saddle from his horse, he collected the blackened ends of the lodge poles and made a fire—led his beasts to water and hobbled them, threw a piece of buffalo meat upon the coals, squatted down before the fire, and lit his pipe. La Bonté was a true philosopher. Notwithstanding that his house, his squaws, his peltries, were gone “at one fell swoop,” the loss scarcely disturbed his equanimity; and before the tobacco in his pipe was half smoked out, he had ceased to think of his misfortune. Certes, as he turned his apolla of tender loin, he sighed as he thought of the delicate manipulations with which his Shoshone squaw, Sah-qua-manish, was wont to beat to tenderness the toughest bull meat—and missed the tending care of Yute Chil-co-thê, or the “reed that bends,” in patching the holes worn in his neatly fitting moccasins, the work of her nimble fingers. However, he ate and smoked, and smoked and ate, and slept none the worse for his mishap; thought, before he closed his eyes, a little of his lost wives, and more perhaps of the “Bending Reed” than of Sah-qua-manish, or “she who runs with the stream,” drew his blanket tightly round him, felt his rifle handy to his grasp, and was speedily asleep.

Whilst the tired mountaineer breathes heavily in his dream, careless and unconscious that a living soul is near, his mule on a sudden pricks her ears and stares into the gloom, whence a figure soon emerges, and with noiseless steps draws near the sleeping hunter. Taking one look at the slumbering form, the same figure approaches the fire and adds a log to the pile; which done, it quietly seats itself at the feet of the sleeper, and remains motionless as a statue. Towards morning the hunter awoke, and, rubbing his eyes, was astonished to feel the glowing warmth of the fire striking on his naked feet, which, in Indian fashion, were stretched towards it; as by this time, he knew, the fire he left burning must long since have expired. Lazily raising himself on his elbow, he saw a figure sitting near it, with the back turned to him, which, although his exclamatory wagh was loud enough in all conscience, remained perfectly motionless, until the trapper, rising, placed his hand upon the shoulder: then, turning up his face, the features displayed to his wondering eye were those of Chil-co-thê, his Yuta wife. Yes, indeed, the “reed that bends” had escaped from her Arapaho captors, and made her way back to her white husband, fasting and alone.

Dr. Brooks has given some curious illustrations of the propensity of the Indians for gambling as exhibited in California, but Mr. Ruxton relates an instance which leaves all others previously published far behind it, in as much as the value of the stakes is concerned. A Sioux chieftain, after staking his bow, his club, and his robe, staked his scalp. He played and lost. The victor drew his knife and quickly removed his bloody prize. He had but one more stake of value to offer; but he did not hesitate. He offered his life against the other's winnings. This time the Sioux won, and, plunging his knife into his adversary's heart, he returned to his village, scalpless but revenged.

Sad results of social conditions without law, without morals, without true religion. It is to be hoped that, with the progress of Anglo-American enterprise, which will be so much hastened by the Californian emigration, that better times are in store for Red men and for trappers, and for their half-caste progeny. The Red man's prospects are darkened by his love of gambling and fire-water, but in the Hudson Bay Company territories much has been done towards eradicating these vices, and for such as survive the beaver and the buffalo, it is to be hoped a better destiny yet remains than even peaceful hunting-grounds or fat cattle.

NEW ZEALAND* COOKERY-BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

PUBLIC attention, of late, has particularly directed to New Zealand; and various accounts have been published of the manners and customs of its inhabitants; it is, indeed, a country interesting alike to the philanthropist and to the anthropophagist.

But in all the books which have been written no mention has been made of their literature; this omission a happy accident has enabled us to supply.

The value of a work, as has been very judiciously observed by a sagacious critic, does not consist in its length; valuable commodities are packed in small parcels; two-and-forty sixpences go to a guinea;—the literature of a nation is not to be estimated by the quantity of its books, but their quality. In this respect the literature of New Zealand stands alone; there has been only one work written in that language; but that one is on the most important subject, as is admitted by the universal assent of Europe, that can engage the intellectual faculties of mankind in its civilised state.

The proof of this lies in a cocoa-nut shell :—

What is it that distinguishes man from all other animals?

The received distinctive characteristic of the animal man is, that he is “a cooking animal.”

The French philosopher who hit on that felicitous definition *was*, without question, a writer of great taste and discernment; but we are aware, that, there are some who prefer the description of a more modern observer who defines man as “an animal who has debts :”—but we will not dwell on the latter point, as possibly it might give rise to disagreeable reminiscences—especially when we take into account that Christmas festivities, (*surgit amari aliquid*), are usually accompanied by Christmas bills.

We pass on, therefore, willingly, to the subject of New Zealand literature, and to the opinion of the giant of literature of our own country—on the importance of the art of cookery to man.

The Great Sage expressed an opinion (which immediately became law) in his own axiomatic way, that, “A man, sir, who neglects his belly will neglect everything else ;”—meaning thereby, his religious and moral as well as his social duties; a dictum which another doctor hardly less eminent for his dictionary of dishes than the great lexicographer for his dictionary of phrases—and whose name of Kitchener is especially appropriate to the present subject—has confirmed and illustrated in his celebrated work on the science of gustation.

The natives of New Zealand have considered the matter in the same light; and the reader will, doubtless, smack his lips with anticipatory delectation when he learns that the work which they have thought most worthy of their first literary effort is a “Cookery-Book.”

It must be confessed that the sorts of viands on which this antipodean production treats are not such as are suited to European tastes; but, *de gustibus non disputandum*, &c.

There is one circumstance, however, in considering this most interesting subject that must not be lost sight of; it is partly practical, partly

poetical, and considerably metaphysical; and that is, the belief of these imaginative aborigines that the strength, the courage, the powers of mastication, and other heroic qualities of the person eaten pass into that of the one who eats him;—simple and touching faith! which illustrates the romantic imaginations of this interesting people! The philosophical reader will not fail to observe, also, that the existence of this belief gives reason to the ethnological inquirer to surmise, that, by some means, the New Zealand people have become imbued with a portion of the ancient doctrine of metempsychosis;—but the consideration of that point may form the subject of a distinct essay. Our present business is with cookery, and specially with the cookery of New Zealand. It is a subject that deserves to be diligently chewed and carefully digested, and the minutest particulars concerning which cannot fail to be interesting to intelligent minds.

The manner in which this ingenious work was discovered was as curious as the work itself; and the following account of it is drawn up from the papers of the discoverer in his own handwriting, of the way in which it was brought about; and of the accidents by which the savoury ideas of the native genius of New Zealand were conveyed over the Pacific for the admiration of the British people.

CHAPTER II.

DOCTOR O'RHOMBOID, of the University of Dublin, a *savant* profoundly learned in the mysteries of the mathematics, and but moderately in the ways of the world, was on his way to the picturesque town of Boulogne. Boulogne is a town situate on the western coast of the northern part of France—a favoured spot, famous for its fish and freedom; and presenting advantages of position convenient to subscribers to railways and others seeking retirement from the cares and vicissitudes of the world. One of the objects of the Doctor's journey was, as he stated privately to his friends, to measure the height of Napoleon's column;—his other reasons he did not mention. With this intent, he unostentatiously quitted Dublin, and without losing any time immersed himself in the mighty stream of human beings in London. There, for a while, he endeavoured, unsuccessfully, to solve the problem that perplexed him of making £0 0s. 0d. equal to £356 6s. 8d.; for it should be mentioned that "to oblige a friend" he had affixed his autograph to the back of a note of hand to that amount which had occasioned an affectionate message from her Majesty Queen Victoria to meet one of the judges appointed to inquire into such matters; an invitation which, from the Doctor's extreme modesty and bashfulness, he had made up his mind to decline. It was from the circumstance of his thoughts being exclusively engaged in the contemplation of this difficult point of practical mathematics—with its corollaries—that he made a practical Irish bull; he stepped into the wrong ship; and being wearied with thought and saturated with whiskey punch, he crept under a spare sail ("the little gib") in a neglected cabin, and fell asleep.

When he awoke late in the afternoon of the next day, and began to busy himself, as was his wont, in making inquiries respecting the objects which he saw around him, he ascertained to his astonishment, that, instead of being on his way across the channel, he was on his way across the globe! All supplications and remonstrances were in vain; the wind was

fair, and as fresh as the doctor was the evening before; the pilot had left the ship; the captain would not go an inch out of his way for all the universities in Europe; declared that his boat, classically named the "*Grampus*" was as good a boat as ever swam on the Pacific; and that there was ne'er a South-Sea-whaler from the port of London—or from any other port for that matter—that could come up with her, or that could hold her quantity of wind or blubber. As the doctor saw that it was of no use for him to blubber at his mishap (as he supposed it, so short-sighted are mortals!) he just made the best of it, and philosophically set down to drink grog with the captain. The captain was an admirable specimen of the British tar; rough as a badger, hardy as a spike-nail, and always covered with a coat that resembled a tarpaulin. The Doctor, who was an etymologist as well as a mathematician, and a hunter after derivatives, set down in his note-book:—"Tar" "British Tar; an amphibious animal, so called from being always covered with tar." (See pitch.)

It is recommended to travellers always to carry a note-book; the Doctor, who was of an inquiring mind, and always had it in his eye to make a fat book out of his voyage, contrived a repository for his observations from some spare leaves of an old log book in which he entered memoranda of sights and occurrences rare and interesting. A few extracts from his journal may prove instructive:—

"April 22nd to May 22nd: sick (sic transit gloria, &c.)

"May 23rd: saw a piece of sea-weed.

"May 24th: Latitude 0 deg. 53 min.; Longitude 20 deg. 19 min.; saw another piece of sea-weed.

"May 25th: Lat. 0 deg. 0 min. 0 sec.; Long. 21 deg. 49 min.—Did not see any sea-weed all day. (Precious hot.)

"May 26th: Lat. 0 deg. 54 min.; Long. 22 deg. 31 min. Am gradually melting.

"May 27th: Lat. 2 deg. 20 min.; Long. 23 deg. 30 min. Saw steward drawing something from a cask for breakfast, which I thought was lamp-oil, into a gill measure; steward said it was butter; felt qualmish and went upon deck; sun drove me down again into the cabin; fell asleep and dreamed that I was in an oven and had been changed to melted butter.

"Mem—Captain said something about 'sailing in the wind's eye' to-day; origin of that metaphorical expression obscure; difficult to picture to one's self that the wind has an eye—(and why only one?); perhaps from *Æolus*, the god of winds, whence the French '*œil*,' English '*eye*:'—mem: matter here for an essay.

"May 28th: Was prevailed on to taste a mess called by the sailors '*Lobacouse*' (unde derivatur?); wonder whether it resembles the '*black-broth*' of the Spartans? Declined finishing it.—The derivation of '*lob-scouse*' puzzles me.—

"May 29: Had some '*twice-laid*' for dinner; could not make out what it was composed of: seemed to be odd ends of rope yarn chopped up; shall think twice before I attempt it again.

"May 30: Pea-soup for dinner as usual, flavoured with salt-pork; mate said it was very good, only too much '*galley-pepper*' in it;—looked in the captain's M'Culloch's Dictionary, article '*pepper*,' but could not find any mention of the '*galley*' sort: mem., to write to him to put it in his next edition; to me it seemed of a mild sort in respect to pugnacity, but very gritty.

"May 31st: Lat. 8 deg. 36 min.; Long. 27 deg. 28 min.;—saw nothing all day.—Life on board-ship rather monotonous.

"June 1st: Violent thunder storm—very sudden; captain says there must be something wrong in the air (as there was no warning), for he is sure his barometer is correct;—deluge of rain; lightning struck down man at the wheel; great confusion; sails making loud cracks; captain said it was 'blowing great guns;' captain must be right, but didn't see any; while there was what the captain called 'a lull,' he told the mate to call all hands up to 'splice the main brace;' knew what splice meant from 'plico' (Latin), 'to knit together;' whence the Dutch *spilfen*; was puzzled about brace at first, but conjectured it referred to one of the ropes; asked the captain his opinion of the derivation of 'lull;' but being disturbed by the storm, I presume, he told me to go to a bad place, making use at the same time of a very shocking expression; forgave him because his mind was troubled; the sailors came to 'splice the main brace' quickly enough, but after they had drunk a dram of rum a-piece, instead of setting about the job, they stood idling about waiting for the captain's orders. Just at this moment another blast of wind coming suddenly on the ship, the sailors all bestirred themselves nimbly; and the captain calling out to 'haul on the main sheet,' I, wishing to show that I was ready to do my part, immediately ran down the steps into my cabin and hauled up both the sheets off my bed, tho' with great difficulty, for the ship rocked about in a dreadful manner. It seemed, however, that sailors don't like a passenger to interfere, or that I had made some mistake, for the captain made use of another shocking expression more dreadful than the last, and d—d me for a 'lubber.' I instantly went down to my cabin to note down the epithet lubber which I suspect has a peculiar meaning; query lubber from *λωβητωρ* contumeliosus: *mem.* lob., looby; search for derivation when I have leisure.

"When the storm was over, the mate, who was a pleasant and facetious person, and who knew that I kept a journal, had the goodness to explain to me the manner of manœuvring the ship during the storm, which, as it might be useful to future navigators, I took down very carefully from his dictation.

"It seems that the wind blew in violent squalls from the *sow-sow-th-east*, and took the vessel on the fore-quarter abaft the binnacle; (the binnacle is the place where the compass is placed by which the ship is steered); the man at the wheel (that is the sailor who steers the ship) put the helm hard a-weather which brought her stern round to the sea, and the storm stay-sail was spread on the fore top-mast and kept full. At the same time the studding-sails were set to bring the ship to the wind, and all hands were called forrard to give a pull to the main-sheet. But all this would not do to keep the vessel right, and so the captain, who was an experienced seaman, had the main-top-mast shipped on the mizzen-boom, while the fore-top-sail was clewed up to the main rigging so as to make the vessel snug. In this way she lay in the trough of the sea so as to receive the force of the waves on her stern, which was her broadest and strongest part; but the wind coming on to blow from the *nor-nor-west*, as well as from the *sow-sow-th-east* and from other quarters, the captain determined on wearing the ship so as to keep her head to the wind, and the helm being lashed accordingly so as to secure its being in the proper place, the mizen-top-sail was shaken out to steady the ship; but the violence of the gale increasing, the captain set the mizen-gib,

and with this and the main-royal-fore-top-mast-sky-scraper, which stood well, the ship worked wonderfully. But at this precise moment of time the man at the wheel was struck down by a thunderbolt, which precipitated him with such violence down the fore-hatch-way, that he lay there for a considerable time in a very senseless state. The wind now blew furiously from all points of the compass, and all the sails would have been instantly blown from the masts if it had not been for the equal pressure of the wind on all sides which kept them in their places. While the captain was considering what was best to be done in such an awful state of things, the carpenter called out from the cross-trees, where he had gone to sound the bell, that the ship had sprung a leak, and that there was four feet water in the cabin. The bosun swore that we should all go to Davy's locker (a phrase in use among seafaring persons to signify the bottom of the sea, although it is difficult to conjecture the derivation of the expression). In this time of extremity, when the ship was half submerged beneath the roaring waters with its stern uppermost, expecting every moment to be capsized, the captain conceived a bold idea, and he instantly called out through his speaking-trumpet, which he held in one hand, having a glass of grog in the other, to make fast the bowsprit by the puttock-shrouds of the cross-jack so as to keep the vessel steady; on which she immediately righted, to the unspeakable satisfaction of the ship's company. We now handed her foresail, and kept her broadside to the wind, so as to bear the brunt of the gale on her lee-quarter. It was to this admirable manœuvre that the safety of the ship and the lives of the crew, and of the passenger—namely, myself—was mainly owing; and in order to mark my sense of our captain's extraordinary seamanship I signified to him, in a round robin, my intention, on my return to Europe, to present him with a copy of my large work on the etymologies of the unknown Coptick dialects in 2 vols. folio as abridged from the original edition; for which he expressed his grateful sense of satisfaction promising me that he would always carry them about with him as ballast in all his future voyages.

“The rest of our passage was undisturbed by any accident, and on the 24th October of the same year, having found a suitable anchoring-place, with a hard rocky bottom, not likely to give way, and being secured in the midst of coral reefs, the sails were unfurled and we dropped our anchor from the stern, accompanied by the cheers of all on board.

“It is impossible to describe the delight which I felt on setting my foot, which immediately sunk up to my knees in mud (so rich and fertile is the soil) on the shore of New Zealand.—And thus it was that I found myself standing on my head in relation to the inhabitants of the northern side of the globe, being prevented from falling off by that principle, the attraction of gravity, which Newton supposed he had discovered, and the effect of which we all of us experience in a variety of ways to our very great convenience, and sometimes to the contrary, every day.”

CHAPTER III.

THE concluding sentence of the preceding chapter ends that part of the worthy Doctor's journal which admitted of being given in its original purity in the first person.—And thus, in continuation of his adventure, we may observe, after having been duly seasoned with salt without and

with rum and water within; did he become the instrument of solving a problem far more interesting than any in fluxions—that is of fluxions mathematical—namely, whether the New Zealanders, who were known to enjoy the use of clubs and hatchets in curious variety, with which they made very intelligible marks on each other's visages, possessed also a written literature in any way analogous to that produced by those not less dangerous weapons, pens, ink, and paper.

The present discovery, now for the first time communicated to the public, proves that they do possess a literature of their own, and that they may be literally denominated a literary people; and, more than that, they are far advanced in a knowledge of that sublime art the progress in which is justly regarded as the test of civilised nations.—The manuscripts from which these anthropophagistic receipts are translated are, indeed, of the most primitive description, consisting of a series of oyster-shells on which the words of wisdom are graven;—resembling in that particular of disconnectedness the leaves of the ancient Sibyls (which may be emphatically denominated light literature), so far as their ideal prophecies can be compared with Udeal precepts.—The latter, moreover, possess the advantage of not being liable to be blown away by the wind, and in that respect are, intrinsically as well as metaphorically preferable to the fashionable literature of the day, which is at the mercy of the capricious breath of popular favour.

A short and pathetic preface informs the reader that the brief hints and instructions respecting the New Zealand “Cuisine” contained in the present oystershells, were written with the tooth of a shark that had eaten up all the author's surviving relations; his father and mother had been devoured, previously, by a neighbouring chief; and he (the author) had eaten up the chief and the shark; so that, as he says in the poetical language of his people, “ooly dooly willy wally, wow,” “my own inside is my enemy's sepulchre!”

But it is time to describe the conversation which took place between the Dublin philosopher and the New Zealand Ude on things in general, and on eating in particular.

The Doctor, it is necessary to premise, had made his way into the interior of the island, through tangled fern and brushwood among which he lost himself for several weeks, and was forced to subsist on such grubs and roots as he chanced to find. Fortunately, he found himself again near the sea-shore; but he emerged from the depths of the forests a living skeleton; it was well for himself, perhaps, that it was so; for previously his person had presented an appearance of plumpness which might have been dangerously appetising among so excitable a population. Holding up a branch of a tree to signify his abstemious intentions, he approached a solitary sort of wigwam near the coast, in which was seated a native of the island, presenting to view that capacious cast of forehead and amplitude of mouth which indicated at once his superiority of intellect and powers of mastication. The inhabitant of New Zealand, who rejoiced in the name of Pummereboo, which signifies “the great eater,” was startled at first at the extreme thinness of the stranger; but being in good-humour (having just dined on a friend), he received the miserable unknown kindly; spread a mat for him to recline on; and, after having offered him the remains of his dinner, which the Doctor examined curiously, the two endeavoured to enter into conversation. But this they found impossible, for the reason that neither understood the other's lan-

guage; but after a time, by repeated endeayours, they mutually taught each other sufficient of their respective mother-tongues to enable them to communicate their ideas; and the following colloquy took place between the savage and the mathematician:—

The native began—

“Why you come to dis place? You no hab noting to eat in your own country?”

Doctor—“Not always; and, when there is plenty, it is not always easy to get it.”

“Why dat?”

“It is owing to our state of over-population:—but I was going to observe that I came here, as I may say, by accident;—the fact is, I got into the wrong ship?”

“What you eat in your ship?”

“We had no great variety; we lived principally on hard bread and salt-junk.”

“What him salt-junk?”

“Salt-junk? why—pork and beef dried and salted.”

“You hab pickled head?”

“I don’t remember any heads turning up; there were a few pig’s cheeks.”

“You hab pig in your country?”

“Plenty of hogs of all sorts.”

“What him hog eat?”

“Everything; corn and vegetables—and meat; chesnuts—acorns;—nothing comes amiss to him; he is a devourer of all things eatable—fish—flesh—and fowl.”

“And when he eat eberyting den you eat him?”

“We do; I am rather partial to a loin of pork myself; and hams with us are considered delicacies.”

“And dere you stop?”

“How—stop?”

“De bread grow and you eat him, and you say, dat good; and de cock and de hen, you eat him too, and you say dat good; and de hog eat eberyting and den you eat him, and you say dat berry good; why you stop there? Why you no eat de animal what eat de hog? What dibberence is him tween de two sorts of hogs? Why you eat one sort of hog and not toder?”

“In that case we should eat one another!”

“Why not? What you do wid your enemies what you kill in fight?”

“We bury them in the ground?”

“You no bake ’em?”

“We never bake ’em; and we never eat them—that is to say in a corporeal sense, although I must admit that, metaphorically, we do devour one another.”

“You say you not always hab someting to eat in your own country, and you say you no eat your enemies what you kill in fight? What for dat? What good do your enemy to bury him? Great good to you to eat him.”

The Doctor was embarrassed for the moment; and did not know what answer to give to this philanthropic question. The native, by an ingenious process of inductive reasoning, on the Socratic system, had

forced him to admit that the Europeans did not scruple to eat the hog, an animal which is a general devourer of all things, and also, that between the animal man, and the hog properly so called, it was difficult, sometimes, to make a satisfactory distinction; moreover, the Doctor had avowed his own partiality for pig-meat; and, as the New Zealander very forcibly argued, if you eat the one sort of hog, why not eat the other? Why such an indiscriminating devourer of food as man is should stop in the devouring series, and hesitate to make food of the animal which, like the hog, feeds on almost everything that comes in its way, puzzled the Doctor to explain. He could only say, that it was so; that each nation had its customs; that there were prejudices against the practice in his own country which the inhabitants could not overcome. While he revolved these thoughts, the native, who saw his perplexity, answered for him:

"Me know why you no eat him."

"Why?" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Because," replied the native, "you no know how to cook him! You no hab wise men in your country to tell how to make dem nice to eat."

"We have had wise men in our country who have written cookery-books," replied the Doctor; "but they have never thought of giving directions for the cooking of one another. We regard the man who invents a new sauce in our country as a benefactor of the human species, and as a great man."

"Den me great man in your country!" exclaimed Pummereboo with enthusiasm. "Me hab write what you call 'book' to teach people to be more wise and more happy; to make deir minds more pleased, and deir bodies more fatter. Me hab done it!"

"Is it possible," said the Doctor with surprise, "that in this distant part of the globe, and among a people supposed to be addicted more to eating one another than to literature, there should exist an author! and that author a writer on the sublime art of cookery!"

"Me am dat autor! Me it is that was write what you call him cookery-book; Me him!"

The Doctor eagerly requested a sight of the precious manuscript; the native promised that he should be permitted to peruse the whole of his peptic precepts for the benefit of the human race; and, after the expression of suitable acknowledgments on the part of the Doctor, the dialogue was continued:—

Pummereboo—"You say you hab too many people in your country?"

Doctor—"Some of our political economists have pointed out that one of the evils, in addition to the evil of over-production under which we are labouring, is over-population."

"Dat is too many people and too much food?"

"Just so."

"But de people do not get de food for all dat?"

"Not all of them."

"What people do den who no get food?"

"They die; that is, they are starved to death."

"Me no understand; you say too many people and too much food, and den you say, people no get food;—me no understand. Hab great many piccaninny in your country?"

"Yes; a great many."

"What you do wid dem?"

"A large number are employed in the factories."

"Dey berry happy dere? Dey sing, and laugh, and play; and eat fruit, cocoa-nut, yam, and nice tings?"

"I am sorry to say that the children who work in the factories are not particularly happy; as to play, they have no time to play; and they are too tired after their day's work to sing; and they seldom laugh; and, with respect to eating, they cannot always get enough to eat; but they are taught by pious people to bear the hardships of their lot here in order that they may be the happier hereafter." •

"Me no understand; me tink it better to hab little more happiness here in meantime."

"But," said the Doctor, "it is impressed on them from their earliest days that this life is a life of suffering."

"What de use den for dem to lib at all?"

The Doctor was silent, and the native continued:—

"If people too many in your country; and if de leetel children you call factory berry unhappy—no play, no laugh, no sing—why you no kill 'em and eat 'em? Den dey shall be no more unhappy because dey shall be dead, and you shall have more to eat for de others?"

The Doctor was struck with this novel view of the case, the suggestion of an unsophisticated mind; but, although he found it difficult to refute the reasoning of the savage, he felt an invincible repugnance to sympathise with his tastes. With the view of making a diversion, and for laying the foundation for some moral and civilised observations, he asked his host "if he was fond of children?"

The New Zealander replied with a curious expression of countenance, patting his stomach at the same time:

"Oh! yes—me berry fond of children!"

This reply had so dubious an import that the Doctor forbore to question the lover of children further on the subject. To turn the conversation he asked his black friend, "if he had ever met with the inhabitants of other countries besides England?"

Pummereboo replied that he had; but that he had never had any experience of them while "alive."

This answer was suspicious; but the Doctor, thinking perhaps that he did not accurately comprehend the question, inquired:

"And, so far as your experience has gone, which nation do you prefer?"

With a smile of ineffable gusto, the native replied:

"De English! Dey de fattest!"

There was something so intensely affectionate in the expression of the native's mouth as he made this avowal, that the Doctor gave an involuntary start, and gazed deprecatingly at Pummereboo's grinders! Whether it was that the New Zealander understood the white man's glance and wished to dissipate his apprehensions—for the poor Doctor was miserably thin;—or that, with the pardonable pride of an author, he wished to make known to the foreigner the merit of his literary productions, it is impossible to say, but at this point of the conversation he abruptly rose from his mat, and taking his white friend by the hand lifted him up. Thus holding him in his friendly grasp, he led him to a retired spot where four posts inserted in the ground supported a roof of native grass. The Doctor, who was not aware of the precise nature of the native's intentions, seeing a quantity of oyster-shells strewed on the

ground, was alarmed lest his anthropophagistic friend might take it into his head to exercise his culinary skill on his, 'the Doctor's, own person, and that he was to be served up, perhaps, with oyster-sauce! Being averse to such an illustration of social ostracism, he hesitated to enter; but Pummereboo presently removed his fears by explaining to the white man that this was his "thinking-house;" and that the oyster-shells which he saw constituted the pages of the cookery-book which the New Zealand author had composed.

It is impossible to describe the emotions of the worthy Doctor as he beheld before his eyes the actual manuscripts, the existence of which he could not have imagined. Not greater pleasure does the bibliomaniac feel in contemplating a veritable Caxton! Not greater satisfaction does the book-worm enjoy when he cheats—or flatters himself that he cheats—the second-hand dealer out of a chance rare volume at a book-stall! What words, then, can describe the Doctor's rapture when the generous Pummereboo, partly from his desire, doubtless, to do good to all mankind by diffusing the light of his knowledge amongst them, and partly, it may be, from the desire that the fame of his works should be spread throughout distant regions—who, I say, shall describe the Doctor's rapture when the antipodean author presented him with the copyright of his work and the oyster-shell manuscripts into the bargain.

Possessed of this treasure, the Doctor's only desire now was to get away:—the native might change his mind; the Doctor might get fatter; there was no knowing what might happen if his visit were prolonged. His host did not oppose his going; and so, after mutual expressions of regard, they parted; Pummereboo happy in the pride and consciousness of authorship; and the Doctor happy that his epicurean friend had not eaten him in the excess of his affection.

The following extracts will give some idea of the work which is about to be laid before the public by a fashionable publisher (in 3 vols., post octavo, of course), for the benefit of Dr. O'Rhomboid's family:—

CHAPTER IV.

EXTRACTS FROM THE "NEW ZEALAND COOKERY-BOOK."

BY PUMMEREBOO.

Translated from the Original Manuscript, by DIONYSIUS O'RHOMBOID, AD. RO. LL. SOR. TOF. CH. A. P.

ALL nature is devouring; bird eats bird; fish eats fish; pig eats pig; man eats man; and Time devours all things.

But be not cruel, my brethren, as the white men are who sacrifice everything to their ferocious appetites; who cut up their fish alive to make them crisp; who boil their lobsters alive to save themselves trouble; who swallow oysters alive because they are then the fresher; who torture their geese before hot fires, and deprive them of water, in order to make their livers grow big to make savoury pies of; who bleed their young cows slowly to death to make their flesh the whiter; who skin their eels alive and declare that it doesn't hurt them, because they are used to it; who hunt hares and little animals with savage dogs to death for the pleasure of the chase; and who kill with guns all sorts of little animals and innocent birds, not for their food, but for the mere gratification of their slaughter. Do not, I say, be thus cruel as the white men are, nor slay

one another wantonly; and, when you devour your enemies at your banquets, do not be immoderate in your feeding, like the elder men who are described to us as assembling together to see who can devour most flesh and fastest in the great city of the English; but eat calmly, and with temperance and moderation; remembering always that there are others besides yourselves who want to eat also; and that it is a sign of a greedy and ungenerous mind to desire to keep all the daintiest bits for yourselves. Remember, while you eat, that you yourselves may some day be eaten.

With these exhortations, I proceed to unfold to you the mystery of Cookery, in order that generations yet unborn may derive wisdom from my counsels, and by studying my precepts may become wiser and fatter men.

Each meat has its season; fowls are good in summer, for then they have been fattened with caterpillars: caterpillars are nicest in the spring-time, for then the leaves are the most delicate; fish are finest according to the seasons; the hog is best at the beginning of the winter season, after he has become fattened with yams and cocoa-nuts; the white man may be eaten at all times of the year, if in good condition.●

BAKED FIG.

Take a fat pig that has been well fed on ripe yams for three weeks at least before he is killed; kill him kindly; scrape him; clean the inside well; stuff with cocoa-nuts. Have your oven ready and your stones hot in a good fire; let the hole in which you put your pig be two feet deep at the least. Lay in the hot stones quickly, and lose no time in placing your pig in it lest the stones cool; in which case your meat, instead of being crisp and succulent, will be limp and flabby. Cover with yam leaves, and fill in close with good mould.

BAKED YOUNG WOMAN.

Same as pig; only take the better care that your fire be brisk and your oven well heated. If not overdone, will warm up again next day and be as good as at first.

ROASTED BOW-WOW.

The dog bakes not amiss; but is better roasted in contact with the air, this sort of meat often running coarse. Always remember that a female dog is never served up before persons of taste or quality.

DOG-TAIL SOUP.*

Six tails will make a large cocoa-nut shell of soup; take care to divide them at the joints; lay them to soak in warm water; season with onions and black pepper.

* The Irish make the best broth; it is common to call them in their own country, "a broth of a boy."

STEWED PUPPIES.

Puppies are insipid without great care. Cut off their heads and tails, and put them in cocoa-nut shell with onions and sage, and let them stew four hours. Serve up with baked yams.

. MINCED MAID.

These require care in the handling and in the dressing, as they are very delicate. Chop fine with parsley and sweet herbs, and serve up hot.

OLD MAID.

Old maids are not recommended, as they are apt to be tough, but they will sometimes do when the others are not to be had; but they must not be too old, and they require a rich sauce to make them palatable; mint sauce is the best.

WIDOW BARBACUED.

These, when young, are sometimes much sought after, but they are not always worth the troubling of dressing. The best way is to expose them to a brisk fire, and eat them while they are hot; for if they are allowed to cool they are apt to grow mawkish. Don't spare spice.

BOILED MISSIONARY.

This is a favourite dish, and may be eaten at all times of the year, as they generally contrive to keep themselves in good condition. Boil them slowly over a moderate fire, and, if very fat, skim frequently. Serve up with mashed yams carefully peppered.—Cold boiled missionary makes a good side dish, and is always welcome.

PICKLED HEAD.

This may be called a national dish; but native heads are more used for ornament than for eating. Mind you make the pickle strong, or the head will not keep.

YANKEE BAKED.

The Americans eat best baked, but they must be well cleansed of tobacco juice before dressing, or they are apt to disagree. Take care when you roast them to avoid a spit.

FRENCHMAN FRICASSEED.

It is usual to fricassee a Frenchman, which is the best way, as by dividing him you can select the best pieces for dressing, taking care to throw aside the portions that are snuffy. At the best, however, they make but poor eating any way, and are scarcely worth the cooking, on account of their being for the most part so bony.

DUTCHMEN.

Some few Dutchmen have been caught, but they are generally too rank for eating, except by the common people. A young Dutchman, however, dried and salted, and properly smoked with the wood of the fern-root, is almost as good a relish as a red-herring.

ENGLISHMAN ROASTED.

The English should be always roasted, and, from their coming to us generally well fed on cleanly viands, they are delicious eating; their nature, however, is such that they will not bear to be basted; so that the best way is to put them before the fire and let them alone, only turning them occasionally, so that all sides may be done alike. An English young lady, when well dressed, is the handsomest dish that can be set

before a chief; they require neither sauce nor spice to help their flavour, but are best "au naturel."

DEVILLED LAWYER.

Very few of these have been tried; they are common in Europe, but here they are rare; and it is more on account of their scarcity than their fitness for eating that attempts have been made to render them palatable; but what they are most fit for is to be made a devil of, to which they readily lend themselves. The only way to treat them is to soak them well in boiling water, then dry them in a hot oven, and broil them over a sharp fire; they must then be well-peppered and made a devil of; but in this state it is impossible to digest them, as, indeed, it is in every other way that has been tried, for all those who have happened to taste them have, invariably, been disordered in their stomach and bowels; which in numerous cases has been followed by great exhaustion, poverty of blood, painful cramps, convulsions, locked-jaw, syncope, and death. All prudent persons, therefore, will do well to avoid them.

SHARKS.

Proceed as for lawyers: it is a coarse and unwholesome dish, but not productive of the evil consequences of the other; the English people use the same term indiscriminately for both species, but they may easily be distinguished from the teeth of the shark being visible before he gives his bite, but the teeth of the lawyer are concealed; the English people say, however, that the bite of the one is not less fatal than the bite of the other, and that, when once they get you between their jaws, they never let you go in either case before they have stripped you of all your substance, clean to the bones.

ENGLISH AUTHOR STEWED.

That species of the English people known by the name of "Authors" are represented as always being in a stew in their own country, which is the reason, most likely, of their always being recommended to be treated that way here. The good ones are exceedingly rare; and for the most part they are miserable objects, with a remarkable propensity to be seedy, and are seldom worth the picking. From their scarcely ever getting a good meal of victuals, and being generally deprived of air and sleep, they are usually in a state so emaciated that they have not an ounce of flesh on their bones. In their own country they are thought nothing of, and are never eaten, and they usually die soon of their own accord, when, in some cases, they are buried in the Great National Cemetery, where they are allowed to lie very comfortably and without being disturbed—to compensate them, as is conjectured, for the discomforts and privations which they have endured during their lifetime;—although our cunning men are at a loss to understand the benefit, to them, of being so cared for. For my own part, I think it would be wiser to give them good wholesome victuals while living, so as to enable them to work better and to write better books, instead of putting big stones with black marks over their graves when they are dead.—But, after all, the English are a great people; they make the best knives and the best hatchets; and their women are the whitest and the tenderest, and their men are the fattest; and of all nations best bear being roasted.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PAIR OF TOP-BOOTS.

XIV.

THE commanding officer of the corps to which Captain Devereux belonged was Lieutenant-Colonel Bobtail, an officer who has since appeared before the public, *not* for distinguished and gallant service in India or elsewhere, but as the inventor and designer of those lovely ramoneur helmets, as well as the ludicrous coatees—a cross between a garçon's jacket and a circus man's coat—which now grace the figures of “the heavys,” and as the form of the gallant officer himself very much resembled that attributed to god Bacchus in heathen mythology, or to that questionable gentleman the flying Dutchman, we naturally suppose our readers will arrive at a like conclusion with ourselves, and say that in his selection of uniform, as far as he was individually concerned, he did not exhibit that taste for appearance for which the Whitehall directors had given him credit when they constituted him the military dictator of dress.

The gallant colonel's father was a Brixton attorney, who had raised himself and his fortune to some extent by quill-driving and litigation, and the father thought he was perpetuating his family name and renown by placing his son in a crack cavalry corps, and that, if he gave him a good allowance wherewith to entertain an aristocratic acquaintance, the said acquaintance would forget his low birth in his good dinners; but, though circumstances and elegant society had to a certain degree tutored the gallant colonel in the ways and conduct of gentlemen, an observer, did he give himself the trouble, might have easily perceived the low meanness and pettifogging asperity of the Brixton attorney tussling through the polished exterior: and this caused the colonel to be anything but respected by his officers. *Asperius nihil est humili cum surgit in altum.* The major was a rough diamond, one of those men whom the late Theodore Hook used to liken to a pine-apple, “rough without but rich within;” and if he was allowed to pursue the even tenor of his way, drink his bottle of port every day, and now and then perpetrate a shocking pun, he cared not for man, woman, or child; and when in command was voted by officers and men “a trump,” something like that creature in civilian life they call “a good fellow;” meaning a quiet, inoffensive, good-tempered, lethargic man, with not two ideas of his own in his head.

The next officer was Captain O'Driscoll, an old and brave campaigner, who had exchanged from the Scotch Greys, having led the right squadron of that distinguished corps at the gallant, decisive, and ever-memorable charge at the battle of Waterloo. It was to O'Driscoll then that Devereux applied to act as his friend in case Mr. Macgillicuddy should demand satisfaction.

“Bad luck to him!” replied O'Driscoll, when he heard the state of affairs. “A dirty mean ruffian. Didn't I know Mrs. Macgillicuddy, with all her fine airs, selling ropes and rags at one of those shops!—faith, and what do you call them—they wid the black dolls afore them, ay! down at Kingstown there, or rather her father, a commissioner, or commissariat, or what-not. And as for old Macgillicuddy, och! and sure don't I recollect him a

quarter-session hack, ready to take up wid any dirty brief, or serve any blackguard latitat? Why, it makes mi blood boil to think his son should dare to speak to a friend and brother-officer of mi own. The old thief! he wouldn't even join their mess—the father I mean—on the circuit, and swore he couldn't afford it. Bad cess, says I to the Irishman that can't afford any thing in the world. Talk of your army messes for fun. Away to the devil wid them when compared to the rollicking legal ones of fifty years ago; faith, there, was fun then, and fighting, and singing, and drinking. Hoorush! wasn't there mi boys? However, Harry, you have a friend in me whenever you want one, and I'll just step over and tell that devil's pup, Mr. Conner, jist to oil the locks of my respected friends and mould a few pills; it is best to be prepared, the dirty mean ruffian, to want to fight a gentleman. Bad cess to him!"

XV.

"Mr. Ignatius Macgillicuddy," announced a servant, entering Devereux's room.

"Your servant, sir," said Mr. Macgillicuddy. "I am come, sir, relative to a serious and painful subject, sir. You, sir, have taken advantage of the innocence, sir, of my sister, and have, sir, trepanned her heart, sir; she is always talking about you, sir; she is an affectionate sister, sir; a dutiful daughter, sir; and now, sir, I wish to know your intentions?"

"To-morrow, if possible, to hunt with the Kildare hounds," replied Devereux, bowing low.

"Sir! you are not going to play off your jests on me—no sir. I shall have satisfaction, sir; I will, sir. We will fight, sir, and if you dareshield yourself under the mutiny act, sir, I shall post you, sir, I shall horsewhip you, sir, I—"

"Stop—I am not going to shield myself under the mutiny act," interrupted Devereux in mild accents, "but I don't think you will horsewhip me, at least, not this year."

Macgillicuddy eyed him. Devereux stood six feet, was strong and muscular in proportion; besides, the fact of his being the pet pupil of Spring and Burns and his fistic qualities, had already reached the city of Dublin; so the enraged brother thought, this time, discretion would be the best part of valour.

"But I will have satisfaction, sir," said Macgillicuddy.

"Certainly."

"In the Phanix, sir."

"In the Phoenix."

"At four in the morning, sir; (aside) I shall have a writ out against me at six. Curse it, why don't he settle the matter by paying my bill and marrying my sister."

"At four."

"Mr. O'Terence is my second, sir."

"Captain O'Driscoll mine, sir."

"Good morning, sir—four, sir—in the Phanix," said Macgillicuddy as he retired.

"Good morning, sir—four—in the Phoenix."

"The Irish are a curious race, and certainly it is not one of their least

striking peculiarities to horsewhip a man into matrimony," soliloquised Devereux, and then walked leisurely over to O'Driscoll's quarters.

The night, before the duel must be one of painful anxiety to the right-minded man. It is that period when he beholds the earth and all he holds dear fading from his view; perhaps, ere another sun has set he will have left all the cares, and joys, and bright scenes of this world *for ever*. Then the past memories of childhood—innocence—home—mother—his faults—his transgressions—all come crowding, as the spring-tide, upon his "bitter fancy."

Devereux penned a farewell letter to his mother, breathing in every line of filial affection.

It was four o'clock on a dismal December morning that Devereux was aroused from his slumbers, and shown up to the dreary, cold, almost dark room of Captain O'Driscoll. Two cups of coffee, a brace of pistols, and a bottle of Cognac, stood on the clothless table. The snow kept beating in at the window, and the sentry's muffled tramp only added to the monotony of the scene.

"The top of the morning to you, Harry, mi boy," said O'Driscoll. "A cup of coffee and a liqueur-glass of burnt brandy to quiet the nerves. *Faix*, and I forgot to tell ye not to smoke a cigar last night. Hold out your arm. Ay, that will do—pretty firm. Now, mi boy, listen, Harry—whisper—I'm about to give you some good advice—the same advice Major MacDonald gave me when I fought little Davidson of the Buffs. Maybe, Harry, you have heard of putting your feet at right angles, and bearing your right foot on your antagonist's heart; maybe you have heard of bringing up your pistol from your knee and resting your elbow on your hip. All schoolboy nonsense—all balderdash. No, Harry, raise your arm steady, fire low, and keep your body firm—and may the devil guide your ball to the fifth rib—the lungs ain't far off then. Faith, I dare say you think me a cannibal or a heathen to talk so of life and death, but jist let a boy maintain the bloody argument,

And down the throats of their fellow men
Thrust the draught never drunk again,

and then, mi boy, a fig for your sorrow, or fear, or pity. Ah, Harry! I fleshed my maiden sword at Badajoz. I was in the 'feet' then—ah, 1812—ay, and any one who has seen the horrors of that siege by an infuriated, half-starved, half-drunken soldiery, will think but little after of blood, and life and death. I saw scenes I will not pollute my tongue with telling you. I saw—however, Harry, never mind—may Heaven forgive you, mi boy, from ever seeing a town given up to pillage! Oh, horror! the scenes!—why—but hark! there's the hack jingle. Come, Harry, on with yer coat, mi boy—it is cold."

The snow fell in lazy idle flakes, as if hardly awake yet, and froze wherever it stopped. The wind howled and whistled round the gable ends; the sentries growled out their "All's well," which was taken up till lost in the distance; and the carman whistled and swore, and thought the five minutes Devereux and his friend delayed a good half-hour. On the road to the Park by the bridge-side might have been seen a party of beggars sleeping together, gathering warmth from their own bodies; while a crowd of rustics—secret as the meeting was supposed to be—were bending their steps to the scene of action, to see one or the other "die game."

Mr. Macgillicuddy* and his second were already on the ground. Mr. Michael O'Terence had inherited a property from his father, which, by the usual Hibernian process of keeping a pack of hounds, a large stud of horses, a few racers, an open house, unexceptionable good wine, and unlimited cards, he managed to run through in something like three years, and he was now—some fourteen years after his “smash”—a well-meaning, good-natured, whisky-drinking, liverless Irishman, with a red-pimpled countenance, small twinkling eyes, and the “lamp of whose nose,” in the words of a facetious writer, “had never gone out.” He was dressed in the shabby-genteel style: an old, well-brushed, well-watered, napless hat, with a piece of black crape, for the double purpose of hiding the age and grease, as well as keeping it together. A claret-coloured surtout, much the worse for wear; a black satin cravat, light purple from use; shirt, doubtful; trousers strapped tight; boots not clean, finished the person of Mr. O'Terence.

“No chance of settling little matter, eh?” inquired O'Terence; “two fine men—going to fight—d—n fine girl—partial to the gallant and honourable captain—fine old family, the Macgillicuddys—descended from the third cousin of Brian Borhoime, in the female line—no apology?”

“None—pedigree doubtful,” insinuated O'Driscoll. “Usual distance—twelve paces.”

The signal was dropped. The sharp snap of both pistols sounded through the clear air; Macgillicuddy's ball whizzed close past the ear of Captain Devereux, who could not help giving the natural though useless impulse of slightly bending his head at the very instant that the ball lay spent some fifteen yards to his rear. The smoke cleared away. Devereux beheld his antagonist pale, his brow knit, his eye dead, and strong convulsions racking every muscle of his face. It was a glorious though awful sight to see the wrestle between agonising pain and enduring courage.

“Another shot,” faintly ejaculated Macgillicuddy, “another;—” but the exertion was too great, and he fell backwards into the arms of his second, and there lay rolling to and fro on the green turf, spasmodically clenching the frozen grass, while large gout of perspiration broke out from every pore of his body, evincing the excruciating pain he was suffering.

Doctor Stuart, the regimental surgeon, rushed up to the wounded man, and after tearing off part of his dress, discovered a gun-shot wound by his right hip joint.

“Will he live?” exclaimed Devereux, in an agony of despair, “or am I a murderer?”

“Whorw can I tell, man, whether the Almighty will vouchsafe him to live,” replied Doctor Sandy Stuart. “If he dies it will be God's will, the wound aint mortal, certainly—eh? the ball has lodged in his ilium, and though the wound may stop his throwing the Highland fling, he won't die from the wound this time. Come, mi lads, help the body into the car, come,” the doctor continued, beckoning to the crowd.

“My dear Devereux!” said O'Driscoll, “just you set off for your ‘great Babylon’ to-day. You had better; the packet leaves at eight, it is now half-past six; you have jist time to catch it at Kingstown. I will make it all right with the major; and I will also call upon my old friend Sir E——. I'll be bail for his granting you leave in a jiffy, if I

tell him how the case stands—the real old gentleman. My word for it, Harry, your duel will be a nine days' wonder; it will be a garbled and exaggerated story. Sure you won't like to become a wild beast, and be pointed at as if you had broken out of Van Amburgh's menagerie,—‘a lion,’ you Saxons call it! Come, Harry, cut—run, mi bôy! Hay, there! you Tim, Pat, Jerry!—you there!” hailing a carman who had scented the spot, “take this gentleman to Kingstown in three-quarters of an hour, or else by my life I'll break every bone in your ugly skin, and faith! out of purgatory will yer soul never rise, ye dirty sinner. Away, now—away now! Good bye, Harry, good bye; your valise and man shall leave by the evening's packet.”

XVI.

“The Wraghenphamish Club,
“Feb. 2nd, 18—.

“DEAR O'DRISCOLL,

“I can assure you few—or rather, I may say—*no* moments of my life have been happier than those you have afforded in your note of this morning, by the joyful intelligence that Macgillicuddy was once more convalescent. My only prayer, my only hope is, that his sister will forgive me, and bear towards me once again a friendship—a platonic love, may I say! Depression has sat upon my feelings since I left *her*. To endeavour to drive it away I have determined to try new scenes—new country; and for this cause have accepted an appointment on the staff of my uncle, who, you will see, has just been gazetted as Governor-General of India. We sail about the 1st of March; and, as you know what a bad sailor I am, you may be sure I do not relish the idea of the voyage, with trade-winds, &c., rising up as they do to my imagination. I am afraid, after the late governor, we shall have difficult cards to play to please the *military* community, save we have war, when, of course, with such a leader, should he direct the forces in person, which I think he will, we are *sure* to gain an immortal victory, and our national arms be again triumphant, as they were when the same general led them in other climes. But I am getting poetical, which I know is not to your taste. Town is uninhabitable; mist, cold, and stupidity. No opera—no fun. *On dit*, Sir R—— will resign, after bringing in free trade; the odds are in favour. Give my farewell blessing to the ‘ould’——th, where I have spent so many happy hours—so many happy days; and if you see *her*—remember—yes, *remember*—is the word—me to *her*; and believe me, sincerely yours,

“HENRY DEVEREUX.

“P.S. There is an old box of still older uniform, and some old rags, which are quite at your service, or that of the trusty Conner.

“H. D.”

“And faix and what are these?” said O'Driscoll, as he unpacked the afore-mentioned old box and tossed out our honoured respected selves.

“A pair of top-boots, yer honour,” replied the trusty Conner.

“And what am I to do wid them, Conner?”

“Faith! and it's more than meself knows,” said the bătman, scratching his head, “except yer honour—yes, yer honour—wishes to be liberal, and

give them to poor Pat Conner; not that Pat ever rode over a dyke or a ditch in his life, save when I rode the mule in Spain wid the great duke's bounds; ho! bad cess to it, the foreignering beast! However, if himself will give Pat these boots, faith he'll clane them up and put them over his bed, and may be Mrs. Corporal Malony may take a fancy to Pat; aye, captin, and that's a splendid woman; to see her ride the ditches. Faith, what's bred in the bone—you knows, captin—her father was a huntsman."

"Well, take them, yer blackguard," replied his master; "and much good may they do you."

And thus, kind, gentle, pitying reader, we were delivered over to a full private of Dragoons!

O tempora! O mores!

XVII.

It is not a pleasant sensation to the feelings to find oneself kicked from the first class of society into the second; to be told to "move on," or downwards, as a policeman would to an inebriated individual. But great men have suffered a like fall from their high estate. Cardinal Wolsey—compare his state, in the plenitude of his power, with his dying sceue, exclaiming to the father abbot,

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!

Compare, again, Napoleon Bonaparte. Emperor of France in 1810, with the same man an exile and a prisoner at St. Helena; or, contrawise, compare Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, a special constable in London, with his same state, in the same year, as President of France; and thus might we furnish many fresh comparisons, but they are needless. Consoling ourselves, therefore, with these reflections, we made up our minds to be as happy as we could, and found ourselves the denizens of a "troop barrack room." Our first thoughts were turned to a smart young soldier, Private Fennel—he had just returned from furlough, where in some rural district in England he had married a very pretty, modest-looking girl—it had been a long attachment between the two—it had sprung up years ago, when they both attended the same Sunday-school; but her father, a respectable farmer, had given his peremptory refusal to the union, and the youth, in a fit of irritation, left the village and enlisted. For long he was never heard of, and by most supposed to have gone to sea; and many a night the poor girl lay awake and praying, as the winds howled and mourned through the forest, that young Fennel might not be exposed to their fury on the boundless ocean. Long she lived in hope, until one bright autumnal day the young rustic returned, a smart, dashing Dragoon. Old fueds were forgot—old scars healed—love triumphed—everything went smooth, and the old farmer gave his consent, provided Fennel left "the service." A month after his wedding the young man had to return to his regiment, and no persuasion, no entreaties, would prevent his wife accompanying him.

"It will be for so short a time—a few weeks," urged the soldier. "It

is winter time, recruits are easier picked up at this season; and as soon as ever the regiment is complete they will let me purchase my discharge."

No; nothing would do—go she, would—it would break her heart unless—she would not be parted from her youthful husband, and so she went; and to-night, as with us, was her first introduction into barrack life.

On the morrow the clear notes of the trumpet sounded the reveillie, and in a minute, tutored by habit, every soldier sprung from his bed. All was wild commotion—this man dressing—that rolling up his bed—the other searching for his grooming-tackle—and so forth.

"You will have to assist the women to wash, Mary," said young Fennel. "Look, yonder is the Luilding on the left wing—there—where that woman is standing."

"Oh, readily," she replied, as she made a hasty toilet, and then hurried across to the "wash-house," where a coarse-featured woman in very slatternly attire, with a red-pimpled complexion, and her arms a-kimbo, scanned the young woman from eye to foot.

"Well, I suppose you be's young Fennel's missus, eh?" interrogatively inquired the coarse-featured female; "well, you needn't look so plaguy fine, for you are only a private's wife, nout more, I do assure you. Aye, and though you may be so plaguy proud, you must pay your footing my young beauty. Now, how much gin can you stand? there will be four of us, including of course yerself."

"I have half-a-crown in my pocket," replied the young wife, in a quiet voice: "you are welcome to it."

"That's a brick! that's a trump!" said the woman. "Halloa, you there Jim?" telegraphing a consumptive stunted lad; "now run, my lad, to the canteen and get me ten goes of blue ruin, the best, you know; now don't be done. The ready-tin cask, you know—t'other's the tick cask," she continued confidentially to the young wife, "nout but vitriol."

The young bride worked hard at her washing while the other women had a good carouse over the gin, and heartily enjoyed the determination of Mrs. Fennel that she would not taste one drop of the liquor.

Cornet Muff was the orderly officer of the day, and as he went round the barrack-rooms to inspect that the whole were properly swept and cleaned according to the orders, on arriving at No. 12 he placed an eye-glass in his left optic and stared at Mrs. Fennel until the crimson blush covered her cheeks, when he came to the conclusion, in his own mind, "she was a demn'd fine woman—an ornament to the regiment;" a similar conclusion, also, at which the sergeant-major, who accompanied him, arrived; the latter, however, inquired, in an authoritative tone, "Why that piece of rag was left there," which he had fished out with his stick from behind the door; "hoped it wouldn't happen again;" and looked full in the face of the frightened woman. The time was not very far distant for the sergeant-major to follow the fallen Belial and "make the worse appear the better reason," and enter among that class who neither care for their own happiness and reputation, and are so consumed in their sensual selfishness as to set at nought that of their unhappy victims—for a venial fault Private Fennel found himself a prisoner in the guard-room.

Now was the opportunity, the fitting opportunity, for the sergeant-major to put his base projects into execution towards the innocent and pretty wife of Private Fennel; it seemed as if the prince of darkness had become sub-

servient to his vicious wishes, and projected the design which now lay as a stumbling-block in his career. Nevertheless, his conscience smote him; he even paused on the threshold, afraid to enter, as he beheld the young wife suffused with tears and almost broken-hearted. It was, reader, a pitiful sight.

The sergeant's first object, then, was to fan the flame of grief by exaggerating the position of her husband, expound on the enormity of his crime, blackened, as he tried to make it appear, tenfold, by leaving his young wife in her present unprotected and unhappy state, and, when he had fanned her grief into a burning heat, he tried, by cautious though gentle sympathy, to assuage its force. But, luckily, his attempts were clumsy and awkward in the extreme—his temptings passable and abortive—his meshes coarse and cable-like. The scales fell in an instant from the eyes of the young wife, and she beheld the wily tempter clothed as man. His base and perfidious designs presented themselves to her mind as clear as the noonday sun, and with dignified innocence she arose to leave the room, while the man, dumbfounded, cowered beneath the imperious look which virtuous woman alone can give. To whom now had she to turn to for advice?—to whom to guide her down the slippery, dangerous path? To the other soldiers' wives?—Certainly not. They entered pure as herself, had passed the fiery ordeal, and come out thence—what?—drunken, emaciated, slatternly women. To whom, then, must she turn to for consolation and advice?

Amongst the officers of the regiment to which her husband belonged she had remarked one with good features and a kind expression of countenance, who appeared to possess, with a great flow of animal spirits, a good heart. To him, then—to Lieutenant Mowbray—she determined to confide her tribulation, and seek his advice; albeit she had heard his exuberant spirits and love of fun generally engaged him in—if not instigator of—every practical joke played off in the harracks, and often elsewhere. The young wife, however, could not help hastily attiring herself in a neat cap adorned with pink ribbons, and carefully wiped away the vestiges of grief—for the innate vanity of women will not be cast aside even by the sorest ills—and then bent her steps to that portion of the building denominated "The Officers' House."

Peal upon peal of laughter greeted her ears as she entered the building; loud and merry voices resounded through the passages; and, through the clefts of a half-closed door, she beheld Mowbray vociferating, directing, and leading a host of brother subalterns in the very intellectual and rational amusement of packing up the wardrobe of Cornet Muff in a large chest—in whose room the party were then reveling—and were rolling the wax tapers in his elaborately worked vests, emptying a jar of Everett's effulgence into his cocked hat, and filling his sabre-tash full of his eau-de-cologne; and which chest was to be forwarded by that evening's train to his father in Belgrave Square, with the lieutenant-colonel's kindest compliments, Cornet Muff, the while, being sent away on a wild-goose errand, by a deceptive letter, generally termed "a hoax." The party kept up a running fire of good-humoured jests and joyous bantering, mingled with loud laughter, one towards another, at the rich expectations of the conduct of the absent, but unfortunate and duped victim of their pranks.

Lieutenant Mowbray himself, besides holding the office of director and ringleader, was further recreating himself in the furtherance of

natural history, combined with domestic and epicurean utility, by forming, as he expressed it, "an oyster-bed in barracks;" which he did by the simple process of opening some score of these bivalvovous fish, termed oysters, and carefully arranging them between the sheets of the gallant cornet's bed.

"By Jove!—there goes five o'clock!" exclaimed Brown; "and that beast of a riding-master will be just well in to his first glass of whisky-toddy. The hunt, then!—the hunt!—the hunt!"

"The hunt!—the hunt!—the hunt!" chorussed the party.

"I will be fox," volunteered Whiskerless. "I owe him *one* for this morning in the school; he nearly wrenched my leg off, and then told me to sit with ease and comfort to myself—very likely indeed."

And, accordingly, off set Whiskerless from opposite the riding-master's room, running with as much noise as he could make all down the whole range of passages, followed by this wild and reckless bevy, with loud and continuous cries and frantic who-ops, to the very great annoyance of the regimental staff officers, who were ruminating, after their four o'clock dinner, over a quiet hot glass of spirits and water.

Of course, the "kill" took place opposite the riding-master's door from whence they had started, and Whiskerless was pulled down amidst loud shrieks and louder laughter; of course the riding-master came out purple with rage and dinner at thus being unceremoniously disturbed from his evening siesta, as he sat over his comfortable fire with his wife and child; of course he expostulated, which, of course, was totally disregarded; of course the delinquents were reported to their commanding officer in the morning; with many more "of courses," wholly uninteresting to the reader.

To allow the mad crew to pass her unobserved. Mrs. Fennel stepped back into a dark recess; but what was her horror at finding herself suddenly grasped by a strong pair of hands.

"Lawk-a-daisy me!—Missus Fennel!—and whatever are you doing here?" inquired the gin-cracked voice of old Moll of the wash-house. "Ah!—deary me! them's the boys for fun. Tom, as the soldiers call Muster Mowbray, is the chap for a spree. Whist! them's laughter—them's real spirits. They are wildies, too. Ay, a few years, very few to look back on, and where will they be? Some, grave, steady men, with childer of their own; others, feasts for worms or vultures, and, maybe—heigho!—some, sunk in misery, crime, and debt. Ay, take a stare at my wrinkled cheeks, and sunken eyes, and grey locks; but, believe me, they wer'n't alus (always) so.—No! Once I had plump, ruddy cheeks, and nut-brown hair, and, some said, beauty. I was as blithe as a lark, and as working as a cricket, and as merry in the dance or fun as the best o' them. Well, a smooth-tongued fine gentleman came to our village—it is a common story, however—he settled a small sum of money upon me, and for this annuity my husband married me; but gold don't buy love; though I have never wronged Jem by word or deed sin' he first courted me. No; I have served him faithfully, except, to drown sorrow and misery, now and then I took a glass, and it's *grown on me*.—But Missus Fennel, what are you doifig here?" and the old woman shook her head, and the tears came into her eyes. "Deary me! I did expect better of you, Missus Fennel."

"What?" inquired the young wife, in astonishment.

"What! Yes, it is what! You, who pretend to be so modest as if butter would hardly melt in your mouth, 'strolling about the officers' passages like a low tatterdemallion'—you, who have a smart, kind husband at home!—you, so modest afore him!—ay! it does put me in a passion, it does make me cry. 'Go—go—afore they come back; go while you are innocent. 'Oh! Missus Fennel!'"

"But I did all for the best," said the young wife, sobbing.

"For the worst, I should say. Ay! how many a girl has said that afore you have,—'I did it for the best!' I knows hunger is hard to bear; I knows it; I have tried it and felt it afore now; but, says I, says I, isn't a dry crust and innocence better nor plenty and a spotted fame? Ay! Missus Fennel, you knows not the misery of conscience till you have tried it, it's worse than any larruping man can give you; I have been larruped afore now, but it wer'n't half so painful as my conscience after I fell; besides, if your husband don't hear of it, nor none of us, there is One does, and you will have to answer for it some day."

Then followed the explanation. Mrs. Fennel told everything—her trials—her temptations—her sorrows; and the good-hearted, though drunken, old woman, almost shrieked with delight at the young wife's story, and swore if it wer'n't in the officers' building, she would hug her to her bosom, she would, as if she was her own daughter, and craved pardon for her unjust suppositions, and quickly set the wife's mind at ease by assuring her that her husband would be released from "durance vile" early in the morning, as his crime was the first he had committed, and one that was anything but of an aggravated character, and a mild reproof or gentle admonition would, in all probability, be his only punishment; and then the two wives, with their hearts considerably lightened and comforted, set off to Mrs. Fennel's room to enjoy that woman's never-failing panacea for sorrows, ills, or remorse—a cup of tea, with a wee drop of spirit in it.

XVIII.

SOMEHOW or other, We—a pair of top-boots—seem not to have had the desired effect upon Corporal Malony's wife, the huntsman's daughter; so Conner came to the determination of disposing of us, "turning us into baccy," as he expressed it; and, as Mr. Conner was a man of impulse, action, and determination, he quickly put his threat into execution. One day, as our owner was standing by the guard-room gate, enjoying his mid-day pipe, a young man, travel-stained and dusty, with a knapsack over his shoulder, and a Glengarry bonnet on, with curling hair beneath it, and well-worn clothes, neatly and well put-on, came jauntily by; he seemed as if his cap covered his establishment and fortune, which, in truth, it did.

"Hail, king! for so thou art!" exclaimed the traveller.

The soldier-servant gave no reply, except by a few more vigorous inhalations of his pipe.

"All the world's a stage—and all the men and women merely players."

"Oh, I suppose you are a play-actor?" said Conner, as a sudden light broke upon him through the hazy wreaths of tobacco-smoke.

"Right, O king!"

"One of the double-shuffle, chain-dance, over-head-and-heels sort of chaps, I suppose," said Conner, endeavouring to imitate, in an awkward

manner, the sailor's hornpipe. "Look through my elbow under my knee cove, eh?"

"No, sir! one of the legitimate drama gentlemen," said the other, with a sneer. "You—a soldier, full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard, jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel, seeking the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth,—hem!—Shakspeare."

Now, though the soldier did not understand one quarter of all this harangue, which might have been so much Hebrew for what he knew, still he considered it cast obloquy on his natural propensity to swearing, as well as his profession, and the slash across his face; and, together with the sneer, it all rankled in his bosom, and not wishing to obtain an undeserved character, he gave his passion vent in a volley of oaths.

"Perhaps," said the stranger, with immoveable gravity, "if you wish to anathematise anybody's eyes, you will your own,—they *are* your own, do with them what you like; mine are also *my own*, very good at present, and I wish to enjoy them as such; however, don't lose your temper, it was the first thing they taught me at school—the first copy-text I ever wrote. You know, 'if I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating,'—perhaps you don't, sir; never heard of Goldsmith, perhaps?—an author, not the Jew, you know. However, don't look so plaguy sulky. I have one shilling in the world," continued the youth, tossing the coin in the air and catching it again, "so we will just step over to the canteen and share it, for you know

A soldier's a man,
And life's but a span,
Why, then let a soldier drink.

Iago—hem! By-the-bye, you have no properties, have you?"

"Come, can't you cease your funning now, eh?" said Conner, on whom the shilling and the canteen had effected a rapid thaw. "Properties, indeed!"

"Properties, O soldier! are the theatrical and technical term for dresses, synonymous to 'kits' in military language; an old helmet—or coat—or sash—anything."

The wary old soldier eyed the speaker. Did he want to get him into trouble? did he wish to lay a trap for him? persuade him to sell his "kit," and then turn Queen's evidence? The young man had a frank countenance; it would be of no emolument to the stranger to bring him to a court-martial; but still it might be a cunning device of the enemy, which he must meet with a parry, and follow up by a feint.

"No!" said Conner. "I know my duty too well, sir, to my Queen and my officers. However, I have a pair of top-boots, and an old regimental coat of my master's I will sell cheap."

"A bargain—the boots—do—for confidential valets or rich uncles—a bargain."

"I can sell you some uniform," said a rash recruit, to whom Conner immediately gave a warning look. "What part do you take, eh? I should be always a king if I was a player," continued the frightened recruit, for something to cover his rash sortie.

"Then your state would be a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown a pitiful bald crown. Prince Henry—

hem! To thy first offer²—accepted. I am directed by a manager in England to purchase properties to the value of four sovereigns—so a bargain, most illustrious stranger.”

XIX.

IN the quiet rural town of N——, besides its usual complement of the squire's seat and parson's rectory, its attornies', its doctors', and its tradesmen's houses, its small barracks for a company of infantry, its town-hall, its inns, and its shops—it possesses a theatre; and to this temple of the twin-sisters, Thalia and Melpomene, we found ourselves destined, and that our new sphere of life was to be “on the boards.”

There is not, nor can there be imagined, a more toilsome health-sacrificing fate than that of the provincial player, and the only comparison we can possibly bring to bear upon it is that of the unfortunate Sisyphus, who was doomed to roll a stone up a rugged mountain's side, and, like him, these much-to-be-pitied players are perpetually rolling their stretched and aching memories up the steep ascent of tragedy and comedy, and with a like issue. At night, after that he “struts and frets his hour upon the stage,” perilling his health and constitution in a gaseous and heated atmosphere, he has then to meet the midnight colds and damps, or frosts of winter, and when, weary and exhausted, he reaches his miserable lodging, it is then he has to con, and learn, and write his part for the morrow's “cast”—perchance, a hard, and laborious, and painful task to his limited capabilities; and, when weary nature can stand no further trial, and he throws himself on his wretched pallet, as his troubled thoughts are settling into the quiet stream of blissful dreams, he is aroused by the loud rap of his landlady with the dreaded summons of “Rehearsal at nine!” where for hours he has to bear the tyranny of the manager for *not* doing his duty, or the petty jealousies and low asperity of his fellow actors at doing it too well. Thus, each succeeding year, lives on the poor player, until age, rheum, and a broken constitution overtake him, when he descends to the badly-paid and half-famished lot of a supernumerary or extra scene-shifter; and, when found too old and slow even for that place, he is appointed to that of doorkeeper, which last “age” he exchanges for the parish union, and then, and not till then, “is heard no more.”

The principal tragedian and envy of the company was Mr. W. V. J. Smythe, an especial favourite with the manager, who always gave him the first characters in return for his espionage on the acts, deeds, and sentiments of the other actors and actresses of the *corps dramatique*, and was wont, while entertaining one or two professional brethren at a *petit souper*, or a quiet dinner, at his lodgings, to designate the aforementioned tragedian in the terms—“The very image of the great Mr. Charles Kean;” and certainly, if a tall, bony, broad-shouldered man, with large features, bad delivery, and hostile intentions towards his “h's,” is like Mr. Charles Kean, our hero, Mr. W. V. J. Smythe, was the very image.” Miss Louisa Fielden, *née* Elizabeth Simkins, was the *prima donna*, or “star,” of the party; and under the influence of gas, dress, and rouge, was just passable enough in beauty, and it managed to ravish the hearts of her unsophisticated and country audience to no little extent.

The theatre itself was about the usual size of country theatres, and the audience of the same quantity and quality. The gallery had its complement, the pit half filled, and the boxes nearly empty, save two at the

extremities of the crescent—the one called “the prescenum,” and nightly occupied by Ensign Flatters, of the —th Light Infantry, and the other, “the proprietor’s,” by Mr. Flooker, attorney-at-law—young Mars always appearing in the blue undress coat of his regiment, with huge brass scales, while the disciple of Solon adorned his person with a green Joinville tie with yellow fringed ends, solid Mosaic studs, a bright blue satin waistcoat, covered with large yellow sunflowers, and a green cut-away coat, styled at Oxford a “duck-hunter.” It was a regular case of Flatters *versus* Flooker as far as Miss Louisa Fielden was concerned; and to enlighten our readers, and show them what effect this constant attendance had on “the star,” let us, Asmodeus-like, peruse two notes her fair fingers dropped into the post-office; and, as the postmaster, and Flooker’s confidential clerk, and Flatters’s servant have already read them, and commented over them in public, we do not think it matters if two or three people more read them also:—

“Dear sir—I got your billy do All rite I forgot what you told me that night you cheveled me home as I am A poor innocent girl toiling for public opinion I received The broach All rite and I shall wear it in Ophelia to-morrow I was thinking of doning The in—ex—ex—ex” (she could not spell the word) “you know what I mean And becoming your page—How romantick!! and you to find it out! I want to see you precisley At three to-morrow at harolds oak I want to see you on bisness—rite if you cant come—I lost my purse yesterday very kureously and 2£ in It. I have been singing hemlock on his brow. Xcuse all Imperfecons from Your affectionate
ELIZ. LOUISA FIELDEN.

“To Captin Flatters, Hoffer, 'Barries—.”

Letter No. 2 was written and composed by the door-keeper, and directed to Mr. Solicitor Flooker, and run as follows:—

“Dr. sir How sweet a thing it is to leave the hard and beaten road of every day life to meander among the green meadows and flowery fields of sentiment and love! How sweet a thing it is to exchange the common place and vapid conversation of my every day sphere for your flow of intellect and talent On Thursday I can again enjoy that felicity that importune and horrid officer Flatters is ordered away for that day on a court martial meet me therefore at Harolds Oak at four in the afternoon. How happy I shall be—with but one alloy my poor dear mama’s illness” (The prevaricating hussey! Her poor dear mamma had been dead and buried some eight years!) “my humble salary is barely sufficient to pay the physicians fees and totally inadequate to afford those little comforts her serious malady calls for and which she was accustomed to ere our reverse of fortune. (Her reverse of fortune, forsooth! Her mother was a discharged housemaid of the Countess of Bullocksmithies.) Lady Grimcot used to supply her with these little comforts but that noble and charitable lady has now left Clapham for Florence, but ere she departed she headed a subscription list in aid of my dear and excellent mama which an indulgent public have most liberally seconded and should you be enabled to gain a few more names in this benevolent design you will ever hold by a debt of gratitude yours faithfully

LOUISA FIELDEN.

“P.S. I have received the bracelet, it is lovely! many thanks.”

After the perusal of the two foregoing epistles, we think the first opi-

nion that will strike the minds of our readers will be that Miss Louisa Fielden was neither a Chesterfield nor a Cobbett in the fashionable art of letter-writing; but as the "Phonetic News" says "that it is impossible to tell the spelling of any English word from its sound," it must then clearly be the young lady's misfortune, not her fault, in belonging to a nation which, according to that *prôt*, acknowledges such difficulties in its orthography. The second inference drawn, in all probability, will be that "the star" had a rare eye to the main chance, and that she did not dispense her smiles and glances without some remuneration. Nor did she allow her engagements to be "missed to their exchequer's cost," as the curious purse which lost itself, could it but speak, would readily have testified, as well as the little subscriptions for that Utopian and ideal personage—her bed-ridden mamma, which (subscriptions) invariably found themselves appropriated by the young lady, who consoled herself with the reflection that she had aroused in her fellow-creatures one of the cardinal virtues, which we are told "covers a multitude of sins." She looked, therefore, upon these levies on her charitable friends rather as conferring a benefit upon them than upon her; as the intention, not the deed, justifies the act, it could matter but little to the donors if these well-meant intentions and wealth went into the pockets and heart of a mercenary actress or a bed-ridden old woman, so long as they got the credit of doing a good action.

Why is there such an unusual bustle in the quiet town of N——? Why those merry, happy faces, as joyous as a merry peal of bells on a summer Sabbath's morn? How was it that the rural *magazine*—*des modes* of "Miss Smith" was unusually filled by dames ordering velvet bonnets, satin polkas, and lovely pelerines? Why was it that the dandified attorneys' clerks sported their *outré* figures in the bright sunshine, on broken-kneed, tumble-down, hired hacks? Why is there such a rush to the news-room as the daily papers arrive? Why did the jolly, rubicund face of the stout corn-factor brighten up, as he ensconced his back before the fire, and, as he took a skirt of his coat under either arm, inquired, "How are shares?" Why did the dull grey eyes of Farmer Thrashstraw brighten up and twinkle as he read the City Article? and, lastly, why did our theatre fill so well? But, nonsense! it is not *lastly*, for in reality, kind reader, the joy is interminable, and simply caused by one man—Mr. Hudson; he had waved his magic wand over the town of N——, and a California had sprung up, or, in other words, "The Bubbleton and Squeekleton Railway" was opened, and the shares were actually at 90 premium, and in this speculation the good folks of N—— had invested their capital. The bachelors were quite frisky, perpetrating matrimony, tours, *fêtes*, balls, and, of course, had their own night at the theatre. The play chosen under the fashionable and distinguished patronage of the bachelors of N—— was "Hamlet," with the nautical drama of "Black-eyed Susan." It certainly was a case of "Hamlet with *Hamlet* left out." Mr. W. V. J. Smythe, the veritable personification of Mr. Kean, was the *Prince of Denmark*. His dress was in keeping with the theatre, not with the play of "Hamlet;" one of those round hats, styled by some "Jim Crows," by others "wide-awakes," and bedizened with ribbons, formed the *chapeau* of the *Prince*; and a Charles the Second tunic his sable vestment; but not having either Hessian boots or trunks of the period, he substituted

our worthy selves. The *Ghost* was Mr. Bunbury, the low comedian of the party, a gentleman rather addicted to corpulency and a red face, and habited in flesh-coloured tights, coloured hose—each leg of different colours—and an old helmet stuck on the back of his head; he was, in his general characters, a prime favourite with “the gods,” and even now they could not divest their mirth he was not playing the Buckstone of the provincial circuits, for just as he had delivered the words, “Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature are burnt and purged away,” simultaneous cries were raised in the gallery of, “Never mind that; tip us ‘Old Rosin the Beau!’” and it was only the presence of the blue-coated functionaries of the law which could restore by any means order; but when the ghost scented the morning air—or rather the escaping gas—and has to descend the trap, the hole was found to be too small for the *embonpoint* of the facetious Mr. Bunbury, and there he stuck, like Mahomet’s coffin, midway between heaven and earth, to the no small delight of the audience, who would not this time be silenced by the police, and encored it again and again as “one of the funny dog’s jokes,” while *Queen Gertrude*—Mrs. Rogers—not satisfied with being accessory after the fact of her husband’s murder, but must needs commit a few murders on her own account, such as Shakspeare’s, as well as a few minor assassinations of her “h’s” and “w’s.” After the play followed the “Boldero Polka,” by a young lady, the calves of whose legs had melted into her ankles, and after various lurches and jumps, more like the gambols and frolics of a porpoise than the graceful and sylphlike steps of a *danseuse*, she threw herself, in an exhausted and beautiful manner, into the arms of Signor Barritoni, the ballet-master, which graceful attitude was rewarded by a round of applause both from Ensign Flatters and Mr. Flookie, and a limited portion of the audience. The evening’s amusements concluded with that highly interesting, very dramatic, strongly improbable drama, “Black-eyed Susan;” for we much doubt if any of our great plays have had a greater “run” among a provincial audience than the one we have just alluded to, and should we ever be called to the duties of playwright from sheer necessity, we will certainly take that nautical drama for our theme, and work up the same component parts as that play, and endeavour to please “the million,” which is a more lenient task-master than a London audience with their hosts of critiques. The great points, or rather “hits,” as they are styled, to please our second-class fashionable society, and to captivate our provincial gallery, are to have young pretty ladies, with dishevelled hair, who are being constantly tempted by libertines, for no apparent or probable reason except to carry out the *morale* of the play; the greatest “hit” is always to have these libertines rich, as if wealth was a sort of cardinal mackintosh against every redeeming quality which we poor sinners enjoy, and, by the same theatrical ratio, poverty is always persecuted virtue, persevering energy, and implacable heroism.

XX.

WHAT means this sudden change? what means this gloom? What mean those dark and lowering looks in a spot anon so cheerful? Forsooth, the once happy town of N—— seems as the city of the dead. Everything, every person, is as dreary and melancholy as the curfew, “the knell of parting day.” ’Tis as an accursed city; and

the reason?—the Bubbleton and Squeekleton bubble had burst. Mr. Dash, the *millionaire*, had, for the presentation of twenty shares, become the manager, president of the board, and chief director of the *aforesaid* railway, and when he placed affairs in an express train and borrowed money to pay a very high discount (utterly impossible to be paid by fair per centage), he very wisely declined office, and after realising nearly double for his presentation shares retired into private life, and handed over the Bubbleton and Squeekleton affairs to Mr. Jeremy Cheatham, a well-known “stag” on ‘Change, who had commenced life as a stable-boy at Scott’s, of Malton, and having passed respectively through the gradations of leather-plate jockey, “tout,” and black-leg, he finished by “staggering;” and nothing, therefore, could be more probable than that the scheme would burst, not on the head of Mr. Dash, for he had already sold out; not on the head of Mr. Jeremy Cheatham, for he was a man of straw; but on the devoted gulls of the once-contented town of N——.

Our arena of science was empty. In vain our manager tried half-prices—in vain he engaged “the stars” of London—in vain he brought out new pieces; in vain—alas! all in vain, everything was vain—the monetary crisis had arrived. He called together his corps, and after the manner of the “illustrious stranger,” harangued his company, intimating that his exchequer, like that of our public one, was perfectly capable of having the polka danced within its precincts without any one having the slightest chance of breaking his shins against its bars of ingots, and concluded by reducing their salaries one-half, which being a case of “option’s choice,” as the young prigs say when they are vanned off to Bridewell, why the motion was carried easier than our premier would an increased income-tax, and worked effectually, until one fine day, as *talebooks* say, the treasury and manager were *non inventi*, and the *corps dramatique* deficient some weeks’ salary; whereupon Messrs. Slaughter and Brownrap, the butcher and lodging-house-keeper, stepped in and seized the theatrical “properties” for some little arrears of debt which the manager in his hurry of departure or utter forgetfulness had entirely overlooked.

Pity us, reader! Behold us seized, and exposed to public gaze!

“Now, gents (oh, the horrid word!), the third, and last time. A fine new pair of top-boots, nearly new; five-and-six offered; worth at least thirty shillings. Come, gents, be sporting—five-and-six. Five-and-seven—thank ye. Five-and-eight. I shall positively knock it down. Five-and-eight—going, going, go—go—ne. Timothy Taylor, postboy—thank ye,” screamed our auctioneer.

And thus we became the property of a postboy!—a low, dirty post-boy! WE, who had graced the feet of a baronet!—*sic transit gloria mundi!* WE! who had revelled in a laboriously cleaned pair of “tops,” without one show of streak or dust on our delicate selves, and the *couleur de rose*, and thus to find ourselves blacked and rubbed over with a weak solution of putty powder and water!! and our “necks” smeared over in huge patches with paste blacking! which the thic kheaded clumsy dolt meant for our sides!! Our indignation is roused. We are mad!

N—— had once been a town of no little repute in the palfrey days of posting and coaching. Many a mail with its four panting steeds, and its twanging ya—ya—ho from the guard’s horn, came dashing up to its far-famed hostlery, the Rose and Crown. Many a long stage turned

out its passengers to revel among the tongues, and hams, and fowls, and Yorkshire pies of the fat rosy Boniface; and the ostler's bell rang often, and loud, for "two-pair horse on," as the peer was whirled up to its picturesque old porch; and should there be any young folks within the carriages, the prim old landlady came nodding and curtsying out with a china dish filled with sweet biscuits and plum-cake. But those palmy days have passed away—a new era has begun. N—— is little better now than a rural village, and nought arises to break the dull monotony of its daily duties; the grass grows between the stones of the pavement, and is only weeded by the predatory geese and turkeys; the children play at marbles where before rolled the rapid wheels of mails, coaches, and carriages; and Timothy Taylor, as he dozed in the old porch, and a couple of travel-stained navigators, eating their bread and cheese at the pedestal of the market-cross, and the geese and children, seemed the only animate things of the once bustling, busy town of N——.

A rumbling noise is heard in the distance; then a great huge caravan of a chariot, painted bright yellow, much the worse for wear, is seen coming lumbering with a jaded pair of post-horses up the principal street; the boy cracks his whip as in days of yore—'tis vain; the horses have done their best, and have not "a spring" left in them. The carriage was that of Mr. Tubercain, a great button manufacturer of Birmingham, and he appeared to have "buttons" implanted on every feature of his face and every turn of his form, besides studded on the panels of his carriage, and every possible place that an heraldic coach-builder could devise. Mr. Tubercain's face—seared as it was by the small-pox—was as like one of his own treble-gilt indented buttons as it could well stare, and his voice had a metallic sort of roar, like one of his own furnaces, as he bellowed forth, "Horses on."

Mr. Tubercain was on his return from an excursion to the Cumberland Lakes, where he had taken his wife, seven children, one maid, and one man-servant, to see life in this sort of Wombwell's menagerie; and he had found by thus travelling, in preference to railroads, he had effected a saving on the whole journey of seven pounds twelve shillings and threepence.

In days of yore, the landlady of the Rose and Crown would have positively objected to take this "happy family" on to the next stage under four horses; but it was no good mooted such a question now, as she had not four horses in her stables, where before some forty or fifty stood in line; so the old pair was brought out, who did duty in the omnibus and mail cart, and anyway else, and Timothy Taylor and ourselves, and off we set at a "snail's gallop," among the jibes and hurrahs of the small boys, and the grins of the navvies, and the stares of the grocer and his assistant.

Having arrived at W——, the next stage, Mr. Tubercain calculated the expense; twelve miles at twopence a mile—twopence of course must reduce post-boy's wages—makes twenty-four—two shillings; threepence for a glass of beer—two and three—liberal! and two shillings and threepence were accordingly placed by the careful Mr. Tubercain into Timothy's hand. Timothy looked and sighed, and touched his hat; had it been in the palmy days of yore, Timothy would have returned "the compliment" with all the civility of a Beau Brummel, and have returned

home without any fee, first having, however, given "the offic next boy, and miserable then the fate of the unlucky traveller, reached the pace of five miles an hour he might thank his fortune. But times were changed; Timothy looked a supplicating look, served to Mr. Tubercain, "threepence a mile used to be the usual fee, times *was* so very bad now."

"Just the reason I should not give you any more, you low ragamuffin; away about your business," was the loud reply of the man of buttons.

Poor Timothy! Poor us! The postboy's first act, on his return to N——, after doing up his horses and giving them a farewell pat, was to resign his situation, his second to cut down our honourable selves into a pair of shoes. Times grew "wosser and wosser" with Timothy. He parted first with his Sunday clothes, then one thing, then another, and lastly ourselves; and behold us now, a pair of shoes, in that refuge for the destitute, a pawnbroker's shop! But though we are thus degraded and lost, we still hear and see much of life, destitution, struggling virtue, and debased crime, annals which, were they laid open to public view, would fill page upon page with the most saddening pictures of human nature. Here it was We learnt that Mr. Puffer had married Miss Silvertale, but, being addicted to spirituous liquors in his youth, he became a complete bibber in his marriage state, until he suddenly expired one morning, but not before he had considerably reduced his father's hard-earned rent-roll by various bills, post obits, and I O U's. How true are the words of the great northern historian,* when he says "nowhere does the enervating influence of wealth appear more strongly than in the immediate descendants of those who have raised themselves by their own exertions."

Captain Gwynn, too, had married Ada Macgillicuddy, and if ever you want to see a picture of true matrimonial happiness, simplicity, and spotless innocence, should chance or fate ever take you as far as India's climes, there, in the quiet and healthy little military quarter of Dum Dum, reside this happy pair. Harry Devereux was married to the Lady Soplia Coldwell, much to the delight of his mother, who was obliged to absent herself half the season from town, and seek the south of France, to escape the sarcasms and quips of the facetious wag Frisby on her son's *amourettes*, who had offered himself, on a visit to the Lord-Lieutenant, to find out from personal research the facts of her son's love case and duel, which, with many improvements and witticisms, was that wag's stock joke for that season, and caused, as we have before said, the speedy retreat of the Honourable Mrs. Devereux, who has registered a vow in her lady's-maid's hearing that no other son of hers shall ever go to that barbarian country—Ireland—whose only fate *ought* to be, in her opinion, "submersion for forty-eight hours under the sea." To conclude. James Whyte—our worthy modeller—has once more returned to Kent, and is in good circumstances; and Private Fennel is superintendent of the rural police of —, and his good little wife as blithe and as merry and as busy as a woodland warbler on the first May morn. Thus have we ended our tale, and must now wish you all, kind readers, "adieu." Nay! let us not say adieu for ever! We have one theme left—'tis an old joke, but none the worse for telling—we can write our

L. E. G.

THE WESTERN WORLD.*

changes which the United States are constantly exhibiting in every national point of view are so great, that the progress made by them could not only furnish material for a new work each year, but also for a record that could not fail to be full of stirring interest. Mr. Mackay's book is just the kind of thing that is wanted. A sober serious observer, he surveys the developments of the institutions of a democratic people with the eye of a philosopher, and yet as quite alive at the same time to the social developments going on around him, he sketches off the peculiarities of the people with all the colouring and strength of outline of a successful artist.

Landed at Boston, our traveller contrasts the civility and courtesy extended by the federal officers both to strangers and natives landing in the country with the wanton and unmannerly conduct which is too often pursued at our own ports. Passing Tremont House, which, as usually occurs in the case of one or two hotels in every large city in the States, *is full*, our traveller drew up at the United States Hotel, which he describes as an enormous pile of red brick, perforated by, he is afraid to say, how many rows of windows, having a large wing on one side, called Texas, and one in process of completion on the other to be called Oregon. The next addition that will have to be made will be doubtless California.

We are ushered up a marble staircase into a spacious hall, the floor of which looks like a gigantic chequer-board, being composed of alternate squares of black and white marble, looking exceedingly elegant, but, during this season of the year, being both very cold and very slippery. We apply for rooms at the bar, which, in the usual sense of the term, is no bar, but the counting-house of the establishment, in which a clerk, elaborately caparisoned, sits enthroned, at a considerable elevation, before a desk, which, in point of cost and construction, would be a piece of extravagance in the Bank parlour. The walls around him are literally covered with bells, each having beneath it the number of the room to which it corresponds, and they count by hundreds. My flesh creeps at the bare contemplation of the possibility of their being all rung at once.

We dine comfortably in a private room, to gain which we have to thread countless lobbies, lying at all conceivable angles to each other. How a warm meal finds its way such a distance from a fixed kitchen is a mystery to us. But, notwithstanding the appalling difficulties obviously in the way,—for it is brought all the way from Texas to Oregon,—it is as speedily as it is well served.

Boston, however, has been so often described, that the varied craft in its harbour, its busy wharves, its characteristic stores, its well dressed intellectual male, and its fair female population, may be quickly passed by, premising that in this land of liberty, nay, in front of Faneuil Hall itself, where its tocsin first sounded, the smoking of a cigar is not permitted under a penalty of five dollars.

In addition to the round-about journey by sea, the city of New York is approached from Boston by three different routes, each of which is a

* The Western World; or, Travels in the United States in 1846-47: exhibiting them in their latest development, social, political, and industrial; including a chapter on California. By Alex. Mackay, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 3 vols. Richard Bentley.

combination of railway and steam-boat travelling. Mr. Mackay appears to have chosen his time ill. He was in New England when he ought to have been in Alabama, and in the Southern States when he ought to have been in the Northern. Railway travelling in the States, however, whether it be in winter or summer, has many marked annoyances. First as to a specimen of a class of carriage very common in the United States :—

It consisted of one great compartment, constructed to accommodate sixty people. It was like a small church upon wheels. At either end was a door leading to a railed platform in the open air; from door to door stretched a narrow aisle, on either side of which was a row of seats, wanting only book-boards to make them look exactly like pews, each being capable of seating two reasonably-sized persons. The car was so lofty that the tallest man present could promenade up and down the aisle with his hat on. In winter, two or three seats are removed from one side, to make way for a small stove; and, as I was rather late in taking my place, the only vacant seat I could find was one on the pew adjoining this portable fire-place. My immediate companion was a gentlemanly-looking man under forty years of age, in a loose drab coat enveloping his person, and a bushy fur-cap covering his head. Directly opposite him sat a lady of about sixteen stone weight, who crushed up against the side of the car a gaunt lanky Vermonter, in such a manner as to render me apprehensive that she would occasion involuntary squirts of the tobacco-juice which he was industriously di-tilling from his quid. Her travelling stock consisted of a carpet-bag, almost as plump and bulky as herself, which, as she was bringing herself to a comfortable bearing, she consigned to the safe keeping of the gentleman in the drab coat. The poor man had leisure afterwards to repent of the preference shown him, for having once hoisted it upon his knee, the owner, although she constantly kept her eye fixed upon it, never offered to remove it. He could not put it on the floor, which was moist with expectoration; nor could he put it on the stove, which was already getting red-hot. He had no alternative but to carry it the whole night upon his knee; but then the ladies are used to such attentions in America. I had no reason to complain, so long as I was not the man in drab.

Finding, ere long, the heat of the stove rather uncomfortable, our traveller repaired to one of the platforms attached to the car, where he endeavoured to wile away time in the open air, smoking a cigar, observing the country, and reflecting upon that great social and political system, which, in its colossal strides, threatens ere long to monopolize the continent.

I had not been long engaged in such reflections, when from the next car, the platform of which adjoined that on which I was standing, emerged the "conductor," alias the check-taker—who is, in America, a peripatetic, instead of, as with us, a stationary functionary. Having received my ticket, he was about entering the car which I had just quitted, when he stopped short, and without speaking a word, eyed me for a moment, as if he took a great interest in me. At length, having permitted his quid to change sides in his mouth, he observed, in a tone which brooked not of contradiction, that it was "tarnation cold." To this I readily assented; when, finding me of a communicative disposition, he offered me his tobacco-box, and inquired if I preferred standing where I was to being seated within.

"'Tis but a poor choice between being frozen and being roasted," I observed. He looked at me again, as if he questioned my judgment, and then said—

"You're a stranger in these parts, I reckon."

I replied that I was; and, to avoid questions, continued, that I had arrived that very day by the *Hibernia*, after a very boisterous passage; that I was on April.—VOL. LXXXV. NO. CCCXL.

my way to New York, whence I intended to proceed further south, and after seeing the country, to return to Europe before the close of the year. All this he received with great apathy, and then intimated that he was merely acting the part of a friend in telling me that I would be safer inside.

"Is there any danger?" inquired I.

"Supposing there was to be an accident," said he, "you wouldn't stand no chance here."

"Do they frequently occur with you?" I demanded, somewhat hastily.

"We do sometimes run off the rail, that's all;" said he, without the slightest emotion; and then passed into the car without deigning to know how I received the announcement. There was but a pitiful choice, certainly, between an instantaneous crush to death, and a slow broil by the stove; but, preferring the latter, I repaired to my place, and submitted to it until the train reached Worcester.

Nor is this all. Take a peep at a station, that of Worcester, where the line branches off in two:—

For some minutes it appeared to me as if the Bedlam hard by had been let loose upon the station, or *dépôt*, as it is universally called in America. To give a true picture of the confusion—the rushing to and fro—and the noise, with which all this was accompanied, is impossible. Some pounced upon the refreshment-room, as if they fancied it the up-train, and in danger of an immediate start; others flew about, frantically giving orders, which there was no one to obey; whilst by far the greater number were assuring themselves of the safety of their baggage. This was very necessary, inasmuch as the line here branched off into two; the one proceeding to Albany, and the other to Norwich, *en route* to New York. It is by no means an uncommon thing for a passenger to find, at his journey's end, that his luggage has, from this point, taken an independent course for itself, pursuing the shortest road to the far-west, whilst its owner is on his way south, or *vice versa*. This sometimes arises from the luggage being put into the wrong van, and at others from the vans themselves being put upon the wrong lines. Sometimes the separations are most heart-rending—husbands and wives, parents and children, being sent off in different directions. I found afterwards that this was the case with a lady in the carriage immediately behind that in which I sat. She had been torn both from her husband and her handbox. She had no concern about the former, as she said he knew how to take care of himself; but her new velvet bonnet, oh!—She consoled herself by abusing the conductor, who bore it meekly for some time, but was, at last goaded into telling her that that was not the way in which to treat a gentleman, and that she had no business to get into the wrong train; from which he derived but little satisfaction, as she insisted the whole way that it was the train that was going wrong.

At Norwich, we have again the usual scramble for hotels, which were all full to overflowing, and not a spare bed to be had for love or money:—

The ponderous but very comfortable arm-chairs, which invariably form the chief feature in the garniture of an American tap-room, were immediately appropriated, as were also the chairs and tables in the adjoining rooms. Some laid themselves down upon the floor, with billets of wood for their pillows. I had luckily been able to seize upon a chair, and sat for sometime musing upon the strangeness of my position. On my left sat a large burly man, about forty, in the attire of a farmer, and who, like myself, seemed indisposed to slumber. He chewed with unusual vehemence; and my attention was first attracted to him by the unerring certainty with which he expectorated over one of them, into a spittoon, which lay between two sleepers on the floor. He occasionally varied his amusement by directing his filthy distillations against the stove, from the hot side of which they sometimes glanced with the report of a pistol. By-and-bye we got into conversation, when I discovered that he was from the

Granite State, as New Hampshire is called, and that he was on his way to Oregon, via New York and Cape Horn, a distance of 15,000 miles, but of which he seemed to make very light. His only trouble was, that he would be too late for the ship, which was to sail on the following day. I observed, that in that case his disappointment must be very great, inasmuch as many weeks must elapse ere a similar opportunity again presented itself to him. He assured me that it would be very trifling, for he had made up his mind, since he had supped, should he miss the ship, to "go west" to "Illinois State." I was astonished at the facility and apparent indifference with which he abandoned the one purpose for the other. But it is this flexibility of character that is at the very foundation of American enterprise. Let your genuine Yankee find one path impracticable, and he turns directly into another, in pursuing which he never permits his energies to be crippled by feeble lamentations over past disappointments.

Embarking on the steamer from Alleyn's point, on the River Thames, our traveller was borne past a tall obelisk, raised to the memory of some Americans, who are said to have been treacherously massacred, during the revolutionary war, by British soldiers :—

Whilst looking at this, two men, who were on deck, advanced and stopped within a pace or two of me. The elder, and spokesman of the two, was about forty-five years of age, and was dressed in a long overcoat, which was unbuttoned, and hung very slovenly down to his heels. He stooped, not at the shoulders, but from the stomach ; whilst his sallow face was furrowed like a newly ploughed field. His lips were thin to a degree, his mouth being marked but by a sharp short line; and when he looked at you, it was with nervous and uneasy glances, furtively shot from beneath a pair of shaggy half-grey eyebrows. His expression was malignant, his *tout ensemble* repulsive. I instinctively turned away from him, but it seems I was not to escape, for, having brought me, as he thought, within hearing distance, he muttered to his companion, but evidently at me—"Yes, there's a monument raised to the eternal shame of the bloody Britishers; but we'll take the change out of them for that yet, or Colonel Polk's not my man, by G—d !" I looked at him, mechanically, as he uttered these words. He stood between me and his companion, as motionless as a statue, his eye, which turned neither to the right nor to the left, apparently fixed on the distant shore of Long Island, but with ears erect, in evident expectation of some rejoinder to this flattering harangue. Deeming it more prudent to make none, I turned away and paced the deck, which I had the satisfaction of perceiving caused him no little disappointment.

It is but just to remark, however, that this occurred during the Oregon mania, and that the man who could manifest his hostility in so gross a manner was one of the few to be met with in the sea-board and commercial States, who had been seized with the mania, and so powerfully did the poison operate upon him that he could not keep from biting.

As the steamer approached New York, a more amusing and equally characteristic scene occurred :—

After breakfast, I seated myself by the stove, and commenced reading, but had been thus engaged only a few minutes when I was accosted by a stout short elderly gentleman, dressed in snuff-coloured cloth from head to foot, who made me his confidant so far as to inform me that we had been very lucky in getting a boat. Having nothing to object to so obvious a proposition, I categorically assented, in the hope of being able to resume my book. But in this I was disappointed, for he was soon joined by a middle-aged man, with very self-sufficient expression, who asked me—

"Didn't our Prez'dent's message put the old Lion's back up?"

The steamer by which I had arrived being the first that had left Liverpool

after the receipt in England of the President's warlike message, the most intense interest was manifested on all hands to know the effect which it had produced in Europe. I, therefore, replied—"Considerably."

"We expected it would rile him a bit—rayther—we did;" added he.

"Didn't it frighten him a leetle?" asked the gentleman in snuff-colour.

"As an Englishman, I would fain be spared the humiliating confession," replied I; "particularly as the whole will be published in the papers in the course of a few hours."

This, as I expected, only made them the more curious. The first speaker returned to the charge, urging me to let them know what had taken place, and advising me, at the same time, that I might consider myself amongst friends; and that the Americans were not a "crowin' people."

"Well, gentlemen," said I; "if you can sympathise with a fallen enemy, I have no objection to speak plainly with you." They shook their heads affirmatively, and showed, by drawing closer to, that they really meant kindly towards me.

"The publication of the Message," I continued, "was all that was necessary to shake to its foundation the European settlement of 1815. Prince Metternich immediately dismissed Reis Effendi across the Balkan. M. Guizot notified Abd-el-Kader that the triple alliance was at an end; whilst England, in alarm, threw herself into the hands of Russia, entering into an alliance offensive and defensive with that power; and, as a guarantee of good faith, giving up the temporary possession of Tilbury Fort to the Autocrat, whose troops now garrison the key of the Thames."

"Is that the way the British Lion took the lash of 'Young Hickory'?" asked the first speaker. "Well, I swan—"

"He needn't have been scared in such a hurry, neither," said the gentleman in snuff-colour; "for maybe we didn't mean it, after all."

The aspect presented by New York in 1846, so much resembles that which it presented in 1844 and 1845, that it need not detain us. The steam-boat, the rail, and less frequented cities have at least the attraction of greater variety. The passenger from New York to Philadelphia has to be conveyed to the station by steam-boat across the Hudson. On gaining the opposite shore Mr. Mackay describes the passengers as jumping in crowds upon the floating slip where they landed, and flying with a precipitation which might have led one to suppose that each and every of them had been pursued by a sheriff's officer. We wonder what chance ladies have in a country where everything, seats in carriages, berths in steam-boats, beds in hotels, and plates at dinner, are only obtained by a rush and a struggle?

The snow was drifted in wreaths on the rail, and the train, preceded by a snow-plough, would rush at these like a huge battering-ram, and if it did not succeed in forcing its way, would back and rush to the charge again and again, throwing all the passengers of a heap into the fore part of the carriages. Sometimes, in tender mercy to the said passengers, the train would be detached, and the locomotives set at it themselves, taking a good race, so as to strike with more effect. The breach at length made, back they would come for the train, which they tugged along like so many camp followers, until a fresh obstacle had to be stormed.

New as all this was to me, it was exciting and amusing enough so long as it occasioned us no serious detention; but just as we were approaching the New Brunswick station, we ran into a tremendous wreath with such force, as to baffle all our efforts to get out of it again. In vain did the engineers use every device which mortal engineer could hit upon. There were the loco-

tives half-buried in the snow, and there they would remain. The poor plough, which bore the brunt of the battle, was completely invisible. Our position was like that of a great sword-fish which thrusts his formidable weapon into a ship's side with such effect that he cannot extricate himself again.

"Snagged, I reckon," said a Mississippian to the company in general.

"We're not aground, no how, that's clear," added a Missourian beside him.

"I should like to see the ground to put my foot on," said a man from New Hampshire, who must have stood about six feet six in his stockings.

"I am sure, stranger, you needn't want ground where a seventy-four will float," ejaculated the Mississippian, laughing, and eyeing him from head to foot. The rest joined in the laugh against the New Hampshire Anak, who drew in his legs under his seat, as if he was shutting each of them up like a clasp-knife.

The efforts made to relieve the train were vain; there was an hotel at Brunswick, but the beds were pre-engaged as at Norwich, and so about 300 passengers had to make a night of it, in frost and snow, in the beleaguered carriages.

We had a newly married couple in our carriage, and they alone had my sympathy. The ceremony had been performed that very day in New York, and they were now on their way to Philadelphia on their marriage trip. They were both young, the bridegroom apparently not exceeding twenty, and the bride looking about sixteen. There she sat, in her ribbons and orange blossoms, looking shy, confused, disappointed, and half sorrowful. Poor thing! I pitied her.

"De best house in Philadelphiy, Sa," said an officious negro, when our traveller at length reached the end of his journey.

"Is it far off?" I inquired.

"Good bit from de water," said he, "but not far when you get dere."

External life in Philadelphia being pretty much what life in New York is, with the exception that the same impetuous activity is not observable, that it has a more orderly and decorous look, the passions both for amusements and dress being more subdued, yet much gaiety and no little vice being hid under a prim mannerism; we shall pass onwards. About a hundred miles of railway connect Baltimore with Philadelphia, the petty State of Delaware being crossed by the road uniting the capital of Maryland with that of Pennsylvania.

A journey by railway south of Philadelphia, and, indeed, south of the Hudson, has many things about it that are disagreeable to the stranger. It is then that he is brought in close contact with tobacco-chewing to an extent that is positively disgusting. If previously unaware of the existence of this depravity of taste, he might fancy, seeing a number of men with their respective jaws constantly in motion, that they belonged to the race of animals chewing the cud—with the expectoral accompaniment as a slight modification of the practice. Nowhere is this disgusting habit so essentially annoying as in a railway carriage. In the open street it is possible to avoid the nuisance, as it is in a public room, such as a bar-room, by giving a wide berth to the spittoons; but in a railway carriage there is no escaping it. Think of being copped up in a small compartment, with no vacant space but the narrow aisle in the centre, with nine-and-fifty distillers of tobacco-juice around you! The constant spitting which takes place from the moment that the passengers take their seats, is carried on to so formidable an extent, that scarcely five minutes elapse before the floor is absolutely moist with it.

Nor are these all the unpleasantnesses of travelling in the Southern States. The extent to which the Anglo-Americans carry their antipathy

to the coloured race is witnessed here in its full. Here is a painful example:—

At one end of the car in which I was seated sat a young man, very respectably dressed, but who bore in his countenance those traces, almost indelible, which, long after every symptom of the colour has vanished, bespeak the presence of African blood in the veins. The quantity which he possessed, could not have been more than 12½ per cent of his whole blood, tinging his skin with a shade, just visible, and no more. If his face was not as white, it was, at all events, cleaner than those of many around him. I observed that he became very uneasy every time the conductor came into the car, eyeing him with timid glances, as if in fear of him. Divining the cause of this conduct, I determined to watch the issue, which was not long delayed. By-and-by, the conductor entered the car again, and, as if he had come for the purpose, walked straight up to the poor wretch in question, and, without deigning to speak to him, ordered him out with a wave of his finger. The blood in a moment mounted to his temples, and suffused his whole face; but resistance was vain; and with a hanging head, and broken-hearted look, he left the carriage. He was not a slave; but not a soul remonstrated, not a whisper was heard in his behalf. The silence of all indicated their approval of this petty manifestation of the tyranny of blood. These bold defenders of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," these chivalrous assertors of the Declaration of Independence, looked with utter indifference on this practical violation of the "rights of man."

"Sarved the d—d nigger right," said a youngster scarcely twenty, at the other end of the car, and those immediately around him laughed at the remark.

The station at Baltimore is described as being like Pandemonium let loose. There was not an hotel in town but was represented by one or two negroes, who did the touting for it, each having the name of his Boniface displayed on a band which surrounded his hat.

"Barnum's, gen'lemen—Barnum's—now for Barnum's—only house in town—rest all sham—skin but no 'possum—yhaw, yhaw—Barnum's, Barnum's!"

"Cause Eagle eaten all de 'possum up, and left nuffin but de skin—de Eagle's de house, gen'lemen—hurra for de Eagle!" This was said by another.

"Get out, you brack man!" said the representative of Barnum's, himself the blacker of the two; "tell your massa to send a gen'leman next time, will you—it's lowerin' to de profession to hab you here—get out.—Barnum's gen'lemen—Barnum's!"

Baltimore, the chief seat of Catholicism in the United States, upholds, according to Mr. Mackay, its character for beautiful women; but the Mexican war has diminished its credit for containing the greatest number of blackguards. As the north trains had their snow-ploughs, so the trains in the south had their cow-ketchers—a strong iron-grating fixed to the front of the locomotive. On the way from Baltimore to Washington an unfortunate cow that was lying on the line was killed, and picked up at the same time by this formidable instrument.

"I can stand a hog, but them 'ere cows are the devil to pay," said the stoker, as he proceeded, with the help of some others, to drag the carcass off the machine, and deposit it by the side of the line.

"Might they not as well take it into Washington now?" I observed to one of the bystanders.

"I suppose they would," said he, "but that they want to leave room for the next;" a remark which enabled me certainly to resume my place, with a very comfortable feeling of security.

The capital and the capitol must share the fate of other well-known cities, and be passed over briefly. Not so, however, with Mr. Mackay, who makes each the central point for lengthened, but able and unprejudiced, discussions upon American society, local and general, and on the politicians and political aspect of the United States. So also entering into Virginia inevitably leads to as lengthened disquisitions on slavery, its social, moral, and political aspect, as Washington does to party-spirit, organisation, and tactics of the federalists and separatists. These are the heavy dishes in a course of American travel: we must keep to lighter fare.

From Washington to Richmond, the first part of the journey is performed by steam-boat on the Potomac, the scenery of which is full of beauty; the latter by rail. An example occurs at the end of the water-journey, remarkably illustrative at what an early period of life that sharpness of repartee, which is so characteristic of Anglo-Americans, develops itself:—

Amongst those who arrived by the train from Richmond, was a western farmer and his family, evidently on a summer tour.

"Father," said his son, an intelligent little boy, after looking for a few moments at the broad expanse of the river, "it's as big as the Mississippi."

"And as yaller too," was the reply.

"But we don't have no snags nor alligators here, my little man; nor do we blow up two or three hundred people at a time," said a Virginian in shirt-sleeves, who was doing duty in some capacity or other on the wharf, and who, hearing the boy's remark, was anxious that he should not go misinformed upon the points wherein the Potomac had the superiority over any and every river in the West.

"Cos you can't get up steam enough in Virginny to blow up an egg-shell," retorted the boy, discerning his informant's intention, and by no means satisfied with it; for which he was informed by the latter, that he was "too smart by half, if he only know'd it," and that to a moral certainty, his father "must have many more like him."

Richmond is a small but pretty town, with the appearance of which most persons are familiar in this country, from the numerous prints that are met with of the stones and the falls contiguous to it. At Richmond, the traveller first finds the warmth and fervour of the south, superadded to that frank and ready hospitality which is everywhere characteristic of American society. But there is also another feature of southern blood, exceeding sensitiveness, and so strict is the code of honour here, that even coolness inevitably entails a deadly feud.

On the way from Richmond to Weldon a scene occurred between the wayfarers and a Mormon preacher, which we regret we have not space to extract. The extent to which religious fanaticism is carried in the States can scarcely be imagined; but, to give one example, we shall quote an occurrence that took place in quite a different part of the country,—the agent in which was an Elder of the Baptists, who stopped Mr. Mackay in the streets:—

"Young man," said he, stopping me, and laying his hand paternally upon my shoulder; "how's your soul?"

"Quite well, I thank you," I replied, "how's yours"

"Bless the Lord!" he continued.

"Amen!" I responded.

"You're an heir of damnation," said he, in great haste, after apparently measuring me from top to toe with his eye.

"The idea seems to give you positive pleasure," observed I.

He looked at me again for a few moments, after which he told me in great confidence that the sons of Anak would be brought low. To this I replied that, not knowing them, I could not be expected to feel much interest in their fate.

He looked hard at me again for a few seconds, and then shouted so as to attract the attention of the passers-by, "you're a Scribe—you're a Scribe!"

"Any thing but a Pharisee," I replied, and walked on, leaving him to make what application he pleased of my response.

The journey from Milledgeville, where the traveller has, the first time on his way from Boston to New Orleans, to take the stage-coach to Montgomery, is replete with fun, unextractable in our limited space. Not only were the passengers obliged frequently to walk, but they were also, besides being jolted, and finally upset, obliged to help in dragging the ponderous vehicle out of the slough. What is most remarkable of all, is the impudence of those upon whom you have to depend for the time being:—

"Well I'm blowed!" said the judge; but why or wherefore he was so I did not hear, as I was making my way out whilst he was vouchsafing the explanation. On getting out, I found myself perched on the side of the coach which was uppermost, the vehicle lying flat in the mud on its other side, like a ship on her beam ends with her cargo shifted. The driver, who was by this time perched on the opposite side of the hatchway, immediately put down the handle of his whip amongst those below, shouting out at the same time, "Come, be stirrin' there, will you!" The judge thereupon began to exhibit some signs of life. First raising his head, and turning it slowly round, he took the exact measure of his position, after which he brought his arms into play, and then, one after the other, recovered his legs. Having at length raised himself to a kneeling position, the driver and I got him by the collar of the coat, by means of which, with some aid from himself, we managed to elevate the "fourteen stun" into air and sunshine. The commissioner was the next dragged out. His face, poor fellow, was somewhat scratched, and one side of it besmeared with dirt, the judge having pressed it into a soft pillow of mud, which had squeezed itself in through the window. Next came my friend with the nails in his shoes, who turned out to be a farmer from the banks of the Miami, in Ohio. From his position we could only render him aid by dragging him out heels foremost, which we did. Then came the lady, of whom for a time we had lost sight altogether. She came up much crushed and disordered, and on being let down in the mud, frantically grasped the judge, who was still engaged in adjusting himself, and asked if there was any chance whatever of our getting safely to our journey's end. After pausing for a time to consider, he replied, gravely but kindly, that there "was a chance, but that it was not mighty promisin'." He bade her calm herself, however, as she would get used to such incidents in time, as he had done.

The hotels in Mobile are on a most extensive and sumptuous scale, scarcely surpassed by any of those in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, and excellent steamers convey passengers thence up the Mississippi, or across Lake Pontchartrain to New Orleans. Now-a-days that so many are enjoying a pleasant trip in imagination up the latter river by means of Mr. Banvard's instructive painting, Mr. Mackay's account of his ascent of the great river, of the steamers, their accommodations, and their strange passengers, not to mention their racing, to which dangerous practice they still adhere so pertinaciously, will have many attractions. We can only hint for another hotel scene at the far-famed Saratoga, which contains a wrinkle for travellers.

In the chief hotel the dining-room is of prodigious dimensions. It is, in fact, two enormous rooms thrown into one, in the form of an L. Three rows of tables take the sweep of it from end to end. It can thus accommodate at least 600 guests. The windows of both sections of the dining-room looked into the quadrangle, and my friend and I observed that several of the loungers in the colonnade every now and then cast anxious glances within as the tables were being laid for dinner. * It soon occurred to us that there might be some difficulty in getting seats, a point on which we sought to set our minds at rest, so that we might be prepared, if necessary, for the crush. But we could effect no entrance into the dining-room to make inquiry, every approach to it being locked. At last, however, we caught in the colonnade a tall black waiter, dressed from top to toe in snow-white livery.

"Will there be any crush, when the bell rings?" I demanded of him.

"Bit of a squeeze, that's all," he replied, "but you needn't mind," he continued, regarding me; "the fat uns get the worst on't."

"Then you can't tell us where we are to sit?" said I.

"Jist where you happen to turn up, gemmen," he responded, grinning and showing his ivory.

"But surely," interposed my friend, "you can secure a couple of chairs for us?"

"It's jist within de power of possibles, gemmen," said he, grinning again, but with more significance than before. My friend slipped a quarter of a dollar into his hand. Oh! the power of money. That which was barely possible before, became not only practicable but certain in a twinkling. He immediately left us to fulfil our wishes, telling us to look in at the window and see where he secured chairs for us.

When the doors were opened, so great was the hurry-scurry, that it seemed as if some were leaping in at the windows. Then there arose such a clatter of dishes, and a noise of knives and forks, mingled with a chorus of human voices, some commanding, others supplicating the waiters, as our traveller says he had never heard before. The waiters themselves were flitting to and fro like rockets, sometimes tumbling over each other, and frequently coming in very awkward collision. Every now and then a discord would be thrown into the harmony, by way of a smash of crockery, or crystal. The ladies attended this riotous scene in full dress. In about twenty minutes the hall looked like the deck of a ship after action. The survivors of the dinner still remained at table, either sipping wine, or talking together, but the rest had disappeared, as if they had been carried out, wounded or dead. Their fate was, however, afterwards revealed. Before dinner they had risked their necks to secure seats at table, after dinner they had done as much to secure seats in the colonnade, where they could smoke and chew at their ease, in arm-chairs or rocking-chairs. Rushing for a seat in a railway carriage can be understood; but there is something exceedingly incongruous in rushing to enjoy so idle a pursuit as smoking, as there is something exceedingly repulsive in the idea of rushing to one's meals. Such a state of things can only have its origin in an extreme selfishness, which is ever alarmed at being anticipated by even an imaginary rivalry.

THE MASKED BALL AT THE OPERA.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

I.

SIR ABEL SPOONINGTON.

THE carnival of 184— was an unusually gay one in Paris. The Faubourgs St. Germain and St. Honoré vied with each other in a succession of brilliant entertainments; *fête* followed *fête*, dinners, routs, concerts, balls, and private theatricals kept the gay world in a perpetual state of excitement, sufficiently *piquant* and sufficiently pleasureable to *désennuyer* the most wearied and worn-out of fashion's votaries, were he even as "used up" as Sir Charles Coldstream himself.

Among the thousands of English at that period quartered in the French capital, few, if any, entered more freely into the revelries of the season than Sir Abel Spoonington, a young baronet, lately come to his title, rich in landed and funded property, passably good-looking, but—by way of compensation, as D'Juzet would say—*bête à faire plaisir*.

His weak point—no uncommon one with birds of his feather—was an implicit belief in his own lady-killing powers; an idea which neither time nor experience could do away with, that he was destined to be loved for himself alone, apart from any advantage of rank and fortune with which nature had so superfluously endowed him. One would have thought if anything could have undeceived him, a few weeks' residence in Paris would have done so most effectually; but the reverse was the case. Every fresh deception, far from putting him on his guard for the future, only made him more credulous; unlike an egg, the more he was *done* the softer he grew, and such was his eagerness—nay, impatience—to discover the exception to what he had too often found to be the general rule, that even the most unpractised coquette (if indeed such a *rara avis* exist in Paris) might have hooked him without difficulty, he being always too ready to listen to the voice of the charmer, "charm she ever so *unwisely*."

And whither, of all places in the world, are we about to accompany our hero in search of disinterested loveliness? To a luxurious boudoir in the Rue de Varennes, or to the simple attic of some trim-waisted *grissette* in the Faubourg St. Denis? Alas! no; both covers had been already tried, and with the same unvarying and disheartening result; the habitual expression of our friend Spoonington's face being so candid, so unsuspicious, so unmistakeably jolly green, that one glimpse of it usually sufficed to render the temptation to victimise him irresistible. Whether the object of his attentions was a *grande dame* or a workwoman earning her fifteen *sous* a day, Sir Abel found himself, after a very short courtship, as far from the mark as ever, and for this he had only his own *bonne tête* to thank.

Therefore it was that, as a last resource, he determined on a hazardous experiment—namely, that overweening and Quixotic self-reliance peculiar to the "Spooningtons"—adopting the principle of the adventurous man who sanguinely hoped to extract the *one* eel from the bag-full of vipers—resolved (in Etonian parlance) to have a shy at that blank-abounding

lottery, a masked ball at the Opera. This idea came into his head on the Saturday morning—or rather noon, for Sir Abel was no early riser—previous to the Mardi Gras, while sitting in the snug bachelor's apartment, for which he paid 400 francs a month, at least twice its value, in that many-courted building on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, called the Cité Vindé.

"Devilish good thought," muttered he, laying down his *Galignani*. "Dinner at the *Trois Frères*, an hour or two at the Palais Royal—there are some deuced pretty girls in the *Revue*—and then, if I have any luck, I think I may manage not to sup alone. At all events, there is no harm in trying."

Shortly after indulging in the above soliloquy, his elaborate toilette completed, Sir Abel paused before emerging on the Boulevard, to speak with the porter of the exterior court (for in the Cité Vindé each court has its *concierge*), who was sweeping his domain.

"Mousseu Picot," said he, in his best London French.

"Que désire milor," replied the *concierge*, with great alacrity, for the young baronet was an excellent *locataire*, who always paid his letter and message bill without looking at the items.

"Mousseu Picot, I shall probably be late to-night, so do not sit up for me."

"Merci, milor: milor is going to the masked ball."

"Je craw que oui," replied Spoonington, who never *could* pronounce the *oi*.

"It will be very full, milor," chimed in from the interior of the *loge* Madame Picot, a black-eyed little *boulotte* of remarkable solidity, whose tongue appeared to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion, and who contrived to talk and attend to a small saucepan on the fire simultaneously; "milor will not require a costume or domino—of course not—otherwise Mademoiselle Sophie—*une cousine à moi*—has a beautiful assortment Rue Neuve St. Marc. She promised to take me with her to the Opera some night or other, but I am afraid I stand a poor chance of going this year, for the Carnival is nearly over, and Picot says that seven francs (you can get them for seven in the Passage de l'Opéra), is too much money to throw away on a ticket. Besides, I cannot go alone—*sans cela*, milor—"

But *milor*, to whom Madame Picot's harangue, delivered with Patter-like volubility, was in a great measure, if not wholly, incomprehensible, had already stepped into his brougham, and was on his way towards the heart of the English quarter on a round of visits.

"Ah! imbécile d'Anglais!" murmured *boulotte*, indignant that all her eloquence should have been lost, and lazily resuming her post near the fire which she had quitted for a moment to ascertain the effect produced by her *confidence*; "Tu ne m'écoutes seulement pas, tu te moques (I am afraid the word she used began with an *f* instead of an *m*) de moi; ah mais 'ah mais! vienne mon tour, et cristi, je te le rendrai bien!"

II.

THE GREY DOMINO.

It was nearly one o'clock when our hero reached the doors of the Académie Royale. The first rush of visitors was over, and a multitude

of Pierrots, Débardeurs, and Polichinelles, were already hard at work in their accustomed arena, toeing it and heeling it to old Musard's inspiring strains. A few dominos, but very few, were seated in the passages leading to the *foyer*; and here and there a closely-hooded *incognito* was pouring forth astounding revelations into the ear of some recognised male acquaintance, who was vainly endeavouring to discover in the assumed shrill tones of his informant some clue to her identity.

A glance at the almost deserted *foyer* showed Sir Abel that his time for action had not yet arrived, so entering a private box which he had secured for the occasion, he amused himself for nearly half-an-hour in watching the gay doings in the *salle* below. When he again emerged into the corridor all was bustle and confusion; the staircases and lobbies were thronged with dominos of every shape and hue, from the mysterious black to the more *compromettant* pink and sky-blue. The *ouvreuses* were busily occupied in ticketing and putting away cloaks and great-coats, and in unlocking one box-door after another, as the *coupons* were handed over to them by their respective owners. Some of them, moreover, were driving a brisk trade in bouquets, acting strictly upon the principle of those experienced fancy-fair vendors, whose motto is to price every article at four times its value, and never to have change.

Elbowing his way with some difficulty through a motley crowd of chattering and screaming revellers, whom the termination of a *polka infernale* had just let loose to wander about until the music should strike up anew, Sir Abel at length reached the *foyer*, but not without a few chance *rencontres*, more or less agreeable. He had, indeed, hardly closed the door of his private box when a polite Turk, embellished with a nose resembling in length and dimensions an exceedingly knotty cucumber, requested to be allowed to introduce him to a partner for the next quadrille, the said partner being no other than a gigantic postilion with jack-boots, a cracking whip, and a flaxen wig with long hanging curls, which kept perpetually flapping into his face every time he moved his head. Hastily and somewhat unceremoniously declining the proffered favour, the verdant baronet, after advancing a few steps, found himself encircled by a trio of very hideous and very familiar demons, who first barricaded their intended victim in a corner, wherein he was as securely wedged as the middle-man in a crowd before the pit-door of the Opera on a Jenny Lind night, and then, in a cat-like manner, began to play with him.

"Monsieur looks ill at ease," remarked No. 1 to-No. 2.

"Monsieur is no monsieur," retorted No. 2. "Monsieur is a *milor*. Monsieur's name must be 'Smit.'"

"Or Sir Thomson," suggested No. 3.

"Messeu!" exclaimed Spoonington, with a most patriotically British accent.

"*Connais pas*," interrupted No. 2, blandly. "We do not recognise such titles among ourselves. My friend on the right with the excrescences (a couple of red horns like huge carrots) is called Lucifer, he on my left with the lovely moustache (a daub of red and yellow paint, like the flames blazing for the accommodation of the souls in purgatory, as painted on the walls in Italian villages) is Asmodée, and I, with *Milor's* permission, am Belphegor."

"Baisy moa tronkeel!" ejaculated Sir Abel, striving, but in vain, to escape from his tormentors.

"*Tranquille !*" exclaimed No. 3. "*Milor* is unreasonable, to ask impossibilities. Whoever heard of tranquillity at a masked ball?"

"Hush, *Asmodée*. Don't you see *Milor* is come here, to look after *Madame son épouse !*"

"Or to make conquests," chimed in Lucifer. "*Milor a le physique de l'emploi.*"

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the three demons in chorus, as, in obedience to a faint scraping of fiddlestrings emanating from the orchestra, and announcing the temporary re-animation of *Papa Musard*, they scampered away hand-in-hand, ever and anon encircling on their way some unsuspecting wight, and executing around him a war-dance of a very diabolical character.

Left to himself, Sir Abel proceeded without further impediment to the *foyer*, which by this time presented a very gay and entertaining aspect. The non-admission of costumed personages not only relieved the ear from the shouting and screaming which re-echoed through the other less privileged parts of the theatre, but also greatly facilitated the rise and progress of the thousand and one intrigues and mystifications in which the hooded and dominoed frequenters of a masked ball so especially delight. Most of these were seated on benches round the room; some waiting to be spoken to, and others already engaged in imparting confidence after confidence to their perplexed listeners; while a few, more *recherchées* than the rest, not contented with *one* victim, were dispensing, for the benefit of the admiring groups by whom they were surrounded, an apparently inexhaustible stock of sarcastic witticisms, most impartially abusing everything and everybody.

Sir Abel was not long a silent spectator of this scene, although it must be owned that his first attempts at love-making were most signal failures. Venturing to hazard a tender avowal to an isolated fair one in a corner of the room, he received for answer an intimation that the person addressed did not understand Chinese; and on his subsequently seeking to establish a conversation with another fascinating *incognita*, and actually going so far as to seat himself unbidden beside her, his *empressement* was abruptly checked, and his eloquence paralysed by the following quotation from *Gavarni*, meaningly whispered in his ear by a charitable rose-coloured domino.

C'est vieux et laid, mon cher, tu es volé comme dans un bois.

At length it seemed as if fortune were weary of persecuting the luckless baronet, for, after more than one fruitless endeavour to win the attention of some sympathetic syren, he suddenly came upon two masked and hooded females, walking in his direction. On his approach, they separated; one disappearing into the *couloir*, and the other, who wore a handsome grey domino, continuing her walk, slackening her pace a little as she came near our hero, who, nothing daunted by his repeated mishaps, once more drew upon his nearly exhausted stock of fascinations, and accosted her.

Somewhat to his surprise, his advances were graciously received; the lady did not say much, it is true, but as Sir Abel's knowledge of French included a vague acquaintance with the proverb "*qui ne dit mot consent,*" he took it for granted that the brilliant orbs playing away so vigorously

behind the rather large eyelet holes of her mask were far from being typical of indifference, and shaped his course accordingly.

"She *cannot* know who I am," murmured he to himself; "there can be no selfish motives here. If her face is like her figure, she will exactly realise my idea of a pocket Venus."

Now the Cytherea in question being not merely short, but also stout, and marvellously resembling a Dutchman in petticoats, the baronet's idea would naturally appear a very strange one, if the short-sightedness—or rather blindness—of love were not already one of the most universally recognised items of our proverbial philosophy. And that Sir Abel *was* in love there could be no reasonable doubt: his previous disappointments, coupled with the unusual deference with which his almost unintelligible jargon was listened to, made him cling the more perseveringly to what he not irrationally looked upon as his last hope, and invested the object of his fancy with a halo of imaginary perfections, which the ingenuous and enamoured Spoonington never for a moment thought of analysing.

III.

THE MAISON DORÉE.

FINDING matters progressing so favourably, Sir Abel at length ventured to propose an adjournment to the Maison Dorée; and here, for the first time, he noticed a slight appearance of hesitation on the part of the lady. Not that she had the remotest notion of declining the offered supper—far be it from us even to insinuate such a heresy—but, if the plain truth must be spoken, she did not understand *what* the proposal was. As long as her admirer confined himself to attentions which required no answer, and which, whether she comprehended them or not, could easily be replied to by an alternate nod or shake of the head, the courtship went on admirably; but the moment that a direct question was given, and a direct answer required, it was quite another story. So that it was some time before poor Spoonington, who would persist in pronouncing Dorée *Dory*, and who, whenever he wished to be particularly intelligible, arrived, through the medium of stammering and stuttering, at an exactly contrary result, succeeded in persuading *l'objet chéri* to accept a seat in his brougham as far as the *restaurant* alluded to, into which they entered through the side-door in the Rue Laffitte.

As soon as they were fairly installed in a *cabinet*, and had indulged in a preparatory glass of Champagne, previously to commencing an attack on the *potage à la bisque* and lobster salad, flanked by divers rarities, piscatory and vegetable, which the waiter, to whom *carte blanche* had been given, took especial care should be supplied and charged for, whether they were tasted or not, Sir Abel gallantly suggested (in his own peculiar French, which, conscious of our utter inability to reproduce it, we shall take the liberty of translating) that his fair companion should remove her mask.

"Meddem," he began, "I hope—I trust that you will now permit me to gaze on—"

"Merci, monsieur," was the slightly irrelevant reply, "I *will* trouble you for some soup. A little more—thank you, that will do."

"Gaze on—" resumed Sir Abel.

"Another glass of champagne," interrupted the *incognita*, growing comparatively loquacious. "Sapristi, c'est cossu, ça!"

"Those lovely features," continued Spoonington, wholly incompetent to appreciate the un-academical language of his guest; "let me implore you to take—"

"A little salad," abruptly interposed *l'objet chéri*, lifting up from over her mouth, as she spoke, the black lace attached below her mask, and thereby greatly facilitating her proposed attack on the eatables, "and plenty of the lobster. Dieu!" added she, after disposing of a liberal mouthful, "que c'est bon, le homard!"

"Beautiful creature!" thought Spoonington; how gracefully, with what fascinating *naïveté* she expresses her satisfaction!"

"You don't eat, monsieur," suddenly exclaimed the miniature Aphrodite, laying down her knife and fork, and holding her glass for some more *Aï*. "For my part, I could no more sit *les bras croisés*, with all these good things before me, than I could run backwards up the Colonne Vendôme."

The idea of the speaker's ever arriving at the summit of the monument referred to, except by the aid of a windlass, was too preposterous to be entertained by any reflecting mind; but Sir Abel was too deeply occupied by his own enraptured thoughts and by the gray domino of his enchantress, to be capable of questioning the propriety of the simile.

"Quel amour de domino!" said he, at length, "how becomingly it sits! My favourite of all colours, too. Let me at least," added he in a most transcendently sentimental tone, "remove that odious mask."

"Non pas!" exclaimed the fair one, interposing to prevent the betrayal of her *incognito*. "By and by perhaps, but not yet. Besides I have not half finished my supper. What are those queer little black things, by you?" added she, pointing to a plate of truffles, and impaling one on her fork before Sir Abel had time to answer. "Ah! que c'est mauvais! J'aime cent fois mieux les haricots."

At this moment a small clock on the mantel-piece struck three.

"Already," exclaimed the Venus, starting up in amazement, "and my poor *chéri* of a husband, who has been expecting me home this hour. Dieu de Dieu, what will he think!"

"Think!" said Spoonington. "Is it possible than you can care about what he thinks?"

"*Vous dites?*" replied the lady, interrogatively; then without waiting for an answer continued, *sotto voce*, "I can't make out above half he says, but he rolls his eyes about like M. Séraphin's *marionnettes*. I can hardly help laughing though I am so sleepy."

"Surely you are not going to leave me?" exclaimed Spoonington, as his companion rising from her chair, made a very decided movement towards the door. "Permit me at all events to escort you home—à la maison," he added by way of rendering himself more intelligible.

"Mais," hesitated Venus as coyly as she could, an effort wholly lost on her admirer, who was engaged in "agitating the communicator," or in other words in touching the bell.

"L'addition, garçon," said he to the "slave of the ring," whose obedience to the summons was as instantaneous as that of his namesake in the fairy tale. "L'addition," (Spoonington having got this term *de*

rigueur quite pat, a rare occurrence with him, repeated it twice, and with unusual emphasis).

Quick as thought appeared the desired document, and in another minute the baronet and his Queen of Beauty were seated side by side in the former's extremely well appointed brougham.

"Where shall I tell him to drive to?" said he.

"I live in the Cité Vindé."

"WHERE?" cried Spoonington, doubting whether he had heard aright.

"In the Cité Vindé, near the Madeleine."

"Why, then we are neighbours!" exclaimed Sir Abel. "Quel bonheur!"

"Monsieur lives there, ah?" asked the lady, when the carriage was fairly in motion.

"Certainly," replied Spoonington. "Au premier, douzième cour."

(The reader must not imagine from this that there are twelve courtyards attached to the building alluded to, Sir Abel having contracted, in common with many of his countrymen, the habit of pronouncing *deux* as *douze*.)

"When shall I see you again?" pursued our hero, the more eagerly, inasmuch as they were drawing near their journey's end; "to-morrow, oh, promise me, to-morrow."

"Whenever you like," was the unexpected reply.

"At what hour might I—without being indiscreet—presume—" stammered out Sir Abel, more than half bewildered with joy.

"Any hour you please," said Venus after a moment's consideration as to the purport of his question. "I am up before seven every morning."

"One glance then, only one, at that lovely face," exclaimed the enraptured baronet, again essaying to withdraw the mask, as the carriage passed through the *grille* of the Cité Vindé. This time the *incognita* offered no resistance; the silken strings yielded readily to his touch, and disclosed the goddess of his imagination, the Houri of his fancy, in the shape of our black-eyed and voluminous acquaintance, Madame Picot.

For a moment Sir Abel sat in speechless horror, an interval of which the little portress took advantage to open the door, and place herself once more on *terra firmâ*.

"Sacrrrrebleu!" at length shouted Spoonington, rolling the *r* after the fashion of Citizen Caussidière. "C'était le portier!"

"Who is as much obliged to Milor," said Madame Picot, curtsying and speaking very rapidly, as if to make up for the restraint so long put on her tongue, "for all his *kindness* and *gallantry* (great stress was laid on these two words), for his supper and carriage, as she is to her cousin Sophie (Rue Neuve St. Marc, Milor remembers), for so unexpectedly calling for her last evening with a *billet de bal*, and (here the speaker's eyes twinkled most maliciously) an '*amour de domino*.'"

MEN AND THINGS IN THE NEW WORLD OF AUSTRALIA.

PART IV.

ABOUT a fortnight had elapsed since the day when, as stated in my last, I was riding through the long, lazy little town called Maitland, on my way to the north-west. I had passed beyond what, in colonial phrase, are called the "Boundaries of Location;" that is to say—as I believe I am right in expounding—beyond the limits of the country which has been proclaimed into counties, and within which the government is willing to sell (anybody being willing to buy) the waste lands of the crown. In other words, I had got into the proper regions of the "squatters," where the lands were occupied, until recently, by no other right than the primitive one conferred by first possession. I say until recently, because I presume by this time, by virtue of a recent imperial statute, a "fixity of tenure" has been granted to our squatting friends, in the shape of a lease for years from her Majesty the Queen; whereby certain grave and solemn rights are conferred on these tenants *in capite*, such as would pass muster before even those awful personages "the judges of the land."

In these remote wilds the squatters have plenty of elbow room; for as their herds and their sheep increase and multiply, they go forth in quest of more land. There is thus, as it were, a constant tendency among this new race of men to run away from civilisation; but the as constant inpouring of population from the parent country in some degree impedes or corrects it. There is presented, however, a scale of social retrogression sufficiently marked as you proceed from the old settled districts, until you find yourself at the *ne plus ultra* of British occupation.

There are some popular errors abroad with respect to the Australian squatters—confining that term to the master-squatters. I can assure my readers that every one of these gentlemen was not brought up at Eton, or distinguished at the university. Among them are no doubt a fair proportion of well-bred young men, who have in some degree given a tone and character to the whole; but that whole does embrace people of almost every class of European society. It is indeed amusing to note the very various people who are to be found leading this nomadic life in the wilds of a new country. Who may be the owner of this "station?"—Two years ago a linendraper in the city of London. Who of this?—An adventurous young chemist. Who of that?—Served his articles to an attorney; and his father dying, leaving him a round sum in Consols, he resolved to cut sheep-skin in Chancery Lane and clip fleeces in Australia. Who of that?—An officer of the army.—Of that?—Ditto of the navy. Of that?—An English yeoman. Of this?—A former underwriter at Lloyd's. Of this?—A Highland laird's seventh son. And so you may go on. Imagine all these parties in their several walks in England, and then suddenly transport yourself to Australian Tartary, where you shall meet them after a season or two of bush-life! Remember that well-disciplined youth behind a counter in Oxford Street, his white cravat so scrupulously neat, his hair as well oiled and adjusted as one of Truett's wigs—can that be the same individual who now wears a blue-baize shirt, with beard that would

become a dramatic bandit or a republican *de la ville*? And in what will you distinguish him from his next neighbour, twenty miles off, brought up in hereditary horror of trade? He rides as well, smokes as well, "slangs" as well, speaks quite as good English, and though his retrospections be not quite so fashionable, it must be a critical eye that detects anything less gentlemanlike in his demeanour.

The fact is, that, whatever the wide difference of origin, identity of present occupation, and the same wild scenes invoking the same combinations of ideas, have already stamped the whole squatting interest with the generic properties of a *caste*. It shows how soon men may unlearn the past. One of their peculiarities, amongst the younger of them, is their sailor-like love of an occasional lark. What are they to do? Living for months in the wilds, when they reach a town they are like the sailor coming to port after a long voyage. Their pent-up spirits seek a vent, and they indulge in all manner of eccentric follies—a source of actual enjoyment for the moment, and of retrospective pleasure hereafter, when, sailor-fashion, they yarn over the past.

Behold me now riding my grey nag. Before me is a wide expanse of nearly level country, slightly covered with grass and herbage, with occasional visitations of those eternal gum-trees. In the remote distance blue hills are rising above the horizon; not a cloud is to be seen; and the sun burns as it does in Syria. There was but little wind—what there was, warm, coming from the north-west—and occasionally it would raise up clouds of dust from the nearly bare and arid soil. Were we English Spaniards, we should sleep in the middle of the summer days in Australia; but not being Spaniards, but English, we brave them out to our great discomfort—riding, walking, "doing business," just as we would in latitude 53° north.

I was a stranger to the country I was now journeying in; but I was on a well-beaten track, and the information I had received at the place I had tarried at the night previous, led me to calculate that I had some ten miles to go before I reached the end of my day's journey. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon; the hottest time of the day. I had ridden some forty miles since morning, with but one short stoppage; but not pressing my horse, but either gently cantering or walking him, under ordinary circumstances there was mettle enough, and to spare, in him for the rest of his work. The heat, however, had become so unusually oppressive that I felt disposed, both on the poor beast's account and my own, to stop for an hour under the first shady clump of trees I could discover. I accordingly diverged a little from the track I had been pursuing, and directed my nag's head to a gently rising ground about a quarter of a mile on my right, where not only some trees promised me a shade, but where I fancied I detected something like a "water-hole"—the discovery of which is often as grateful to the Australian wanderer as to the traveller in an Arabian desert. I had scarcely thus changed my course the few points necessary to hit the spot in question, when I heard the sound of a loud-cracking whip, and presently I saw standing on the top of the elevated ground a man on horseback. We approached each other, but before we had time to come within hail I saw my impression verified. The horseman rode direct down to the spot I had imagined was the water-hole, and there descending, I saw only the man's head above the surrounding level. As I neared I found

the horse drinking out of a rushy pond, and one of your regular Australian stockmen on his back.

He was habited in fustian trousers and lace-up boots, with spurs, and a check shirt open at the neck, showing a skin as brown as a Carib's. He wore nothing over his shirt. He was a clean-shaved fellow, as I have noticed the stockmen often are, in distinction to their masters, who almost to a man affect the moustache and beard. He might be about thirty years of age. His features were sharp and angular. In his hand he had a short-handled whip, with a very long thong—the instrument with which he had just been making the air ring again. His horse was a very well-bred, bony animal, such as you would be sure was equal to a hard day's ride; and, as is not always the case with stockmen's horses, it appeared well groomed, among other indications of care in this respect, its mane and tail being properly trimmed and combed. Moreover, the snaffle and stirrup irons were of a good polish, and altogether I saw before me, as far as externals went, a most favourable specimen of the Australian stockman.

"This is fortunate," I said, pushing my steed down to the water, into which the panting animal thrust its nose nearly up to its eyes with its avidity to slake its thirst; "I thought I marked a water-hole."

"Yes, sir, this is one of the best holes within twenty miles of us; I have never known it dry during the five years I have been in this country. I thought I might have come across some of our bullocks hereabouts—you didn't happen to see any in your ride, sir?"

"Not a living thing the last thirty miles but a native dog and some crows."

"Well, this water-hole was my last chance. We are wanting to send off a dray to-morrow, and those rascally bullocks that we brought in yesterday broke out of the yard last night. It's all that thief of a Boxer, who breaks through everything; and the brutes knew they had a long journey before them as well as if they were Christians, and so made off, and are now hiding themselves. Really some of these old bullocks get as knowing as human creatures. I have been at every water-hole within twenty miles of the station since daylight, and I made pretty sure I should have started them at Dolly's Pond."

"Is that what you call this water-hole?"

"Yes, Dolly, the Brummagen shepherd—and a capital shepherd he was, though bred an operative, as he called himself—Dolly was murdered here by the blacks; but I made sure I should have found the bullocks here, the thieves. I have but one place left to look at, and that is on my way home."

"Pray, how far do you call it to Mr. Twiddy's station?"

"Mr. Twiddy, that's my master; his station is about twelve miles from here."

"Then you are one of Mr. Twiddy's stockmen, I suppose?"

"I have been in his service since I arrived in the colony, in the ship *Hyderabad*, eight years ago last January; I am now his head stockman. You, sir, are the gentleman he has been expecting, I suppose?"

"I am glad he expects me; I feared he might not have received my letter."

"It was a chance he did, as your messenger was just the most drunken fellow we have; but he happened to be able to get no drink the last fifty miles, and so he arrived safe, letter and all. But if you have no objection,

sir, I will show you the road to master's; you might, perhaps, pass it, for it turns off the road when you are within half a mile of it."

"Thank you, my good fellow; I shall be glad of your company. They never told me of the turn-off."

"No, they never do. They know it so well, that they forget to mention it. I have been served that sort of trick fifty times; they say you can't mistake the road;—follow the beaten track, and then you are sure to come to two beaten tracks, and you take what looks the most used, and you lose yourself. We had a gentleman come up to one of our stations once to 'treat' with master about some sheep, and he took the left road until it ended, thirty miles off, in a deserted station, where the gentleman had to pass the night with nothing to eat. Next day we found him coming back again; he had the sense to do that, and to keep the road, or it might have been a case of died in the bush from starvation. He was a stout young fellow, and there was great fun about the number of mutton chops he ate—the frying-pan was hissing away for a full hour."

"You, perhaps, don't mind waiting half an hour, while my nag gets a mouthful of grass, and I smoke a cigar?"

"Oh, I can accommodate you for that, sir, for I incline to a pipe myself."

My companion now seated himself on the grass. He had slipped his bridle off his horse's head, and crossed the stirrups over the saddle.

"You don't fear leaving your horse to himself," I said, as the animal began to pick out the best grass with great judgment.

"A stockman's horse is worth nothing if he won't stay by his rider. I had great work with Bobby at first; now he minds my voice more than whip or spur. See, he knows I am talking about him; do you observe how he stops and looks round at me? You may safely let your horse go, sir."

I had attached the bridle to the thong of my whip, so enabling my nag to feed, while I could draw him in whenever I might want him.

"He will not be disposed to be off such a day as this from the good quarters he is now in; besides, he will stick alongside my horse."

I accordingly let him off, and the two nags drew towards each other in an amicable way; their heads were soon in the same direction, and you heard their jaws in concert over the green grass—green from its neighbourhood to the irrigated soil of the spot we had chosen as our resting-place. The two riders were both busy smoking—myself a cigar, the stockman, who I observed kept himself at a respectful distance, the invariable short pipe. If I am somewhat particular in narrating this scene, it is that it is one which has dwelt on my recollection as very suggestive of how an ordinary day is spent in the squatting regions of Australia.

I now obtained from my companion an account of the country within a radius of fifty miles, and heard all his descriptions of where "good feed" was to be found—and water—and where "dogs" were numerous (the sheep-killing native dog, more like a fox than a dog)—and where the "natives" were troublesome. I tried to draw him out upon other topics, for I soon began to regard him in a favourable light. He seemed a shrewd frank chap, not without a touch of thoughtfulness, the result of a life and occupation generally lonely, and whose mind was little likely to be warped by any bookish or newspaper theories concerning the out-

landish world he was sojourning in—the kind of fellow whose instinctive promptings as to right and wrong I have often found worth listening to, while they are not infrequently of great use in the formation of sound views upon matters falling within the range of his observation and experience.

“And so you have been eight years in the country?” quoth I.

“I have, sir, last January; and during that time I have lived more hours on horseback than afoot. But I was always fond of a horse. I once heard master, speaking of me to a friend of his, say that Bobby and I made up a Centaur and it happened that I knew what he meant.”

“Do you not at times wish yourself in England?”

“I do now and then, when I look over these hot plains without a cottage or a cottage-garden upon them, still less a village or a churchyard. But then, when I am mounted on Bobby, and have a fifty miles’ ride before me—nothing to pull me up—no turnpikes or park-walls—all free and wide—Bobby fresh—a new cracker to my whip—a good breakfast inside—a fresh breeze—then I like my work. Besides, I have better prospects here than ever I could have in England; and I am wise enough to bear that in mind—my mates are apt to forget it.”

“And you miss the churchyards?”

“I do, sir; they tell men that others went before them in this world. They tell us that we had fathers. We all seem here as if we had dropped from the clouds. Then I do at times yearn to be back in an English village and hear the noise of many children.”

“Well, but you will have all that in time up here; and if you don’t like waiting, you might go to the Hunter . . .”

“So I think; and meantime I can afford to stay a few years longer. I have already lived long enough in the colony to see all the changes between the country as God made it, until we got to a police-station and a public-house. That took place at master’s old station; and now they are even getting something like a village there, and I have heard that a parson is likely to be placed there and a church built. But it was because the country was getting filled up that drove master away. That was his second move. Master is a proper one for plenty of elbow-room. He finds one day that the feed is getting scanty since the last dropping, and he and Mr. M’Tavish, whose sheep are also increasing fast, begin to have disputes about who has a right to the run on the other side of the Stoney Rise. Master bids me over-night get the two horses ready by break o’ day, and we start the first thing in the morning on an ‘expedition.’ An old black, master is kind to, gives us a notion where we are likely to find ‘good country.’ Two days we journey, going to the right and the left. On the third, about sixty miles from the station, and where never white man’s foot trod before, we reach fine ranges, with good cattle feed in the flats, and plenty of water; and we find how a dray may be brought all the way. Master has taken good account of how we steered, and the bearings of the hills—for he is as great a dab with his compass as any government surveyor—and we get home again. I promise master to say nothing of our discovery, and I keep my word. Nobody knows where we have been. Then we muster two or three thousand sheep, to make a beginning with, and we get a couple of drays and a mob of cattle, and off we start for the new run. Master is an active gentleman, and in a week we have formed a new station. Then the natives, knowing nothing

of the Commandments, begin to plunder us ; but master is averse to bloodshed, and goes amongst them without fear, always laughing—and he throws a spear as well as any of them—and so he conciliates them, as they call it, which is better than shooting them down.”

“ And that is the present state of affairs with you here ? ”

“ Yes ; but we shall soon have the old story over again. Neighbours grew up around us at the last station ; so master sold it, and came on here.”

“ And the natives are pretty quiet with you now hereabouts ? ”

“ Yes ; master manages them well. He has got a gift that way, as I have known some gentlemen have. But no lasting good can ever be done with them, I fear, sir. They are born vagabonds ; but our stockmen often behave like great blackguards to them, there is no doubt of that. Master always tells his stockmen, ‘ Now always try and find out a reason for not shooting them. I know some of you are too ready for an excuse to *defend yourselves*, which means *killing them*—now mind, I give you fair warning, I’ll have you hanged if you hurt them.’ I tell you, sir, there is great difficulty in getting our stockmen to be quite sure that they are as much human beings as we white men are. They look at their odd monkey faces, their skinny limbs, their dirt and red ochre, and the things they eat, and they never can believe that they are the same as people who wear shirts and breeches, and eat mutton-chops, drink tea, and read newspapers. I am sure there are few of the stockmen who are so ready to click their triggers at a native but would have a very different feeling if they pointed their pieces at a white man, in white man’s clothes. But they must be taught better ; and what with Governor Gipps and the law, and the Methodist preacher and the gospel, they will at last learn that a black native is not to be shot down like a kangaroo.”

Here let me say a few words respecting these people, the result of some pretty extensive knowledge of them. Their general history, since their country has been intruded upon by the whites, seems to be this : they are more or less ferocious when their country is settled by Europeans. They slaughter sheep and shepherds, and are in turn slaughtered. It may happen that the aggression is sometimes commenced by the whites ; but more frequently I fancy the sheep and the stores in the huts of the shepherds are inducements to the natives to commence first. Then the police are called on to interfere, and a campaign gives the natives a foretaste of what a “gubbernor” can do. Then come the “protectors of aborigines”—a peculiar species of man, called into existence by the government of late years ; part religious missionary, part civil functionary—a paid philanthropist, who soon gets a turn of phrase peculiarly his own, and thoughts and habits peculiar to his newly-discovered vocation. I believe he does some good, but not nearly the amount he complacently “reports” that he does. He is not the imposter he is often thought to be ; at any rate, he greatly imposes upon himself. He tries to inspire himself with hope that, amidst all their barbarism and degradation, the natives are, through his medium, picking up some notions of religion and morality. By degrees the runs fill up, and the settlers increase in numbers. The natives become used to their presence, and sensible of their power, and of the power of the “police.” All these influences together bring about peaceable relations ;

but the protectors are apt to look upon the whole as proceeding from themselves—from the “protectorate,” as they grandly designate their institution, corporately considered. On the other hand, the civil officers of the government and the settlers very generally deride the pretensions of the protectors, regarding them as men whose interest it is to talk in a certain way, and who, under the guise of benevolence and piety, think chiefly of the “main chance.” The general opinion is, that the natives are hopelessly a vagrant and debased race, of whom nothing whatever can be made in the way of Christianisation or civilisation. The protectors and their followers are a small minority, thinking that something may be made out of them in both respects. But all appear to agree that they must soon disappear from the face of the earth!

My companion and I had had a pause in our conversation for a few minutes while we smoked in a musing mood.

“Hush,” said the stockman; “now lift your eyes, and look to the top of the rise before you.”

I raised my eyes accordingly, and there, at the top of the hill, I saw a large bullock’s-head—merely the head—staring at us.

“You villain, I see you,” said the stockman; “I thought I should find you—I thought I could not be far out in my reckoning.”

Here the bullock tossed his head.

“Ah, Master Boxer, you know it’s all up with you.”

By this time we had before us seven or eight other heads, all intently regarding us.

“They don’t attempt to bolt from you, I see.”

“Oh, they know quite well they are caught. I thought I heard them stealing gently to the top of the rise—I have had my ears open since I came—I thought they couldn’t be very far off. If I hadn’t caught Boxer’s eye, he would have quietly stolen back again. Come down, you thieves, you may now come and drink your fill.”

Hereupon the whole lot, about a dozen fine large bullocks, all came demurely down the hill like a parcel of schoolboys who had no chance of playing truant any longer, and were soon drinking out of Dolly’s pond; the stockman, with a mixture of anger and good-nature, abusing the ringleader, Boxer, who seemed to have a sly consciousness that he was singled out as the chief object of reproof.

In a few minutes the stockman and I were mounted on our horses, when one crack from the former’s long thong brought the bullocks in a mob before us; and in this way we proceeded at a leisurely pace to my friend’s “station.”

REVOLUTIONARY ITALY.

AT the present moment, when Sardinia is about once more to enter into active hostilities with Austria, it will not be uninteresting to seize from the pages of an able writer,* many years familiar with Italy and the Italians, under all their various phases, some traits illustrative of the progress of Italian revolutionary feeling. Mr. Macfarlane was, at the time of the advent of the reforming Pope, in a part of Constantinople which is itself an immense Italian colony. Among these are throngs of political refugees, unfortunate reformers, or balked revolutionists, and great has always been the trouble of their respective ministers and consuls to keep peace among them. As the Pope took further strides on the road of reform, and as Charles Albert assumed a more warlike and defiant attitude towards Austria, these expatriated patriots became louder in talk, and higher in pretensions. They began to wear tri-coloured ribbons, and placarded the streets, while a godly crop of beards, whiskers, and moustaches grew, and underwent a still greater increase, after the French revolution. To shave was considered a certain sign of monarchical and aristocratical tendencies. Political opinions were also strongly announced by hats. "And how contemptuously," adds Mr. Macfarlane, "did they look down upon us, peaceable, matter-of-fact Englishmen, who wore none of those fashions or emblems! When these hats first came out, we could scarcely walk through the streets of Pera, or through those two Perote paradises, the smaller and the great burying-ground, without the risk of being insulted otherwise than by looks." But if there was little harmony between these haughty liberals and the English, there was little more among themselves. Old jealousies broke out anew, and fresh discords arose as affairs advanced, and as they constituted themselves into political circles or clubs.

At Smyrna the Republicans were equally busy and noisy in setting up tri-coloured flags, holding *Te Deums*, and taking oaths to die for the union and independence of all Italy; there had been many signs of disunion and jealousy among them, although there had been no such disgraceful scenes as at the Turkish capital. Mr. Macfarlane remarks of the quarantine at Malta—"The people about the place were very negligent and uncivil; they were all Maltese. Our Whig reformers have not left a single Englishman on or in the establishment. The Smiches love to execute authority over those whom in former days they considered as their superiors and masters." We shall smart some day for this so-called "liberal," but exceedingly mistaken, policy towards the Maltese.

Landed at Messina, Mr. Macfarlane states that there were few signs of the much-talked-of bombardment, and equally few traces of the havoc of war.

We landed. Still not the slightest sign of bombardment, not the weakest trace of the havoc of war. O fabulous journalists! Mendacious newspaper correspondents! It was not until we came to a place of arms, near the harbour, Fort Reale, that we saw any evidence of a conflict. This fort was breached in two places, and the gaps were yet open and ragged; but these breaches had

* A Glance at Revolutionised Italy, &c., &c., in the Summer of 1848. By Charles Macfarlane. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

been made by the Messinese themselves, who had stormed the fort and driven out a weak garrison of somewhat less than 200 men. When the Sicilians first got possession of this work the citadel fired a few shots at it, but this artillery practice had merely dented a few stones on the seaward face of the fort. The Messinese had never garrisoned the work, nor done anything to repair the breaches, though, in case of an attack by the Neapolitans upon the city, this would have been a highly important position and defence. I hinted as much to a master-tailor who was figuring as a captain of the National Guard; but he sneered at the suggestion, being persuaded that *the French and English fleets would not allow the king to make an attack.*

Happily this delusion must end now, whether or not the long-pending negotiations have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Within the town were Liberty Streets and Victory Streets innumerable, caps of all cuts, colours, and shapes, every one in an uniform of some kind or other, and placards which, not satisfied with calling the Messinese "a people of heroes," "an invincible people," also called them a "Divine people"—*Popolo divino.*

I have lived much (says Mr. Macfarlane) among boasting, braggadocio nations or peoples, but I never heard such vapouring as among these unwashed Messinese patriots. We walked over nearly the whole of the city; everywhere the same armed and turbulent mobs. We could scarcely see a man working at his trade, or pursuing any peaceful occupation. If the fellows had been drilling, or even learning the goose-step, it would have been something, but they were engaged in nothing but talk—loud talk, vehement disputations, and with such violent contortions of countenance and such gesticulations as can be made only by Sicilians, Neapolitans, and Greeks.

On reaching Naples, noticeable improvements—some new building or some old building restored and beautified, some widened pathway, something to promote the comfort and convenience of the people, Mr. Macfarlane says—met him at every step. The condition of the people he describes as much improved as the town itself. Naples, he says, has lost every original and striking point which formerly distinguished it, and it now looks very much like any other European city, civilised, regularised, and somewhat dull. Nothing was to be seen of the mischief, of which such terrific accounts had been given in the newspapers, as inflicted by the fire of the king's artillery at the barricade fight in the month of May; but while the city had been scarcely scratched, that mad barricade demonstration had left sinister effects behind it, and the peaceful and respectable portions of the community were in dread of renewed attempts on the part of the ultra-revolutionists. The theatres were closed, and, worse than all, Naples had lost its once-distinguishing characteristic of good eating and drinking.

The cook would be heating his own head with an inflammatory newspaper instead of minding his casseroles and turning the calf's head he was cooking. The maitre d'hôtel would leave unsolved your interesting query about the vintage of Capræa, in order to run away and huddle on his uniform and gird on his sword, for there was a row in Toledo, and the *général* was beating, or expected to beat. The sum total of all this was, that I never got a decent or comfortable meal in the place where I had eaten so many. I trust I bore this with becoming patience. Not so, one day, did an old Tuscan gentleman. After being disappointed in other things, he wanted some mustard. He was told there was none. "Good God!" exclaimed he, "you have got a constitution, and you have got no mustard!"

Mr. Macfarlane says that the army is staunch. In whatever else Fer-

dinand may have failed, or whatever else he may have done amiss, he has indisputably succeeded in forming a well-disciplined, well-affected, reliable army. The failure of the attempts that have been made to shake the loyalty of the troops are worse than gall and wormwood to the ultra-liberal and revolutionary party. "Ah!" said a disconsolate demagogue, "if we could only win over the troops, and the common people, and all the shopkeepers, then would we drive away the tyrant, and carry out the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, and make a true democratic republic! *Ma la malora è*—all the people are against us." Well may Mr. Macfarlane add, inquiringly, "Then where are the materials for your democracy?" After detailing at length the events of the revolution, Mr. Macfarlane concludes, upon quitting Naples, with the following summary:

I believed then, and I continue to believe now, two things: 1. That King Ferdinand would willingly submit to the restraints of a moderate and proper constitutional system. 2. That the majority of his present ministry, though calumniated, blackened, and assailed at all points by the radicals at Naples and the ultra-liberals of all Italy, are honest, well-intentioned, and high-minded men, far too well educated to be narrow-minded bigots—far too enlightened and really liberal to be friendly or subservient to any despotism, whether exercised by clubs and a mob, or by a monarch.

On arriving at Rome, Mr. Macfarlane inquired about the Roman volunteers and legionaries.

"Have you not seen any of those wild, brave young fellows?" said the cicerone.

We told him, "Not yet."

"Ha!" said he, "then you have something to see. Before going to the wars they invented the prettiest warlike costumes you can imagine! Quite theatrical, I assure you; and I, who have trod the stage, know what becomes the stage. Such a charming variety, too, especially among our student volunteers! *Affè di Bacco!* with their campaign dresses, a company of them might supply costumes for all manner of plays, for all sorts of periods."

And then in the *velati sensi*—the masked sneering in which Romans are so perfect—he added,

"Everybody has been saying these six months and more that we are as brave as the ancient Romans—

*Che l'antico valor
Negli Italici cor non è ancor morto.*

Indeed, many will have it that the only fault of our volunteers was having a great deal too much courage, and no discipline at all."

The "veiled thoughts" of the old man, Mr. Macfarlane adds, were unmistakably and simply these, that the Roman volunteers were, separately, fantastic fops, dissolute scamps, and great cowards; and, collectively, an undisciplined and undisciplinable rabble.

Ancona looked like a place of arms instead of a place of trade. Nearly every man and boy wore some uniform or other. Even the little children were dressed up like national guardsmen; and, as afterwards at Rome, Florence, and elsewhere, urchins not ten years old were seen strutting about with swords by their sides and cigars in their mouths. The men wore the short straight sword with a cross guard of the conquering legionaries of ancient Rome, and the beard of the conquered barbarians.

And what are all these fellows doing here with their beards and their swords, their crosses, and their oaths to conquer or die? What are they doing but strutting about talking big, hunting for intrigues, or lounging in coffee-houses? They have virtually dethroned the Pope already; they have for these four months and more been following their own devices, or taking no orders except from the Mamiani, the Storbini, the Cicciovacchi, and the other demagogues and clubbists of Rome; they or their fellows have declared war, and invaded the Austrian frontier, without the Pope's consent: it is a mockery to say now that they wait for orders—the Austrians are there! They are whipping their runagates on to Bologna; and they, who are so many, and such fire-eaters, are playing at billiards or smoking cigars!

At Osimo Mr. Macfarlane inquired how many volunteers they had sent to the wars. He was told 200; and that every man of them had fought like a lion. "Then how many came back?" Every mother's son of them had come back safe and sound! They had with them as a fellow-traveller a cadet in the Pope's dragoons, who conversed freely of the incidents of the short and inglorious campaign in which he had been engaged. He said it was the volunteers who had done most mischief, by ruining discipline and spreading distrust and disaffection, by calling Durando and all the superior officers cowards, or imbeciles, or traitors.

He also confessed that, at a critical moment, when the Austrian grape-shot was thickening, whole ranks of the papal forces, regulars as well as volunteers, threw themselves upon their faces and wept and shrieked. A veteran officer (and there were a few men of this calibre with the forces), a grey-headed old man who had served Napoleon, and had been under hotter fires, tried to rouse his people. "But," said they, "these grape-shot! these cannon-balls!" "In coming to the wars, did you expect to be pelted only with carnival sugar-plums?" said the old soldier.

At Foligno they stumbled accidentally upon two French political propagandists, but who packed up their papers and disappeared on the entrance of the Englishmen. Mr. Macfarlane also met here, and elsewhere, many sensible Italians, who firmly believed that Pius never would have been Pope but for French influence, and that his political destiny was indissolubly connected with that of the ex-king of the French. At Spoleto the placardists had gone further than their fellow-labourers in other towns. It was there they first read the translation of the terrible words of Danton, *La Patria e in Pericolo!* and his doctrine of *Il faut faire peur*, enforced in frantic language. Here there also arrived a carriage full of volunteers, one of them dressed and trimmed like the well-known portrait of Charles I., another was the received Spanish cavalier of the melodrama, another was à la Robin Hood, another again à la Louis Quatorze, a fifth was in the dress in which Raffaele painted himself in his youth, and the last had made his costume as nearly as possible like to that of a warrior of the ancient Roman legion. These foppish volunteers were not abashed by the miserable figure they made, nor saddened by the irreparable reverses which had befallen the cause of unity and independence, or by the aspect of the misery that was marching through their native country with gigantic strides. They were not sobered by experience, but exulting, joyous, noisy, and insolent, as if they had come from a glorious victory.

At Rome itself the outcry was mainly directed against the English. The hopes held out by Lord Minto, in the well-known balcony address, had not been fulfilled.

So soon as the reverses of Charles Albert began, a cry was raised by the

revolutionists, from one end of the peninsula to the other, against English duplicity and faithlessness. The phrase "*La perfida Albione*" was stereotyped in Italy. Where, in other times, I had invariably met with evility from all classes, we now very generally found incivility and rudeness, and for no other reason than because we were English.

But although they raised all this outcry, it was not the alliance and co-operation of England that the Italian liberals either expected or desired. Their *natural* ally was republican France. Their philosophy was French, their sympathies were all French. Though cracking the welkin with their republicanism, they cherish the memories of the Empire and the conquering despot Bonaparte; and it was now with the French, and by French means, that many of these Roman patriots were expecting to take vengeance on the Austrians. "In the time of the great man I was at Vienna, and so were thousands of us Italians; and when the army of Italy shall be united to the armies of France, we may be in Vienna again before we die, in spite of this *tradimento* of Carlo Alberto." So said a grey-beard, and his sentiment produced quite a theatrical effect, for the black-beards present clapped their hands on the hilts of their antique Romano swords, and said, "*Per Dio! così sia*" (by God! so be it).

The events which ended in the assassination of Count Rossi, the attack on the Quirinal, and the Pope's flight in November, were clearly foreshadowed in August. "Giuseppe Mazzini has told us," says Mr. Macfarlane, "that there was a Rome of a bloody aristocratic republic, a Rome of the Cæsars, a Rome of the Popes, and that all this Rome was bad and damnable; but that the Rome of the people was yet to come. It is come! and about the worst wish that an enemy could bestow upon this demagogue is, that he should be condemned to live in it."

The stages to Florence were enlivened by bacchanalian patriots, gloomy innkeepers, and grumbling priests. The national guardsmen of Tuscany seemed to be striving to outdo the very Romans—Roman pigs, as they fraternally called them—in the size of their beards and moustachios. The grand-duke was already at this period a prisoner in his palace, at the mercy of the national guard, the mobs, the clubs, and the radicals of the chamber of deputies. His private purse was also as void as the state treasury.

We never took a walk in the town without meeting some of the "hopes of the country"—boys with cigars in their mouths and uniforms on their backs. All the citizens seemed citizen-soldiers: military caps, braided trousers, crosses on the breast (to denote that the wearers were crusaders against the Austrians, and engaged in that holy war which nobody was carrying on), met us at every step. How different from the former state of Florence!

The shop-windows of the printsellers, and other shop-windows, exhibited, in nauseating profusion, coloured prints representing the interminable variety of the fopperies of the military and other costumes of "Young Italy"—the "*Giovine Italia*" of the tailors, not the "*Giovine Italia*" of Giuseppe Mazzini. There is not much originality in either, but I think the tailors have the more of it.

We need scarcely add, that at Pisa, Lucca, Leghorn, and Genoa, it was the same thing over and over again. Bragging rebels, thieving porters, sullen landlords—drums, placards, and disturbances—Charles Albert uniformly denounced as a traitor—the English detested, as aristocratic and perfidious—France looked forward to as a forlorn hope. The materials for Italian regeneration, if we are to believe Mr. Macfarlane's somewhat party-coloured view of the subject, are few and con-

temptible enough. Yet it is with such materials, abetted by the ambition of the King of Sardinia, that Italy is about to recommence the struggle with Austria. "Needs must when the devil drives," said the Earl of Aberdeen, in homely but expressive language. The unhappy sovereign of Sardinia is urged on by a force greater than himself. He is but an instrument in the hands of those whose hostility to him is as great as it is to Austria; and, even if he should succeed in driving the Austrian army out of Italy, his difficulties would only then commence afresh. The interest of England has always been, that the north of Italy should be as strong as possible, and that object had been effected at the treaty of Vienna, by bringing the great military empire of Austria close to the frontier and to the great passes of the Alps. It has always, on the contrary, been the interest of France to weaken that barrier, which never can be done so effectually as by weakening the power of Austria. Little could therefore be expected to accrue from the joint mediation of two powers whose interests were at total variance. In the manifesto in which the King of Sardinia has attempted to justify the course he pursues, that monarch rejects alike all treaties, ancient and modern, quite forgetting that it is by treaty he holds possession of Genoa, and of those fiefs of Savoy which it had been so long his ambition to acquire, and that, but for the treaty of Vienna, he would at this moment see his dominions circumscribed to the island of Sardinia, nor would he be allowed to retain those possessions which had been originally acquired for him by Austrian arms. The course pursued by her Majesty's government towards Revolutionary Italy, both in the north and south, has throughout been singularly deficient in sound policy as well as in the ordinary sense of justice and good faith; and such is the character we have obtained for double-dealing throughout the Italian peninsula, that the King of Sardinia has treated our mediation with contempt, while, by passing over in silence the violations of the treaty of Vienna, we have so compromised ourselves with our ancient and natural ally, Austria, as to have caused the most untoward feelings to have superseded olden regard and friendship. Thus, despised on both sides, the recal of her Majesty's minister from Turin might still impress both Italy and Austria with the sincerity of the repudiation by her Majesty's government of the new war just entered upon, and might attest that some slight remnant of wisdom and equitable policy still presided at its councils. Lord Lansdowne has declared that her Majesty's government has no desire, upon her own account, for the separation of Lombardy from Austria, but, on the contrary, that she is anxious to continue the connexion; he admits, at the same time, that our zealous interference has protected Sardinia from Austria, and places every confidence in the sincerity of the co-operation of France in our Italian policy. Such sincerity is, however, entirely out of the question. It is the superficial policy in contradistinction to the covert and real designs of the country, and events will soon show that it is to our cost that we have held out threats to our old ally, and entered into bewildering and unsatisfactory negotiations with countries scarcely recovered from revolution and anarchy.

THE HABITUE'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

M. de Lamartine. "Les Confidences."—Miss Glazcock's "Sea-Serpent Polka."
—"Le Bal des Artistes Dramatiques." A new A. B. C."

NOT the least striking, or least curious, among the thousand and one episodes which so picturesquely illustrate the history of France during the last twelve or thirteen months, are those which have reference to the personal career—political, or literary—of M. de Lamartine. So close, indeed, and uninterrupted has been the connection between republican Paris and the author of "Jocelyn," that the mere sayings and doings of the latter form a by no means incomplete record of the occurrences of the past year.

Whether we consider the effect produced by his magnificent apostrophe against the *drapeau rouge*—a *chef-d'œuvre* of unrehearsed eloquence, suggested by the enthusiasm of the moment, and taking by storm the hearts of all who heard it—the impassioned fervour which stamped every word he uttered, every sentence he wrote—the marvellous suddenness of his popularity, as unbounded as it was universal, or the gradual desertion of their idol by the fickle multitude, and his consequent restoration to another and less volcanic republic—one which could ill-afford to lose him—that of letters; whether we look on him as the advocate for popular rights, or as the denouncer of popular excesses, as the minister, or as the private individual, we find his fortunes ever linked with those of the republic, from its infancy to its maturity—we perceive him, amid the perpetually varying scenes which the history of 1848 unfolds to our view, ever prominent, the centre, the very pivot, as it were, of the revolutionary drama.

Far be it from me, however, to regret the return of Cincinnatus to the more congenial pursuits of his youth, since it is from the ashes of the politician that the poet, phoenix-like, has derived a new existence—far be it from me to depreciate the waking sounds of the long, silent lyre, whose first welcome chords have given birth to "Les Confidences" and "Raphäel."

Of these two works, the latter, though first published in a complete shape, is a sequel to the former, and, like most sequels, is very inferior to its predecessor. It has, moreover, been well translated by Mme. de Peyronnet, and is consequently sufficiently known in England to render further allusion to it unnecessary.

Those who have interested themselves in M. de Lamartine's career as a statesman—and who has not?—can hardly peruse without gratification so simple and touching a record of his early youth as he has himself given us in "Les Confidences." Such a story, related in so unaffected and yet attractive a manner, could scarcely fail to please, were it even the production of an unknown pen; there is something so inexpressibly winning in the frankness of the narrator, and in his graceful appeal to the sympathy of the reader, that the magic of a name is almost needless to secure for such "Confidences" a cordial reception. This avowal, however, once extorted by the literary merits of the work, it is no

disparagement to its eloquent pages to own that the enjoyment we derive from them is insensibly heightened by our personal admiration of the autobiographer, and that the main charm of the book appears to us to consist, not so much in the rare beauty of its style, or in the deeply thoughtful reflections with which each successive episode is studded, as in the confiding, the artless familiarity of the writer.

M. de Lamartine himself truly says, in "Raphaël," "On ne peut bien comprendre un sentiment que dans les lieux où il fut conçu." Therefore should that portion of the volume, especially, of which *Graziella* is the heroine, be read, not beneath our own cloudy skies, but on the sunny strand of La Mergellina, or amid the wild, picturesque crags of romantic Procida! There might the imagination revel unconstrained and free! There might fancy once more conjure up the departed actors in that exquisite little drama, every line of which teems with the most seductive poetry; Andrea the hardy fisherman, his aged wife, Beppino, and above all, the untaught, untutored, but fondly-loving maiden, the pride of her native isle, the fair and gentle *Graziella*! There might one repeat, responsively to the murmur of the waves and the sigh of the summer breeze, those delicious stanzas which she alone could have inspired, those stanzas so softly, so sadly musical:—

Sur la plage sonore où la mer de Sorrente
Déroule ses flots bleus au pied de l'oranger,
Il est, près du sentier, sous la haie odorante,
Une pierre petite, étroite, indifférente
Aux pieds distraits de l'étranger.

La giroflée y cache un seul nom sous ses gerbes,
Un nom que nul écho n'a jamais répété!
Quelquefois cependant le passant arrêté,
Lisant l'âge et la date en écartant les herbes,
Et sentant dans ses yeux quelques larmes couir,
Dit, "elle avait seize ans! c'est bientôt pour mourir!"

Again:—

Elle ne languit pas de doute en espérance,
Et ne disputa pas sa vie à la souffrance;
Elle but d'un seul trait le vase de douleur;
Dans sa première larme elle noya son cœur!
Et, semblable à l'oiseau, moins pur et moins beau qu'elle,
Qui le soir, pour dormir, met son cou sous son aile,
Elle s'enveloppa d'un muet désespoir,
Et s'endormit aussi, mais bien avant le soir!*

Ah, M. de Lamartine! long have we, in common with all civilised Europe, admired and appreciated the brilliancy of your genius, long have the harmonious outpourings of your muse been familiar to us as household words, but never yet have you touched so sympathetic a chord in our hearts as in that simple elegy, that farewell tribute to the memory of *Graziella*!

I don't know how it happens, but whenever I arrange in my own mind to be first in the field with a bit of news, somebody or other contrives, nine times out of ten, to get the start of me. For weeks, nay, months, I have been intending—vile procrastinator that I am—to ac-

* The italics are mine. How beautiful, how full of tenderness are the closing words!

quaint my gentle readers with the appearance of a new constellation in the musical horizon; when lo! the constellation in question to which I had purposed consecrating a most commodious niche in my memory, weary of seeing magazine-day after magazine-day slip away, with no more notice taken of it than if it were one of Professor Airy's latest discoveries, blazes all at once into light on its own account, and where? gracious powers! why in the very newspaper of all others that my *kismet*—as the Turks say—willed that I should run my eye over after breakfast this morning.

Yes, there, in most unmistakeable printer's ink, staring me in the face with a mute, reproachful stare, I beheld the following half-a-dozen condemnatory words:

"The 'Sea-Serpent Polka,' by Ellen Glascock."

Well, when one has erred, either by commission or omission, the proper thing evidently to be done is to make the best amends for it possible; so now I will say something the newspaper has *not* said, namely, that the "Sea-serpent Polka" is a most charming composition, even prettier than the "Queen of Greece Waltzes," by the same clever authoress, with sufficient melody—aye, and that of the wildest and most fanciful kind—to turn the whole of Almack's into a room full of St. Vitus's most incurable disciples, and to make the fortune of half the *orgues de Barbarie* in Christendom.

Husbands, buy it for your wives; brothers, put it in your pockets for your affectionate sisters; if they *can* play it, they will never quit the music-stool till they have it at their fingers' ends; if they *can not*, they will admire the appropriate illustrations which embellish it. One way or other they *must* be pleased. *J'en réponds*.

On Saturday, March 10, came off, in its customary locality—the *salle* of the Opéra Comique—and, with more than its usual brilliancy, the most universally popular *fête* of the year, the *Bal des Artistes Dramatiques*. No entertainment of the kind is more generally looked forward to, year after year, by the gay world of Paris—I mean the male portion of it, *bien entendu*—the fair sex being almost exclusively represented by actresses from each of the four-and-twenty theatres, with here and there a slight sprinkling of Bréda Marquises and Vicomtesses de la Boule Rouge. The fund, in support of which the annual *fête* is given, is excellently managed—far better than anything of the sort in this country—and deserves every encouragement: each member* pays a monthly contribution of *ten sous*, making a total yearly subscription of six francs. This, with the proceeds of the ball, benefits, and other occasional windfalls, besides the interest of a considerable sum of money invested in the public funds, enables the committee to afford regular assistance to some seventy or eighty pensioners, male or female, themselves originally members of the association, many of whom have in their day been distinguished *artistes*.† These not only receive a certain

* The list of members includes, with scarcely an exception, every French *artiste dramatique*, Parisian or provincial, not forgetting the *troupes* at Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Algiers.

† Take, for example, Lavigne, for many years *premier sujet* at the Opera, and one of the best singers of his time.

annual sum from the fund, but, if invalids, are gratuitously supplied with medicines; in case of death, provision is generally made for the widow or children.

A charity, conducted on this system, could not be otherwise than popular, both with the public at large and with its own individual members; the sale of tickets for the ball is invariably entrusted to some fifty of the prettiest and most *spirituelle* actresses of the capital, a most politic *coup* on the part of the committee, and one highly beneficial to the treasury of the fund.

The number of *billets placés* by these fair *quêteuses* is surprising; the most indefatigable fancy-stall keepers sink into nothing in comparison with the persuasive looks and tongues of these irresistible syrens. Madame Volnys, ever kind, ever charitable, used, previous to her departure for St. Petersburg, to levy on her entire acquaintance—and she knew everybody—black mail, in the shape of ten francs a piece, and reaped an incredible harvest thereby; Mademoiselle Déjazet was, and still is, equally zealous and equally successful; and Madame Octave, *marchande de statuettes*, for the nonce, at the Jardin d'Hiver the other day, not only wrapped up her little five *sous* figures in ten-franc tickets, but also inveigled an admiring *lion* into the purchase of a score of *billets*, to which her own—not very legible—signature was attached, by vaguely promising to grant him, on the eventful evening in question, a *contre-danse* or a polka. Alas! when the evening came, the poor lassie was laid up with *la grippe*, and the king of beasts stalked about the (to him) joyless *salle*, a woe-begone image of despair.

The uninitiated can have no idea of the crowds attracted to this ball by the hope of seeing *ces dames*—not across the glare of the foot-lights, but occupying *avant-scènes* or *baignoires*—or, better still, condescending, like ordinary mortals, to take part in the mazy waltz, or in the *grand galop*, which closes each quadrille. A worthy friend of mine—and compatriot into the bargain—has, by dint of observation and inquiry, become quite an authority in dramatic matters, a very oracle in his club on the Boulevard Montmartre. He can tell you the freshest *on dits*—those which are yet scarcely whispered beyond the limits of the *coulisses*—not merely the number of pieces in rehearsal, but those who are to play in them—not merely the list of aspirants to Madame — or Mademoiselle —'s good graces, but the favoured, the happy one. Ergo, at each of these annual festivities he is naturally in great force and in still greater request; tyros flock around him, anxious to glean from his lips some stray bit of news—perhaps of scandal—which can be conveniently and mysteriously retailed hereafter; and thus it was the other evening. I fancy I see him now, surrounded by half-a-dozen eager and attentive neophytes, and holding forth somewhat in the following strain.

“ You see that dark-eyed girl with the large bouquet of camelias, that is Judith, of the Français; she is talking to M. Charles Blanc, Directeur des Beaux Arts; in the next box is one of her *camarades*, Mademoiselle Elisa Denain; she patronises the *violettes de Purme*. Yonder is Nathalie, all smiles and diamonds; few here enjoy a ball like her; wait here till six in the morning, and I'll wager you'll see her dancing away as fresh as she is now. Those two pretty creatures in the *same loge de côté* are sisters; the tallest and most elegant is Madame Doche, the other is Adeline Plunkett, whom you will soon applaud in a grand *pas* in the

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

WE seemed to be commencing our opera-season under a sort of gloom. "Mademoiselle Jenny Lind," said shrieking birds of ill-omen, "will retire from the stage for ever and a day." The respectabilities of Exeter Hall, who, for the sake of sweet sounds, can endure to be crammed, rammed, and jammed together in a big room, with entrances wondrously small and few, were indeed still to hear the notes of the nightingale; her charming voice was still to warble for the edification of these grave connoisseurs; but the *habitués* of the opera, comprising the rank and fashion of England, were to be regarded by the inimitable Jenny as a sort of Pariahs. There they were to sit in their magnificent boxes, perched above pictured cupids and floral elegances, but all in a deep state of contrition at finding that they were unworthy of *the Lind*.

But this gloom, which bore down our spirits with so much moral weight that it approximated to a physical burden—this gloom soon began to disperse. Cracks of light found their way through the darkness, which then softened down into a mist of not ungenial hue, becoming more and more attenuated—like those theatrical fogs, which grow clearer and clearer as the *media* of gauze between the gas and the spectacle become less and less numerous.

The engagement of Alboni was a good *glow* in itself. Alboni is not equal, as an actress, to Jenny Lind—there is no mistake about *that*—but, as a singer, she is one of the most delightful creatures in the world. Her voice is of that wonderful compass that she is perfectly at ease in the contralto and soprano registers—nay, so much at ease, that her audience are scarcely aware of the difficulties she surmounts. There she stands, looking thoroughly comfortable with her *embonpoint*, fixed as firm as a pyramid, throwing off the most astounding *roulades* as if they were no more than a natural mode of utterance, and taking her intervals with a sort of heedless precision, as if it were impossible to go wrong. We are told that it is only by a constant effort of the will that we are able to keep our own bodies in a state of equilibrium, and that, if we suspended this voluntary operation, we should tumble down flat. Nevertheless, the upright position has become so habitual to us, that we are not aware of our own effort, and falling seems less natural than standing. Now, this appears to us exactly like the mastery which Alboni has acquired over her wonderful voice; what others do as an obvious display of high art, this admirable vocalist achieves as a matter of course.

This bright star has for a while set to our horizon; for the amateurs across the *Manche* cannot spare her, and she must abide with them till Easter.

In the meanwhile we fancy—we may be wrong—that there are symptoms of Mademoiselle Lind's return to the stage. From the first, there has been no official notification of her retirement, and while a blank is left us, we have as much right to fill it up with pleasing fancies as with gloomy visions. An announcement that she will sing at a series of concerts in the Opera Concert-room seems to us fraught with deep meaning. Is it to be supposed that she will remain in the porch of the

temple and never enter the sanctuary? The Opera Concert-room is not another Exeter Hall. The same artists will be gathered round her, the same audience will applaud her, as when she appears on the stage. An acceptance of a position in the concert-room, in lieu of a despotic sway in the theatre itself, is something past our comprehension. We could as soon understand a man choosing a small estate instead of a large one, on the same soil and under the same atmosphere. No, no—the applause of the concert-room is, after all, a poor equivalent for the thunders that welcome the proclamation of *Amina's* innocence, or hail the “Rataplan” of *Maria*. Depend upon it, oh, ye learned, that this series of concerts is but an inclined plane, by which the sweetest of vocalists will glide gently down to the stage, like some benevolent fairy in a theatrical car.

Will it not be delightful if Lind and Alboni are brought together in one opera? During that first unpleasant season which called two Opera Houses into existence, and on which the *habitués* ought to reflect, as the Romans reflected on the defeat of the Fabii, the sweet names of Jenny Lind and Alboni were used as a kind of war-whoop by lips accustomed to drop nought but honied words. So it was in the days of York and Lancaster, when the sweetest flowers in the creation—the white and the red roses—were used as symbols of war and bloodshed. Let us hope that a white and red rose may be twined together into one *bouquet*, as a sign that the operative war of the barons is at an end, and that this *bouquet* may be flung to Lind and Alboni, both standing on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre.

The *ballet* at this house retains its primeval strength. Carlotta Grisi touches the heart by the native sentiment of her dancing; Marie Taglioni plucks up new strength, and performs exploits worthy of an infant Hercules; Caroline Rosati looks interesting, and lures—and fascinates—and—just like Alboni in this respect—surmounts difficulties with so much ease that no one suspects how great they were.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE.

WHILE Her Majesty's Theatre opens with “*Cenerentola*,” a legitimate Italian opera, though not one of the most popular works in the *repertoire*, and follows it up with the *ballet* of “*Le Diable à Quatre*,” the “Opera House” in Covent Garden, which calls itself “Italian” *par excellence*, has recourse to the French Académie for an opening piece. In fact, the management has always had a leaning towards French opera, and the most attractive piece last season was “*Les Huguenots*.” This predilection is natural. The aim of the management is to produce a magnificent *ensemble*, and to avoid as much as possible the necessity for regular *ballet*. Now, the French school of music offers a series of works exactly suited to the purpose. Massive choruses, dramatic orchestration, a great variety of incident, a frequent change of *tableaux*, an introduction of dancing, which in some sort supplies the place of *ballet*,—all this belongs to those weighty productions which make the glory of the French Académie; and what with the mastery of M. Costa over his orchestra, the perfect discipline of the Covent Garden chorus, and the boundless libera-

lity of the management in providing a superb *mise en scène*, these pieces can be admirably done at the "Royal Italian Opera." "*Masaniello*" has been magnificently brought out, and Mario has made a decided character of the Neapolitan fisherman.

By the way, could not this predilection of the more eastern theatre for the works of the French operatic stage form the basis of a treaty of peace between the two rival establishments? Could not Italian opera, properly so called, and regular *ballet*, remain the staple commodity at Her Majesty's Theatre, and French opera, with Italian words (for the sake of the vocalists), be the admitted standing-dish at the Covent Garden banquet. If it was once settled that each house should have its own line of business, and that what was seen at the one should not be seen at the other, amity might take the place of hostility, and those operatic squabbles, which find their way even to the drawing-room and the dinner-table, would die a natural death.

THE THEATRES.

THE English theatres have shown a great deal of activity during the past month,—indeed so much, that, with the pressure of other matter upon us, we cannot hope to keep pace with managerial exertions, and must content ourselves with the merest recapitulation.

At the Haymarket, the Keans retain their popularity, and "*Othello*" has been performed with two different casts of the same actors. Mr. Charles Kean started as *Iago* and has settled down as *Othello*, Mr. James Wallack performing the contrary movement. Mrs. C. Kean and Miss Laura Addison have in like manner alternated *Emilie* and *Desdemona*.

At the Lyceum, Mr. Planché, who is always dreaming of something elegant and fanciful, has given us, under the title of "*A Romantic Idea*," the dream of a German student, in the reduction of which to a visible form he is powerfully assisted by the pencil of Mr. Beverley. This has been followed up by an elegant little drawing-room piece called "*Hold your Tongue*," in which it is quite charming to see how well Madame Vestris and Mr. C. Mathews can play the fashionable lady and gentleman of the last century.

At the Adelphi, there is a new melodrama called "*The Hop-Pickers*," so completely of the same *genre* as "*The Harvest-Home*," that the admirers of the one must perforce admire the other.

Pretty Mrs. Mowatt goes on starring at the Marylebone, and has just received from the lessee, Mr. Watts, a handsome silver vase as a tribute to her authorial and histrionic talents. On the night of her benefit, when the presentation was formally made, the shower of *bouquets* was so large that the stage was converted into a *parterre* of flowers.

In a word, Christmas is fairly over; novelty has been found requisite, and managers have been bestirring themselves in every quarter.

LITERATURE.

MARDI; AND A VOYAGE THITHER.*

THE author of "Mardi" intimates, in the course of his strange peregrinations, that his notorious predecessor, John de Maundeville, has been wronged by misinterpretation. We hope the same fate does not await Mr. Herman Melville. If we are to believe the medieval commentators, the pilgrim knight had a theological and moral purpose in his fabulous descriptions; so Mr. Melville has made the South Sea Islands (the land of Prester John being no longer adapted to that end) the seat of an enigmatical and metaphysical geography.

The very story of the old monkish author of the "Gesta Romanorum," of a garden of paradise which the magician Aloaddin made the means of destruction, by persuading his victims that death in his service was only a step to a more beautiful paradise, and which garden Purchas discovered to lie in the north-east parts of Persia, while Maundeville asserted it to be the island of Milstorak, a portion of the kingdom of Prester John, and a description of which, derived from the same sources, is the gem of the sixth book of Southey's "Thalaba," has, with the modification that the traveller kills the magician and saves the victim, been made the basis of Mr. Melville's book; and he carries out in the same vein a long host of fabulous descriptions, out of the crudities and quiddities of which, as from the middle age allegories, some moral or social meaning may be extracted, but not always with either ease or facility.

Our modern Maundeville sails from Ravai, an island somewhere near the tropic of Capricorn (!), (a common sailor, apparently, for he takes his turn at the helm,) in the *Arcturion*, a South-Sea whaler. The ship remains for weeks "chasing across the line to and fro, in unavailing search for prey." Life on board the *Arcturion* grows dull, and our knight-errant determines upon an escape, in which intent he is joined by an old Skyeman, a descendant of the Norseman Vikings, or, as the knight has it, with a "king for a comrade." Quietly arranging their plans, they lower a boat one dark night, and push off into the open ocean, *thousands* of miles from any land, the watery world all before them. This singular voyage is the most interesting portion of the work, and we are told how the knight grew aweared and awe-struck; how the Viking's intellects stepped out and left the body to itself; how the uncouth hordes infesting the South Seas watched them and attended upon them as their certain prey; how they dipped their biscuits into the sea, and sucked the moisture from off a drowned daddy-long-legs; and how the "*Chamois*" kept drifting on and on, till the knight and the Viking did not dare to look at one another, but turned their backs to one another, and were impatient of the slightest casual touch of their persons.

There were sixteen notches on the loom of the Viking's oar, when one evening, as the expanded sun touched the horizon's rim, they descried a ship. They made for it, and discovered it to be a brigantine, apparently deserted, but they afterwards discovered two strange characters in the main-top; the one a tall, dark, one-armed islander, Samoa by name; the other, his sable better-half, Annatoo. The rest of the crew had been destroyed by the savages at the Pearl-shell Islands. Unlovely Annatoo! unfortunate Samoa! ever since they had been drifting about the South Seas in the *Park*, as the brigantine was called, they had been quarrelling and fighting, and then making it up again. The lady had so extraordinary a propensity for thieving, that even after the knight and the Viking took possession of the ship, she had to be locked down in the fore-castle. A long and tedious calm, during which the ship lay fixed and frozen, like Parry at the Pole, was succeeded by a tremendous storm—poor Annatoo was washed overboard, and the brigantine gave up the ghost; the knight, the Viking, and Samoa saving themselves in the *Chamois*, in which they once more found themselves in open sea.

"Once more afloat in our shell! But not with the intrepid spirit that shoved

* *Mardi; and a Voyage Thither.* By Herman Melville. Author of "Typee" and "Omoo." 3 Vols. Richard Bentley.

off with us from the deck of the *Arcturion*. A bold deed done from impulse, for the time carries few or no misgivings along with it. But forced upon you, its terrors stare you in the face. So now. I had pushed from the *Arcturion* with a stout heart; but quitting the sinking *Pyki*, my heart sunk with her."

At the ninth day, in the grey of the dawn, a noddy was seen fast asleep perched upon the peak of the sail, and soon afterwards immense low-sailing flocks of other aquatic fowls announced proximity to land. The same day they discovered a large double canoe, towards which they made all sail. The canoe contained an aged priest or magician, Aleema, who was conveying a beautiful damsel as an offering from the island of Amma to the gods of Tedaidee. The maiden was fair—the child, indeed, of European parents—and she had been carefully educated by the priests as an intended victim to their hideous gods. When, after a fray, in which the knight slays the aged magician, Yillah is rescued from her bondage, she relates her history to her deliverer and lover.

The passionate exultation experienced by the knight at finding himself the deliverer of this beautiful maiden is a good deal damped by remorse for the murder of the old priest. But love was more powerful than conscience, the ghost of Aleema was sunk and sweet Yillah was his! The presence of the syren provoked an occasional philippic from the Viking, but Samoa looked upon her as a deity. Five suns rose and set upon the four living things now in the *Chamois*, when they came in sight of innumerable islands, which, together, made up the group of Mardi. The islanders received the white man and woman as demi-gods, and henceforth the knight's designation is Taji. The Viking was too much sunburnt to pass for a demi-god. Fêted and entertained by Media, king of the island of Odo, in which they first landed, they lived some time in the enjoyment of peace and happiness. Media and his cook, it may be observed, were also demi-gods, for Odo was the stronghold of gourmandizing. "Drag away my queen from my arms," said old Tyty, when overcome of Adommo, "but leave me my cook."

The inhabitants of the neighbouring islands also flocked in fleets and flotillas to see the fair demi-gods, and among them came three black-eyed damsels, emissaries of Queen Hautia, a South Sea Calypso, and which emissaries are destined to attend ever and anon upon Taji, speaking the language of flowers and of evil portents.—

Joys are proverbially fleeting. Days passed, and one morning Taji found his harbour vacant. In vain he called upon his beloved Yillah; she was gone for ever. Yillah was a phantom, and the knight never met her again. But his agony of mind was not so easily soothed. He must needs search for her in all the islands of Mardi, and Media determined to accompany him, and with them also went three remarkable personages—Mohi, a venerable teller of stories and legends; Babbalanja, a man learned in Martian lore, and much given to quotations from ancient and obsolete authorities; and lastly, Yoomy, a youthful, long-haired, blue-eyed minstrel. Like the preface to a pantomime over, the serious business of the book commences at this point.

The first visit is made to Valapee, ruled over by Pcepi—the symbol of hereditary royalty—an infant monarch, who, according to the erudite Babbalanja, was supposed to have inherited the valiant spirits of some twenty heroes, sages, simpletons, and demi-gods, previously lodged in his sire. The next island, Pella, with its sepulchre of ten kings, affords Babbalanja a similar opportunity for a disquisition on the vanity of the world. The next island, Juam, is remarkable for a picturesque central bowl, which the king dare not remove from, under penalty of losing his crown. The descriptions of these imaginary islands, it must be remarked, are extremely highly-coloured and fanciful.

It is utterly impossible to follow the Taji and his companions, King Media, the philosopher, the story-teller, and the musician, in their delightful wanderings among the hundred islands of Mardi. The hit at the foolish importance attached in society to mere conventionalities, as shown in the Viking's mistake as to the use of an empty nut, and Babbalanja's illustration that conventionalities are but mimickings, at which monkeys succeed best, is capital. Babbalanja's philosophy becomes at times too mystical, as when, for example, he argues that truth is in things, and not in words, for what are vulgarly called fictions are as much realities as the gross mattock of Dididi, the digger of trenches; for things visible are but conceits of the eye; things imaginative, conceits of the fancy. Duped by one, we are equally duped by the other.

"Clear as this water," said Yoomy.

"Opaque as this paddle," said Mohi; and we side with the teller of stories against the philosopher.

Still more objectionable, howsoever quaint and curious it may be, is Babbalanja's theology:—

"And truly it is not to be wondered at, that the very reverend Anthony strove after the conversion of fish. For whoso shall Christianise, and, by so doing, humanise the sharks, will do a greater good, by the saving of human life in all time to come, than though he made catechumens of the head-hunting Dyaks of Borneo, or the blood-bibbing Battas of Sumatra. And are these Dyaks and Battas one whit better than tiger-sharks? Nay, are they so good? Were a Batta your intimate friend, you would often mistake an orang-outang for him; and have orang-outangs immortal souls? True, the Battas believe in an hereafter; but of what sort? Full of Blue-beards and bloody bones. So, also the sharks; who hold that Paradise is one vast Pacific, ploughed by navies of mortals, whom an endless gale for ever drops into their maws.

"Not wholly a surmise. For does it not appear a little unreasonable to imagine, that there is any creature, fish, flesh, or fowl, so little in love with life, as not to cherish hopes of a future state? Why does man believe in it? One reason, reckoned cogent, is, that he desires it. Who shall say, then, that the leviathan, this day harpooned on the coast of Japan, goes not straight to his ancestor, who rolled all Jonah, as a sweet morsel, under his tongue?

"Though herein, some sailors are slow believers, or at best, hold themselves in a state of philosophical suspense. Say they—'That catastrophe took place in the Mediterranean; and the only whales frequenting the Mediterranean are of a sort having not a swallow large enough to pass a man entire; for those Mediterranean whales feed upon small flings, as horses upon oats.' But hence, the sailors draw a rash inference. Are not the Straits of Gibraltar wide enough to admit a sperm-whale, even though none have sailed through, since Nineveh and the gourd in its suburbs dried up?

"As for the possible hereafter of the whales; a creature eighty feet long without stockings, and thirty feet round the waist before dinner, is not inconsiderately to be consigned to annihilation."

At the Isle of Fossils, the geologists are paid off with far more unction than by the Dean of York:—

"And bravely done it is," said King Media, after a narrative of a third course of elephants stuffed with cassowaries and turkeys, and mastodons barbacued and served up with fir-trees in their mouths; "bravely done it is. Mohi tells us, that Mardi was made in six days, but you, Babbalanja, have built it up from the bottom in less than six minutes."

"Nothing for us geologists, my lord. At a word, we turn out whole systems, suns, satellites, and asteroids included. Why, my good lord, my friend Annonimo is laying out a new Milky Way, to intersect with the old one, and facilitate cross-cuts among the comets."

We think, however, we have quoted enough to show that this is a very remarkable work. The style is, unfortunately, too frequently objectionable, and there is a want of consecutiveness in the narrative, and of decided purpose at the end; but there is a mixture of quaintness and shrewdness, and of learning and fancy, which imparts a charm to every page, however desultory.

GEORGINA HAMMOND.*

We are not surprised at the success of Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel's novels. Their leading characteristics, we took occasion to observe when noticing "*My Sister Minnie*," are simple and natural portrayures of domestic life, drawn with a view to regulate the heart and affections. Georgina Hammond is in one respect another *Jane Eyre*. Only "*Georgy*," as she is more familiarly called, is a more unassuming, more gentle, and more womanly character than Jane. A "second edition" proves how well the reader will be rewarded for his trouble in unravelling the complex history of this young maiden's fortunes.

* Georgina Hammond. A Novel. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel. Author of "*The Poor Cousin*," "*My Sister Minnie*," &c. 3 vols. Second Edition. T. C. Newby.

OWEN TUDOR.*

WE are really very much obliged to Mr. Colburn for his kindness in sending us a copy of this romance. As far as the public are concerned we will not venture to predict its fate, but, for our own parts, we can safely say that the manner in which we have been entertained—if not edified—by its contents, is something quite out of the common. The author—of the gentler sex, as we still continue to believe—has a vein peculiarly her own: it defies competition, and, happily, suggests no imitation. To a certain extent she resembles her hero's "steel blue eyes," which possessed the faculty of "expressing the deepest and gloomiest passions of humanity as vividly as those of martial or amorous ardour;" or, to speak more precisely, her *forte* lies, like Billy Lackaday's, in depicting scenes of "love and murder:" love, in its least presentable form, and murder on the most extensive scale. So successful, indeed, is she in this latter particular, that, were it not for certain "thrilling passages" of the "amorous ardour" just adverted to, her present work might have assumed the form of Cornelius Agrippa's "Bloody Book," of which it is said:—

The letters were written of blood within,
And the leaves were made of dead men's skin. •

In "Cæsar Borgia," though there was love enough, and that of the fiercest kind, murder played a most conspicuous part; so much so, that our authoress probably thought with Macbeth—

• I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go on.

And accordingly, "Owen Tudor" was written to show how much slaughter and violent crime an "historical romance" in three volumes could be made to contain. To use an expression of her own, the page is literally "drabbled in blood;" the type is in reality black, but, like the effect produced by gazing for any length of time on a vividly coloured object, to the eye it appears crimson. This is high art, to say the least of it. Let us adduce a few instances, taken at random from these romantic shambles. In describing the massacre of the Armagnacs in Paris, we are told that "hundreds of human heads appeared borne on the tops of poles, dripping with gore, and covering their bearers and the pavement with horrible clots;" and are treated to a sight of "shattered carcasses" bound upon the wheel; in one place we have an unhappy wretch enduring the torture of the wooden horse in motion, not an agony omitted; and in another the delicate and playful fancy of the fair authoress exhibits "a child playing at bob-cherry with the gore that dripped through the scaffold!" With David, the painter, she exclaims—"Broyons le rouge;" it is a pity the Frenchman has not survived to illustrate her romance.

But, as we have said, love claims a share in these exciting pages. One specimen will suffice; it is a gem in its way. Owen Tudor has courted "par amours" the beautiful Hucline, "the minstrelless of the Boucherie," the heroine of the story. By way of putting him to the test, she sings an improper song, her cheek burning the while with "a *famy* glow." We quote the concluding lines:—

Let rules bind serving souls; but we
Have Nature's heritage—are free!
A poet's burning soul is mine,
Shall wreath, shall mingle, melt in thine!
Cost what it will of weal or woe,
Let us life's wildest triumph know!
Raise to our lips the *famy* draught
Made the gods deathless as they quaffed!
Though the last drop, by mortal breath
So madly drained, be ruin and death!
Thrice blest to perish thus—thrice blest,
When tasted is life's richest zest,
On its full wave to rush to rest.

"The effect of this lay," says our authoress, "upon the excited passions of Owen Tudor, was little short of frenzy." (It had the same effect upon ourselves, though probably from a different cause.) "He spoke, and he spoke madness—the contagious madness of passion. . . Hucline shuddered when her lover

* Owen Tudor: a Historical Romance. By the Author of "Whitefriars," "Cæsar Borgia," &c. Henry Colburn.

gently glided his arm round her, as if a serpent had wreathed her; but *overwhelmed as she was with resplendent blushes*, she raised eyes that *glowed fathomlessly as light full on his—and all was lost!* "The fiend of passion himself" (Asmodeus, we presume) "that prompted, wept over their crime; so noble was the structure he found, and so utter the ruin he made!"

That Owen was a killing fellow, indeed, perfectly irresistible, there can be no doubt; for we are told, at the very opening of the story, that his hair was like "the blossoms of the laburnum;" and Huéline's eyes, besides their fathomless propensities, were distinguished by "a purple-hued effulgence." No wonder that two such beautiful beings got into a scrape.

The period of the story, as may be inferred from the title, is the earlier part of the fifteenth century, and the scene lies, first in Wales, then in Normandy, and finally in Paris. Of the ability of the authoress to describe Welsh customs and traditionary observances, we have the following testimony offered to us by a correspondent from the principality:—

It is highly probable (says our correspondent) that any European nation of the fifteenth century might have produced a brave and handsome cavalier, with passions as excitable, a heart as coldly selfish, and a mind as base, as those of the hero; but certainly the real Owain ab Meredudd ab Tewdur is little indebted to the author, if this be intended as a representation of his personal attributes. If, however, "Owen Tudor," is meant as a national type, the egregious error and gross injustice of such an impersonation are obvious. Little trouble appears to have been taken in obtaining a knowledge of Cambrian usages; and the method of spelling Welsh words is more peculiar than commendable. Speaking of the Canwyll Corph (vol. i., p. 12), it is said, "Penmymdd himself has seen it." According to the oral tradition of the Cymry, this would have been a satisfactory token that "Penmymdd himself" was not going to die, for the corpse candle is never visible to the victim, but only to the nearest friends. There are some other odd mistakes. In vol. i., p. 38, mention is made of "a very old man, whose long white beard and dark robe gave him much the aspect of an ancient Druid." The Druids, when officiating, always wore white robes, and on all other occasions a national plaid of six colours. Owen's foster-mother is made to attain strange wrinkles and withered cheeks very prematurely, and to reach "the last stage of human existence" in a space of time quite unprecedented in Wales, where the early nurse of a youth of twenty commonly exists as a comfortable matron of five-and-forty. The extreme desolation ascribed to old Tudor is also quite out of place. A Welshman without kinsmen, and kind ones, would be an anomaly in nature. The solitary education of Owen is likewise improbable, for it was the custom of Wales in the middle ages that the sons of prince and chieftains should be brought up in each other's households. The reproachful epithet of "patriotically bloodthirsty" is ill applied to the defensive struggles of a noble people to retain their hearths and altars—a people worthily remarkable in history for having never undertaken the invasion of a foreign territory. Owen's vaunting and silly defiance of the English camp is utterly inconsistent with the habitual prudence and sagacity which characterise the Cymro as strongly as his valour. Various sneers at Welsh barbarism are scattered through the story, apparently in perfect ignorance of the striking instances afforded by Giraldus Cambrensis in the twelfth century of their polite accomplishments and conversational talents, and of the amenity and simple elegance of their habits of life, and in utter unconsciousness of the fact that one of the most erudite and able of modern historians has distinctly expressed his conviction, that the Welsh of the middle ages least merited, of all the European nations, the designation of barbarous!

To this exposure we need only add, in the words of Captain Gower, addressed to ancient Pistol—"Henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition."

We have ourselves something more to offer, chiefly with the view of congratulating our authoress on her feeling for the picturesque, and her general knowledge of the customs of the period of which she writes.

King Henry V. sits for the following flattering picture. He is described "with nostrils, veins, and muscles, strongly developed as in a race-horse of the purest breed; his black hair clustered in thick rings round his head and on his upper lip." Simon Caboche is represented "of such stature, bulk, and gloomy ferocity of visage, that he resembles a huge bison walking upright upon his hinder legs, if it were possible to imagine one clad in a rich costume of crimson cloth and robes of some fine fur," &c. What would the late Lord Stowell have given for a peep at the "formidable

carcass" of this gentleman, whose habits at meals were as charming as his appearance? "Simon Caboché ate, holding the morsels between his finger and thumb, with difficulty preventing the human blood that bathed his hand from mingling in the repast." Of this personage it is, if we remember rightly, one of the characters in the story says: "*He smells of death more rankly than a ploughed churchyard.*" It is not every one who could have made such a simile. The phraseology of Lord Stafford, one of the leaders of Henry's army, is no doubt familiar to every student of the middle ages; to us, however, it is commended by its novelty. The earl swears "By Whitebeard and Blackbeard!" (why omit "Bluebeard?") "By the white eyes of our Lady of Southwark! bring me my horse and lady-love Dowsabel!" We were not aware until now that a nobleman's horse was identical with his mistress,—except amongst the Hounyhyns.

But, besides information of this choice description, we are indebted to our authoress for several new words and many brilliant combinations. Here are examples: "What dotard art thou?" said a *quaggy* female voice behind the quaternier." Wine is called "lush crimson." A beautiful woman is described as "a thought too tall, but for the musical undulations of the outline." A person in a mirthful mood utters "a laugh that yet seemed to have an edge like jagged lightning." We advise Mr. O. Smith to borrow this laugh the next time he plays the — at the Adelphi.

Amongst the personages introduced is Olivier Basselin, the famous miller-poet of Vire, whose songs were at once so musical and so full of Anacreontic fire. Several of these are translated: in that of which we quote a part, if the reader does not discover the merits of the translation, we recommend him to seek elsewhere; he may chance to be more successful. It is the "Vau-de-Vire" on the poet's peculiar warfare, of which we remember a version beginning thus:—

Cæsar was not half so bold,
As I am in war like this,
While the sparkling cup I hold,
And the bowl's full brim I kiss:
Better wine and song to cheer us,
Than the sounds of havoc near us.

Our authoress, however, with an ear as exquisitely poetical as her whole organisation is full of feminine delicacy and sensibility, renders it thus:—

As valiant as Cæsar I am in this war
Where the weapons are goblets, and wine is the gore;
Much rather I'd stagger with drink than a shot
That goes slap through your vitals and presto—you're not.

Of the manner in which "Beau nez! dont les rubis." &c., is translated, we would rather be excused from giving a specimen. A single example of what we presume to be original composition we must adduce, and then we have done:—

Down, down, down in the dust!
Down, false Burgundy!
Blood for blood: we will, and must
JOHN'S blackest heartstream see!

With what surprising art and pathos the fact is here insinuated that John, Duke of Burgundy, is the intended victim of a "ragged, raging rabble," some of whom exclaim elsewhere, in prose, "Tear him to pieces! let us make hog's fritters of him! Let us roast him first. *I will have the entrails for garters.*" with other expressions more forcible even than these.

We could go much further with illustrations of this pleasant nature, alternately playful and pathetic, elevating and refined; but, as the authoress herself says, after wading through a sea of blood—the element she so much delights in—"Let us draw the curtain over the remainder."

THE CASTLEREAGH LETTERS AND DESPATCHES.*

By a combination of circumstances, most painful to contemplate, a fertile and populous country, intended by nature to be an integral part of the British Isles to strengthen and to succour one another, and at once to partake in, and to add

* Memoirs and Correspondence of Viscount Castlereagh, Second Marquess of Londonderry. Edited by his brother, Charles Vane, Marquess of Londonderry, G.C.B., &c. Vols. III. and IV. Henry Colburn.

to, the general national power, honour, and prosperity, has, ever since its connexion with its sister islands, been nothing but an inconvenience and a drawback. The same state of things, so minutely described in the official despatches of the late Lord Castlereagh, as existing previously to the legislative union, are met with in the present day, only in a still worse degree. It is a picture most painful to contemplate, under whatever aspect it is viewed.

The difficulties that lay in the way of completing a legislative union between the two countries were of a nature such as only an extraordinary amount of perseverance and energy could have overcome, and even then, it is doubtful if fortuitous circumstances had not aided the views of the imperial government, if success would have attended upon their exertions. The protection solicited from England by the Holy See in 1793, and the good understanding brought about in consequence, between Rome and England, had no small effect in facilitating the arrangements to be made with the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland. The third volume of the "Castlereagh Memoirs and Correspondence," now before us, gives a detailed picture of what these difficulties were, and too truly do they, by the experience which they teach of the past, attest what still remains to be done, to ensure steady progress and permanent prosperity to a country so favoured in many respects, but at the same time so studded with the obnoxious elements of stubborn resistance and evil dispositions, as to present obstacles in the way of every step to amelioration.

The actual success of the imperial government—the very completion of the Act of Union itself—entailed the breaking up of the ministry under which that great act had been accomplished. An important letter from Lord Castlereagh to Mr. Pitt, which opens the correspondence of 1801, throws great light upon the sentiments of the minister who had encouraged the Catholics to expect concessions on the completion of the Union. The firm determination on the part of his majesty to refuse his assent to any extension of the privileges enjoyed by Roman Catholics, as involving a violation of his coronation oath, necessitated Mr. Pitt's resignation of office. There is, also, another remarkable paper, written professedly in explanation of Mr. Pitt's motives for resigning, rather than be the instrument of disappointing those hopes which he had raised in the Catholic body.

By this subterfuge of a change of ministry, the union was completed; and yet the provisos made for supporting the Roman Catholic clergy upon the completion of that event were evaded. Mr. Addington slipped into office at the head of a new administration, for the purpose of carrying out a line of policy in regard to the Catholics, diametrically opposite to that of the ministry who had brought about the Union; and the question has been legacied to us, and may not improbably—if the nation abides by that faith of which it has been so long and so justly proud—be handed down to our sons. It is evident that a promise incapable of fulfilment by a Protestant country ought never to have been made; but now-a-days, when there is so much schism in the bosom of the Church itself, when Oxford has been turned the half-way house to Rome, and a liberality of opinion which borders closely upon indifference, prevails so generally, it would be anything but surprising to find the Roman Catholic priesthood acknowledged by parliamentary enactments as a portion of the hierarchy of the country. To suppose, however, for a moment, that with a church so thoroughly imbued with both spiritual and secular ambition, that such a position would consign the whole body of the Irish Catholic clergy to a contented and peaceful ministrations of the moral and religious tenets of Christianity, is the greatest mistake that could possibly be made. In the Quixotic spirit of doing that which is right, to a distinct and a hostile religious persuasion, we should, by placing that church upon the same footing as the National Church, legacy to our descendants a perpetual arena for scenes of disgraceful strife and unmitigated conflict.

It would be difficult to point out any plan of relief of distress in Ireland which has not been trafficked with, to the advantage of a few, as well as to the relief of the number. In fact whichever way we turn, and in whatever light we view the past and present pauperism of that unfortunate country, attributing it as Lord Castlereagh did to the people having mortgaged their labour for land to plant potatoes on, and the said crop having failed, or as some in the present day do, as the result of the antier system, favoured by landlords on account of the rent derived from the potatoe-fed pigs and family, and the failure of the same crop, still we shall always find in the details something that concerns the middle and higher classes as well as the poorer.

THE EMIGRANT FAMILY.*

UNDER the form of a story, in which the ordinary phases of humanity, the anxieties, the trials, and the difficulties of life—the course of true love, which is never allowed by poets or novelists to run smooth,—and the other moral and social relations everywhere existing, pleasantly and interestingly depicted; the author has also sketched out a very complete and instructive picture of an Australian settler's career. Many, who might be deterred by works of greater pretension, will make themselves acquainted with what that career is, through the medium of a narrative like this, in which, while a group of persons enact the parts essential to the purpose proposed, the position in which they are placed, the circumstances and scenery by which they are surrounded, and the trials and difficulties which they have to undergo, are matters of fact, described by a familiar and an intelligent hand.

The little cluster of human life that had betaken themselves to the enterprise of founding a home at the Antipodes, consisted of Lieutenant Bracton, who had retired from the royal navy, for the express purpose of becoming a settler in these colonies, his wife, his son Willoughby, and two young ladies: the younger, his only daughter, Marianna, the elder, an orphan niece, named Katharine. There was also a younger son, Charles, who remained behind in England, studying for the medical profession, but who plays an important part in the later portions of the story. The site chosen—"the rocky springs"—was one of exceeding beauty; a complete bay, hemmed in between two mountain spurs, with a rivulet in the hollow, that flowed directly from out of a semi-circle of crags, and the hills behind full of timber.

The purchase and transfer of the title to the land completed, the next step was to hire such servants as were necessary, and buy a team of bullocks and dray for the conveyance of stores and luggage. In the accomplishment of this a first false step was taken in engaging Martin Beck, a designing villain, as an overseer; nor are the evils that flow from this unfortunate selection repaired till the close of the story. Martin Beck's great game was stealing cattle, but in his persecution of an honest, simple-minded Welshman, John Thomas, he also purposely infects the sheep. The account of the progress of this infection is probably not exaggerated; we have seen something of the same kind in other lands, where the sheep were actually lying down to die by twos and threes, and the glinted vultures were too lazy to rise when you approached the scene of death.

Willoughby, his sister, and cousin, get happily married and settled at the conclusion, but not till they had experienced more than an ordinary share of trials. Marianna had attached herself to a police magistrate named Hurley, but discarded him for a time because he preferred the honest performance of his duty to following the dictates of feeling. Hurley, however, wins the cause by a specimen of Australian metaphysics, which bears a close affinity to Australian wool-gathering. Marianna had argued, that, as their ideas on the paramount importance of feeling to duty did not harmonise, that they could not walk well together, which the astute police magistrate replied to by arguing, that worship is neither more nor less than the instrument of assimilation, and that it was by mutual approaches here, we are to construct some great common trait of character that will unite us as one spirit hereafter.

Cattle-stealing and sheep-infection are succeeded by short rations, bush-rangers, savages, and, lastly, by insubordination in the farm. All the plagues of Australia are, for example's sake, made to visit the heads of the devoted Bracton family. It remains to the end too evident that on an Australian farm—where the convict element of character remains always existent, however modified by circumstances,—an insubordinate, insulting, and even aggressive spirit invariably manifests itself the moment a cloud comes over the settler's affairs, at the same time that the Australians, growing up a race by themselves, fellowship of country has already begun so far to influence them as to bind them together in a very remarkable manner. Hence, when a reckless hope, a wild prospect of emancipation from present restraint, dazzles the ill-regulated minds, and lures from the habitual track of disciplined obedience the wayward dispositions of the felon class, the inferior portion of the imported free population actually sympathises and coalesces in the movement.

* The Emigrant Family; or, the Story of an Australian Settler. By the Author of "Settlers and Convicts." 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

ROCKINGHAM ; OR, THE YOUNGER BROTHER.*

ONE peculiarity about this, the last of the fashionable novels, is, that it bears internal evidence of being an autobiography—a record of personal confessions vividly coloured; or the more romantic episodes of a life, embodied in their most fitting and romantic garb. This alone lends authenticity to the rumour so industriously circulated of the author's near relationship to Lord Foley.

And, certes, the experiences of the younger brother are strange enough. We have never seen the details of school-boy life depicted at such length, and with so much minuteness. And yet they do not weary; on the contrary, they awaken sympathies and reminiscences long dormant. The boyish adulation paid to the bright eyes, long dark ringlets, and winning look and smile of that delusive syren, Mrs. Wentworth, notwithstanding all kinds of persevering persecutions, does not, however, belong to this category, but causes a feeling of painful surprise bordering on contempt. Master Rockingham is also decidedly more learned and more philosophical than at that time he could well be supposed to have been.

It would really appear, from the frequent sketches of younger sons with which the reading public are favoured, that the scions of aristocracy either feel the trials of ordinary life, from the comparison ever suggesting itself between their position and that of the elder brother, more than the rest of the world, or that they are really and truly discarded to an extent unknown among other classes of society. As in Miss Molesworth's clever story, "The Stumble on the Threshold," Eustace Aspramont is repudiated by his lordly parent for a first error, so it is civilly intimated to young Rockingham, when he is threatened with expulsion for accidentally hurting the beautiful Mrs. Wentworth with a stone, that he cannot be received at home, and that he must submit to the commutation allowed by the laws of the school, and undergo the infliction of a punishment far more rigorous than ordinary flogging. We feel as if we should have sympathised with the boy for running away altogether.

At length the era of perpetual floggings is exchanged for a few weeks at home, diversified by flirtations with a pretty cousin, and combats with the elder brother, which soon cause the days at Elmswater to be numbered, and procure for our young blood a berth on board the *Culloden*, under Captain Trowbridge. We are then treated to a brief sketch of the battle of St. Vincent, in which Lord Edward Rockingham becomes by accident Lord Nelson's left hand in the capture of the *San Joseph*. The chief incidents of the story are after this connected with life at sea. In the attack on Teneriffe, Lord Edward is left on shore, a wounded prisoner. He is nursed by a generous woman, Dona Dolores, whose kindness is naturally repaid by warm gratitude, and even by an affection of a more earnest character. On leaving the Western Islands he is wrecked, and picked up by a French frigate, with whose captain, Royaumont, he becomes on terms of intimate friendship, and in his company participates in the defence of an Italian stronghold, where another attachment arises between our hero and a fair peasant, Bianca Salvi. Restored at length to his own service, he meets his two schoolfellows, Thornton and Mordaunt, and the friendship of early life is cemented by the dangers which they incur together in maturer age. His return to England, and his visits to the old school, and to the paternal hall, which had never been a home to him, relieve, by their pathos, the more stirring incidents of the story. "Rockingham" is throughout forcibly written, and full of dashing adventure, and, if we are right in attributing it to Lieutenant Foley, R.N., is highly creditable to him.

HELEN CHARTERIS.†

PARTIAL as we are alike to the society and the aspect of the quiet old cathedral towns of England, and fully aware of the many party-coloured stories that have been written in illustration of the pride and prejudices that ensconce themselves in their cloises and old conventual squares, we ought not to have omitted to notice a tale of every-day life, of remarkable merit, the author of which we know to be Mrs. Ward, and the cathedral town in question Worcester, a tale which shows us what such a town can be when viewed in another light, one, too, in which we ourselves have contemplated it—all cheerfulness,

* Rockingham; or, the Younger Brother. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

† Helen Charteris. A Novel. In Three Vols. Richard Bentley.

liberality, hospitality, and refinement. Mrs. Ward declares her object to have been to illustrate the peculiar companionship which ought to exist between mothers and daughters; but she has also devoted no small portion of her work to depicting what a first and true love may be, and how a maiden will cling to her lover even when convicted of selfishness and indecision, and when even faults of greater magnitude are made manifest. The critics, generally, have carped at this. It is a question of steadfastness against self-interest, and love in the bosoms of most innocent young hearts is so totally full of self-sacrifice, that there is no doubt but that Mrs. Ward's view of the subject is true to nature. A woman will forgive almost anything in the man to whom she has once made over her whole heart. In a story strictly of realities, and the incidents of which are of every-day occurrence, dinner parties, balls, fêtes, a contested election, &c., are of necessity principal events, wherein are exhibited the sweet temper of Mrs. Charteris, the gentlemanlike equanimity of Lionel Cleaveland, the charming sociability of the Beaumonts, and the humorous exploits and ambition of the Mackrackins, mother and daughter. But with these slight materials to work out a domestic story, there is no want of action in narrative, or of interest in plot; and when at the conclusion the cathedral close is exchanged for the park, there is a general glee, and a prevalent joyousness, that almost induced us to read the work over again.

LOFODEN.*

THE number of authors, artists, and scientific investigators, is now-a-days so great, that the same difficulty presents itself to all alike—the difficulty of discovering new and untroubled ground. The South Seas have now their specific novelist. The arctic regions have had their story-teller. Here we have one who has already ventured into the little known regions of the Bushmen, diving with the potent spell of imagination into those dark and mysterious recesses of the silver mines of Norway, the descriptions of which, especially when lit up by a luminous vegetation, have often excited our wonder. The hero of the story, Lofoden, is a Polish patriot, banished to the mines, as is also Count Bjornstein, a Swede, who is in disgrace with his government. One part of the story is made to refer to two beautiful daughters of a fine old Scottish clergyman, settled near the mines, and a villainous Scot, who is foreman of the works; the other part relates to a Norwegian maiden, Olga, who, carried off by the Scot, aided by his tools, Paul Lebnig and Eldried, is twice shipwrecked; once saved by an elder fowler, who subsequently perishes by the breaking of his rope, and a second time picked off the wreck by a boat when she is just on the edge of a whirlpool. The history of the oppressors and the oppressed, of persecutions, and of crime committed in the fancied security of the recesses of the mines, the stern scenery of the north—its hard life and its natural terrors—furnish materials which the author has availed himself of with spirit and ability. This stirring story opens most picturesquely with a solitary traveller followed by a gaunt wolf over the wild waste of snow, and closes equally characteristically with the wreck of the Scotsman's ship (foretold in a dream) in the dreadful Moskoestrom.

EXMOOR; OR, THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. HUBERT IN THE WEST.†

DARTMOOR and Exmoor are among the few wild tracts that still remain in this country, in which the stag exists in all its native vigour and wildness, and affords to the Nimrods of the day the most animating of all kinds of hunting. In these great expanses the magnificent animal, roused from his secret covert, sweeps over a vast tract of unobstructed country, himself and "his blood-happy pursuers" full in view; whilst the winding of the horn, the shouting of the hunters, and the cry of the hounds,

Running round
From rock to rock, in circling echoes toss'd,

* Lofoden; or, the Exiles of Norway. By E. W. Landog, author of "The Bushman." 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co. †

† Exmoor; or, the Footsteps of St. Hubert in the West, with Illustrations taken from Nature. By Major Herbert Byng Hall. Author of "Highland Sports," &c., &c. 1 Vol. T. C. Newby.

give a variety and beauty to the chase that no enclosed country can possibly afford. The hart is the noblest, wild animal extant in Great Britain, and hence deer-stalking is the privilege of princes, and stag-hunting is the pride of the chase. Wild deer-hunting has been followed in the west of England since the days of good Queen Bess, whose ranger of the forest of Exmoor, Hugh Pollard, Esq., kept a pack of stag-hounds at Limmouthwater. The history of this hunt, as given at length by Major Herbert B. Hall, is curious and shows what great vicissitudes have attended upon one of the noblest of English sports, even when Nature has provided extensive and magnificent moors, over which the wild deer ranges in unfettered freedom. The animals hunted are not turned from a cart, as are the deer hunted by the royal hounds, but they are found in, and roused from their native woods, running in their natural state, and often affording their staunch pursuers a gallop of thirty or forty miles over some of the finest country in the world. It will be imagined, then, that the account given of some of these runs contains much that must be novel and interesting.

But Major Herbert Byng Hall's work contains also matter of a different kind, descriptions of scenery, local anecdotes, together with much varied information, together with many a hint valuable alike to traveller, huntsman, and fisherman, as to wayside hostelries and lonely glens, in which each may find at once the sought-for amusement, and the accommodation necessary to enjoy it.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

At a time when population is increasing at the rate of a thousand souls a-day, and pauperism is increasing at a still faster rate than population, the public mind cannot be too frequently directed to countries which are open to colonisation. *The Emigrant Family* is a work of this kind, and the single volume of *Perils, Pastimes, and Pleasures, of an Emigrant in Australia, Vancouver's Island, and California*, published by Mr. Newby, is another work of the same class, to which we sincerely wish an extensive circulation.—Many surviving contemporaries and friends will have a remarkable and highly popular officer brought back to their memory, in the *Biographical Sketch of the late Colonel Tidy, C.B., 24th Regiment*. A tribute of filial respect from his daughter, Mrs. Ward, and published by Mr. Bentley, under the title of *Recollections of an Old Soldier*.—Mr. Bentley has also, we perceive, published a volume of poems, written by Thomas John Guseley, which have for the most part appeared in the magazines, and of which some, as "A Vision of Death's Distinction," have attracted such an amount of attention as to fully authorise such a collection being made, as we have no doubt will ensure a lasting reputation to their author.—The eighth volume of *The History of the Consulate and the Empire of France, under Napoleon*, by M. A. Thiers, published by Mr. Colburn, embraces the era from the peace of Tilait to the proclamation of Joseph as King of Spain: a most interesting epoch in the relations of France and Great Britain.—*An Essay on the Credibility of the Existence of the Kraken Sea Serpent, and other Sea Monsters*, published by W. Tegg and Co., is an old story, to which we have already devoted our pages, told over again. We perceive little that is new in these lucubrations.—*The Auckland Islands: a Short Account of their Climate, Soil, and Productions; and the Advantages of establishing there a Settlement at Port Ross for carrying on the Southern Whale Fisheries*, by Charles Enderby, Esq., F.R.S., is no less interesting, in a geographical point of view, than it is important as a colliery question.—We sincerely hope that the *Observations on the Re-construction of the Royal Regiment of Artillery and the Separation of this Arm into Horse-field and Garrison Artillery*, by Lieutenant-Colonel Chesney, F.R.S., Royal Artillery, and which we know to be published with the sanction of some of the most scientific officers of the corps, will meet with that attention which the importance of the question, both in a military and a financial point of view, and the able manner in which it is treated, demand.—The translation of the *Manifesto, published in the name of the Hungarian Government, by Count Ladislas Teleki*, with prefatory remarks and notes, by Mr. Browne, is a well-timed publication.—The author of *A Budget for the Million* very coolly propounds, that justice to the industrious classes can only be done by the owners of property paying off the national debt, by contributing 100*l.* for every 1000*l.* to that effect!—We are happy to see that Mr. R. M. Martin's able pamphlet on *Railways, Past, Present, and Prospective*, has reached a second edition.—*Emigration for the Million* is another essay on that most infeasible of all plans of relief—the more equally locating the population of Great Britain and Ireland.—*Healthy Skin; a Treatise on the Management of the Skin and Hair in relation to Health*, by Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., is the republication, in a cheap form, of a work of general utility.

